

The Collected Writings of
Thornton W. Burgess
1895-1911

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Peter Oehlkers, Editor.

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INTRODUCTION

This book compiles works written by Thornton W. Burgess and published in periodicals between the years 1895 and 1911. It includes works of verse, short fiction, nature writing, seasonal calendars, how-to guides, editorials, and more. During this period, Burgess was a moderately successful writer, with regular assignments in relatively high circulation publications, such as the *American Agriculturist* and *Good Housekeeping*, and occasional pieces in prestigious publications, such as *Collier's* and *Country Life in America*. He would not become a household name, however, until after the publication of *Old Mother West Wind* in 1910 and his newspaper feature, "Little Stories for Bedtime," in 1912.

The book is ordered chronological by date of publication, with special sections at the end for publications that don't fit neatly in the chronology. Each year and special section has its own introduction, providing some context about publications, thoughts about how they relate to the work that Burgess is best known for, and when necessary, notes about Burgess's biography. No attempt is made to assess critically the aesthetic or journalistic merits of his work.

Most of the publications assembled in this volume are listed in the 1990 edition of Michael W. Dowhan, Jr.'s book, *Thornton W. Burgess/Harrison Cady. A Book, Magazine and Newspaper Bibliography*. Additional searching within online periodical databases has uncovered a few that Dowhan happened to miss. This book's most significant contribution towards a more complete bibliography, however, comes from two sources. First, in the Thornton W. Burgess collection in the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society, there is a scrapbook that includes many pieces from Burgess's tenure at the *Springfield Homestead*, many of them unsigned editorials. Some of this material includes date information, and is included within the book's chronology with the notation "[scrapbook]." Some of this material is undated and is included in a special section at the end of the volume, presumably from the years 1899 and 1900. Second, Burgess served for many years as the "Young Folks' Editor" of the *American Agriculturist* and its associated editions. The precise dates of this service are hard to determine, but it is evident from biographical details and at least one photograph that Burgess served in that role from 1902 to 1909. Dowhan only included material in his bibliography with Burgess bylines, including those with known pseudonyms. This volume does not observe that rule, and thus includes material that may reasonably be said to be from Burgess, at the risk of spuriously crediting him for some things he did not write.

Specific sourcing information for each publication will be included in section introductions.

As the goal of this volume is to be as comprehensive as possible, it includes some material that may be troublesome for contemporary readers. These will be identified in the introduction to the section in which they appear. In this small number of pieces,

Thornton W. Burgess reproduced, uncritically, modes of representing non-white people that were widespread during this time period, and persist to this day.

Readers who have only read Burgess's Bedtime Story series may also be surprised at his overt celebration and encouragement of the killing of wild animals during this period. Burgess figured himself a "true sportsman," guided by ethical rules and game laws: he promoted fair chases, quick kills, appropriate targets, and conservation. Nevertheless, it is not hard to see Burgess during this period as a model for his bedtime story character, "Farmer Brown's Boy," before his transformation into the friend of the animals, during the period he was the animals' nemesis.

1895

Thornton W. Burgess was born January 14, 1874. The only child of his widowed and semi-invalid mother, Caroline, he spent his youth in Sandwich, Cape Cod, hunting and fishing, exploring the local coast, marshes and woods, and working odd-jobs to support his household. In 1891 he and his mother moved to the Boston area so he could attend a commercial college. After working as a book-keeper and freelance advertising copywriter, in 1895 he took a job as an office boy at Phelps Publishing in Springfield, Massachusetts, rejoining his mother, who had moved there to be cared for by a relative. (Lowrance, 2013)

This section includes three pieces from that transitional period. The first two appeared together in the prestigious sportsman publication, *Forest and Stream*. [source: Internet Archive *Forest and Stream* microfilm collection] The third, found in the scrapbook in the Massachusetts Historical Society Thornton W. Burgess collection, is from an unknown publication. All three were attributed to “Waldo,” Thornton Burgess’s middle name and a pen-name Burgess would use throughout this period.

The three pieces include themes that will be seen again in future writing: fishing, sporting life in Cape Cod, and mischievous boys. “The Cause of the Deacon’s Wrath” provides a taste of another perennial Burgess interest: dialect.

An Old Story. Dedicated to a Four-Pound Trout.

Waldo

The waters slip 'neath the willows green
Which lightly stoop to kiss,
Then away they dance in the sunbeam's glance
To smile in a ripple of bliss,
And hurry on in a silvery sheen
To swirl in the pool so near,
While the breezes play and softly say,
"There's a big fellow lurking here."

The swallows sport in the blue above,
And the meadowlark sings below,
While the clouds float by in the summer sky,
And the robins come and go.
A warbler whistles his notes of love
To the mate he holds so dear,
And over the pool he calls, "Oh, fool!
There's a big fellow lurking here."

I take the hint, and lightly throw
Till my hackles and ibis bright
Can just be seen 'mid the water's sheen
On the edge of the foam so white.
Then out from the foam there seems to go
A shadow, as if in fear;
And past I feel a whisper steal,
"There's a big fellow lurking here."

Once more I throw, then wait to feel
The thrill I love so well;
To hear the quick and blithesome click
Of the reel its story tell.
Ah, quiet now! Was that the reel?
It was; and loud and clear
It sings to me in merry glee,
"There's a big fellow lurking here."

Oh, nobly doth the lancewood bend,
To check each desperate lunge;
Each rushing whirl and mighty swirl,
Each sudden rapid plunge.
The while each move I watchful tend
Until with a feeling queer,
As if but a boy, I shout with joy,

“There’s a big fellow lurking here.”

And now I stand with victory’s flush,
I know that I surely win.
The fight is fought, the net is brought
And I stoop to take him in.
But what means that sudden backward rush?
That snap there in my rear?
The line in twain bears this refrain,
“There’s a big fellow lurking here.”

Forest and Stream. June 8, 1895. p. 464.

Trouting on Cape Cod.

Waldo.

“I go a-fishing,” said Peter, nearly twenty centuries ago; and he went, and when he had cast his net on the right side of the ship, he and they that were with him “were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes.”

Since that memorable day, so long ago, what a vast army of men have, like Peter, been a-fishing; but how very, very few have like them been unable to draw their nets for the multitude of fishes. However, is not, after all, the multitude of fishes (providing we can catch them) a very small part of the object of a fishing trip? Is it not rather the pleasure of being out of doors; of communing freely with nature; of revisiting old haunts or perchance exploring new ones; of once more wading and splashing in the water or of stealing cautiously, noiselessly along by some deep pool, momentarily expecting to hook a “big one;” of watching the swallows sporting high above; of listening to the melodies of the songsters in the hedges; of taking long, deep breaths of clear, pure air; of feeling that you are far from the heat and strife of the city, and once more enjoying the happy freedom of boyhood’s day. Is not all this, I say, what constitutes the real true enjoyment of a fishing trip?

At least so thought I, as some three weeks ago I boarded a train bound for old Cape Cod, and in reply to the question of a friend quoted Peter’s own words, “I go a fishing.”

With what pleasant memories I whiled away the tedium of the railway journey. Once more in imagination the brown hackle was lightly floating over the big hole above the railroad, or the white miller was circling in the eddy below; once more the fat, luscious worm was wriggling in the most alluring manner beneath the old half sunken log; and once more the silver-bellied min- now was vainly trying to avoid some unseen danger in the little pool at the foot of the falls. And so on, never once stopping to think that probably those old familiar haunts had long since been either fished out or else leased by the city sportsman with plenty of money.

The conductor’s cry of “Sandwich! Sandwich!” brought me from my reverie to a realization of the fact that this was my stopping place, and that I must collect my traps and “hustle” to get off. My! how quiet the dear old town did seem, and how dark it was to me, coming, as I had, from the electric lights of the city.

But the air! How good it was—so clear, so pure, and with just a hint of the salt marshes and the deep, blue sea beyond.

“Why ar’n’t you fishing?” from the first person I meet the next morning, as I sally forth to make some early morning calls; and “What! not fishing this morning?” from the next, and so on, until it is clear that to hold my reputation, I must go a fishing at once. So be it. A change of garb, my trusty little lancewood in hand, and a trout basket swinging from shoulder (basket to carry the bait, don’t you know), and though late in the afternoon I head for the town brook. “Not a trout there,” they say, but then what do I care. It is a pleasant brook, winding under the willows, and finally out on to the marshes, where “time and tide” have made deep, dark-looking holes; and I can fish there all I please; and was not that what I came down for?

“Easy! That was a nibble;” and that is the first trout I have caught for three years, and though he is but a little fellow, he is a “trout,” and big enough to keep; and I am as elated as if he were a veritable giant of the race. Two more of the same size between the bridges and then for the big holes.

Nothing in the first or the second or the third, until— Ah, that’s more like it! See how the limber rod bows and bends and checks each frantic rush. Landed at last, and if not large (he weighs 4lb.) he is certainly a beauty; with his silvery sides, so beautifully spotted, he causes almost a pang of regret as I slip him in to join the other three.

That will do for the morning and home I hie me, with mouth already watering for the luscious dish of smoking, well-browned trout that will furnish such a treat.

And what trout!

Go through the Boston market; look at the fish displayed there and wonder, if you please, why those from Cape Cod bring nearly double the price of those from New Hampshire and elsewhere. Then come with me, sit down to a dinner of both kinds, taste first of one, then of the other, and wonder no longer at the difference in price. The Cape trout, running occasionally up to 5lbs. in weight, have, unless confined in bogs or ponds, free access to salt water, and as a rule the big ones are caught in or near the marshes. With sides and belly of a beautiful silver hue, with the spots deeply and clearly marked, the back fairly light and the flesh as pink as the pinkest salmon, he is to my mind the king of fishes. But to return to my tale.

The days go by, the trout are few and rather small, until at length George (never mind who George is. I know, he knows and a great many fish might know if they had not already gone the way that good fresh-caught fish are apt to go) announces that he knows of a hole where I have never been, and where he has caught this year several that weighed more than a pound each, one that weighed 3lbs. and lost one that would go 4lbs. Do I want to go? Of course, I want to go! So, the next morning sees me up at 3 o’clock with a three-mile tramp before me. Half way there we are joined by Fred, whom I may call our “colored guide,” as it was he who first showed George the place. At 4 o’clock we are there, and a more unlikely place for trout I never saw. Away down on the marsh, almost to the beach, and standing in mud and water up to my knees, I throw my line with very much the feelings of a “doubting Thomas,” and all the time those two fellows are telling such marvelous stories about what they have caught and what they have lost, that in spite of myself I find I am muttering something about the proverbial fish story. Splash! That was a trout, and a big one too. Another splash and still another, “Boys, I believe you both to be apostles of truth, but why, oh, why don’t

they bite?"

But they didn't, save one little fellow to Fred's scarlet-ibis, and then the tide drove us away.

Down again in the afternoon, with the same result, a smaller one to Fred's scarlet-ibis. Up at 3 A. M. the next day, with the result that George gets only a ½ pounder, and the rest nothing. The boys are muttering something about a Jonah, but I don't hear them. Up at 3 the next day, and a repetition of the previous days, save that it is I who catch the little fellow.

However, both of the others hook some big fellows that after a few moments play break away, and as I have seen several jump, I am forced to believe that they are there. This is my last day, and as I slowly reel in my line I think ruefully of the big stories I told when I left the city and the very small trout I have to take back.

But those were very pleasant hours spent on the marsh, with the green hills circling in the distance and the village spires just visible through the trees.

And oh, the birds! Yellowlegs, grass birds, and plover of all kinds, for the spring flight is now on and they are protected by law. And the way Fred could call them. One could sit for hours and listen to him.

There would be a faint whistle and we would make out a flock of birds just visible over the marsh, then Fred would send them a long-drawn plaintive note, then another, and the birds would hesitate; still another, and they would head our way. A few short coaxing notes and the flock would sail (with wings set) over us as we stood without cover of any sort. Then they would circle around whistling in reply to Fred, as only plover can.

I have never heard anything like it, and don't expect to again until I go down in the fall, and with Fred to call for me, try to bring back a better bag of birds than I have basket of fish.

Home in the city once more, and momentarily expecting the postman to bring me a letter from George, with a description of that 4-pounder, I feel as I pen these words that I have indeed had a good time.

I have been a-fishing! I have waded the brooks, visited old haunts, breathed pure air, listened to the birds, torn my clothes on a barbed wire fence, scratched my hands in the brambles, wet my feet, regretfully watched the circles made by a "big one" that broke away, enjoyed to the utmost the little fellows that I caught, filled my mind with the pleasantest of recollections, and now, as I settle down to work, look eagerly forward to the time when I can once more say, "I go a-fishing,"

Forest and Stream. June 8, 1895. p. 464.

The Cause of the Deacon's Wrath

Waldo

At the turn of the road on Sanbornton hill
The meeting-house stood and is standing still,
Where, not long since on a Sabbath day: –
But pause, I will tell you without delay,
How the deacon fell out with a parcel of boys
Just out from the city for country joys;
Harmless and happy and thoughtless, too,
And looking for mischief – as boys will do.

The parson, light haired, a goodly man,
Had thundered forth as a parson can,
From a firstly this to a tenthly that,
On a text, as usual both long and flat;
The choir had made the old church ring
With the sweet old hymns all love to sing:
In fact the service was really o'er
And only the Sunday school held the floor.

'Twas then that Elmer, but half in jest
And half in earnest, proposed to the rest
That they climb to the belfry where swings the bell,
And a beautiful view may be had as well.
No sooner proposed than they all agreed,
Never once thinking they might be treed,
But only intent on the matter in hand,
And the beautiful view of a beautiful land.

Elmer leads, and, following fast,
Herbert and Will, with Nate the last,
Pause with the latter, but half way through,
To hear the deacon's "I jis tell yeou,
You kem deown! kem deown, I say!
A desecratin' the good Lord's Day!
I reckon I know what's wrong en right;
Yeou can't teach me sich a turribul sight."

'Twas of no use to argue, it wouldn't do.
The deacon was mad, and mad clear through;
He "wouldn't have it! 'twas a tarnal shame!"
And other expressions I will not name.
He didn't care if the view was grand,
Without its equal throughout the land.
They could jis' kem deown an' hurry, too,"

Or he'd "make it hot for one or two!"

Red in the face and more red of hair,
The deacon paused and could simply glare,
As down from above with a bow to Fate,
Dropped Elmer and Herbert and Will and Nate.
Crestfallen and sheepish with a lurking smile,
Yet vowing vengeance, I think, the while;
Accepting fate as they knew they must,
But mentally wishing the deacon "cussed."

MORAL.

The moral, my friends, is very plain:
Always come in when you feel it rain.
Don't jump from the frying-pan into the fire,
Or cross a deacon with rising ire.

Unknown Publication. October 25, 1895. [scrapbook]

According to Thornton Burgess's 1960 memoir, *Now I Remember*, his responsibilities at Phelps Publishing quickly progressed from office boy to reporting, photography, and writing for two publications, the *New England Homestead* and the *Springfield Homestead*.

The *New England Homestead*, *American Agriculturist*, *Orange Judd Farmer*, and *Farm and Home* were regional editions of the same weekly agricultural publication sharing feature sections and correspondence. The *American Agriculturist* was, at the time, one of the foremost names in farm-oriented periodicals; it is from this publication that most of the writing included in this volume was taken [source: Internet Archive *American Agriculturist* microfilm collection]. Dowhan, on the other hand, cites the *New England Homestead* (bound volumes of which are available in the Boston Public Library). Unless otherwise indicated, it should be assumed that Burgess's writing appeared in all four editions simultaneously.

The *Springfield Homestead* also shared some of the features published in the *American Agriculturist* and its associated editions. Springfield was, at the time, the second largest city in Massachusetts and supported several daily newspapers. The *Springfield Homestead* was a relatively small circulation weekly. It is available on microfilm and as digital scans on DVDs in the library housed within with the Springfield Museum complex. Browsing the publication in either format is problematic and it is here that Burgess's bibliography is likely most incomplete. As noted earlier, many of his pieces are included in this volume only because of their discovery in a scrapbook in the Massachusetts Historical Society archives. There is likely much more uncredited Burgess work in the *Springfield Homestead*, including community reporting and photography that is not included here.

Burgess's first credited work for either publication was as a participant in the *American Agriculturist's* youth-oriented correspondence feature, the "Children's Table," writing as "Waldo." He would continue to contribute bird-related letters to this feature during the year.

Burgess's published work during this year included some light verse, another fishing account, a couple of "how-to" articles, and several short stories, including the first credited to "Thornton W. Burgess": "The Twin's Tandem." The short stories are in the boy's adventure and mischief vein; the sailing misadventure, "The Voyage of the Arctic Tern," is based in Cape Cod and may be semi-autobiographical.

"A Fourth of July Kite," a "how-to" article published on June 20, was reprinted in several newspapers. Such reprints would be another channel of distribution for Burgess's writing throughout this period. In addition to the citation at the end of each piece, I will indicate if it received significant newspaper attention, listing at least one paper that ran it.

Birds and their Nests.

Waldo

Boys, who finds the first bird's nest this year, and what do you know of the builder? Already Mr Owl is thinking of housekeeping and with many a tu-whit tu-whoo is wooing his solemn, round-eyed love. By the middle of March, he will be fairly settled, and Mrs Owl will be sitting upon those eggs so nicely hidden away in some old hollow tree, and you must be smart indeed if you will find them. Just run down to those three old apple trees, on the other side of the hill close to the edge of the woods, and tap on the old hollow trunks, then write and tell me who is at home there. I rather think you will find some old friends of mine, and I want to hear all about them, for I used to live in the country, and now that I am in the city it is seldom that I can hear or see those old feathered friends with whom I was so well acquainted. So keep your eyes and ears open to learn all you can in regard to the birds; their ways and habits; their nests and eggs; and then write me all about them, for I want to know how many of you see as much as I used to. I am sure the Editor will print some of the best letters. At the end of the season, we'll make a list of the total number of varieties of nests found. If you truly love the study of birds and their nests, you will appreciate this in after years. Any time you require any information on the subject, if you will inclose a two-cent stamp I will be glad to help you what I can. Now who has the brightest eyes and will find the first nest this year, and so will be first to have a letter published?

American Agriculturist. March 14, 1896. p. 25.

The Big Trout of Kane's Hole.

Waldo

A spring morning clear and fresh, with the leaves just bursting forth, and the early songsters whistling in the alders along the banks of the old Town brook, and casually hinting at the speckled beauties that lie hid in the cool depths below, is an inducement that is not to be resisted and I promptly decide to go a-fishing. With my trusty little lancewood, stiff enough for bait fishing and still not too stiff to throw a fly, a 40-yard click reel, with a fine but strong colorless silk line, a stout three-foot leader, half a dozen No 6 single snell-hooks, an assortment of dark-colored flies, and I am ready to do battle with the wariest old warrior in the stream. Starting at the pool just below the old mill, a fat wriggling angleworm brings out three little fellows with a rush, but farther down in the ripple above the old bridge, 10 minutes' careful work brings nothing, until I try a brown hackle and a professor, with two plump half-pounders as the result. Cautious work in the pool at the foot of the falls, and patient, careful effort beneath the big sunken log net me five, and then follows a fruitless half-hour. Preferably I fish up stream, as trout invariably lie head up and are less liable to take alarm, but in this case I am fishing downstream, and by 10 o'clock have reached the broad green marshes where at every bend of the creek are deep, dark holes, famous for their big trout.

In one of these, known as Kane's hole, there is an old veteran whom I have tried, and tried again, without success, and I scarce hope for better luck to-day. Quietly and cautiously, I approach until within throwing distance, and try him with a worm. It is useless, and every fly and combination of flies in my book give no better result. A minnow brings a strike, a miss, a half-hour of quiet, and then I try shrimp. There is a moment's pause, then a rush that takes a clear 20 yards of line, and the fight is on. What an indescribable thrill rushes through you with the knowledge that you have hooked a "big one," and know that it is a slender bit of wood, a mere thread and your own skill, against the weight and cunning tactics of an old veteran, with the odds in his favor. Foot by foot, yard by yard, the line is taken, and it is with fear and trembling that I give him the butt. Nobly the little lancewood bows and bends and stands the strain, and the first mad rush is checked. Then 15 minutes of fighting and sullen sulking at the bottom of the hole, and he lies in the water at my feet, conquered. But no! As I stoop to lift him out there is another fierce rush, and it is another 10 minutes before I finally land him. And what a beauty he is, tipping the scales at 4 lbs, with his silvery speckled sides shining in the sun; and why should I not feel at peace with all the world as I hie me home over the marshes and green meadows, with the knowledge that the big trout of Kane's hole is mine, fairly won in a fair fight?

Springfield Homestead. April 18, 1896, p. 24; *American Agriculturist*, May 2, 1896.

With the Birds.

Waldo

Sunlight evidently does not blind Hoot Owl [a popular correspondent] in the least, for he is the first to report the finding of birds' eggs this year. The blue jay is a pilferer, Hoot Owl, but not so bad as he is sometimes painted, while the English sparrow is far worse. He is a dirty, pugnacious little thief and has done more to drive away our native birds than any other one thing, and a bounty for his destruction should be offered by every state. Take my advice and destroy the nest you speak of. Everyone watch out and keep track of the birds, so that we can have a long list of varieties by the end of summer.

American Agriculturist. May 16, 1896. p. 18.; *Springfield Homestead*, June 6, 1896.

Homemade Fishing Tackle.

Waldo

It is not the tackle, boys, but the know-how, that catches fish. However, good tackle is a decided advantage, and it is possible that the few hints that I may be able to give you will be of assistance.

In the first place, select a good, straight, young hickory or ash, and trim it until it is about 8 or 8 ½ feet long, and see that it tapers as evenly as possible. A rod of this length is as heavy as you will care to carry. The simplest method of rigging the rod will be with a strong cleat fastened just above the hand, and a series of wire guides fastened at intervals down to the tip, which should have a loop securely wound on. Nine out of ten boys tie their line at the tip of the pole and wind it up there, but this is wrong, for in this way the strain comes almost entirely on the tip, whereas in the other method the strain is distributed evenly. For the rings or guides cut a number of pieces of wire of about six inches in length each, and making a loop as in A, Fig a, wind each end closely in opposite directions about the rod as in Fig b. These should be about 18 inches apart, and the loop at the tip should have both ends of the wire brought down, one on either side of the rod, and wound on with fine string. A homemade reel is possible but is not very satisfactory, and the old-fashioned cleat is better.

A seine for capturing shore minnows is very useful and easily made. Take a piece of mosquito netting 6 feet in length and 3 feet wide, and fasten a stout line at each corner. Then collect all the pieces of cork that you can and fasten them along one edge, and with a number of small pieces of lead fastened on the opposite edge, the seine is complete, as in c. Two boys using this can capture a pail full of live bait in a few minutes. A fish car for keeping fish caught alive is very handy and is easily made by knocking the top and bottom out of a box of sufficient size and nailing on lathes about half an inch apart instead. A trap door should be made in the top to put in and take out the fish, and if one end of the box is pointed like the bow of a boat, it is easier to tow when rowing.

Lots of fun may be had by trolling for pickerel with a fleet of small, roughly made boats. Set them to sail before the wind, and to the stern of each tie a stout line with a spinner or perchfin, and before they have gone far, they are almost sure to have a fish in tow, or if he be a very big one, he may reverse matters. A gaff made of a short, stout handle with a sharp wire hook in one end, is very convenient in landing big fish, especially pickerel.

American Agriculturist. May 16, 1896. p. 18.; *Springfield Homestead*, June 6, 1896.

A Sorrowful Tale.

Waldo

Three little mice one day at play
Away from the hole in the wall did stray,
Away from the hole and the home inside
Where safe from danger they all could hide.

Three little kittens espied the mice,
And together they purred, "Oh, aren't they nice!"
And wrong tho' it be, for it couldn't be right,
Each little mouse disappeared from sight.

Three little dogs, they call the hounds
Saw three little cats outside of bounds,
Then each little dog caught a miniature cat
And shook her to death as she would a rat.

Three little boys on mischief bent
Caught three little dogs with sly intent;
To each little tail they tied a can
And laughed at the way the little dogs ran.

Three big papas adown the street
Met three little boys in full retreat
And soon three sticks in a startling way
Beat rat-a-tat-tat that pleasant day.

Three little mice are now no more;
Three little cats have gone before;
Three little dogs each nurse a tail,
And three little boys in sorrow wail.

Springfield Homestead. May 23, 1896. p. 17.

The Voyage of the Sally B.

Waldo

Oh, Jackie was a sailor lad,
And very proud was he,
For he was captain, mate and crew
And owned the Sally B.

He loaded her with dreams of gold,
Each snugly stowed away,
Then sent her on her maiden voyage
Adown the smiling bay.

The sky was blue, the winds were fair,
Each sail was drawing well,
And she had reached her distant port
More quick than I can tell.

Her cargo Jackie soon discharged
To take on other fare,
And now he loaded her with stone
For castles in the air.

So back and forth the Sally B
With favoring breezes sped,
And Jackie reaped not stores of gold
But happy thoughts instead.

And when at length all tucked in bed
He thought his voyages o'er,
He floated down the milky way
And touched the dreamland shore.

Springfield Homestead. June 6, 1896. p. 17

A Fourth of July Kite.

Waldo

Something new and novel is sure to make a hit on the glorious Fourth, and to those who have never tried it I would suggest the Fourth of July kite, as an inexpensive method of doing the day justice. The kite or kites should be of good size, say four feet high, and may be of almost any shape, though the old-fashioned one made with two cross sticks, as in Fig 1, is one of the most reliable. If red, white and blue paper can be secured, so much the better. The effect is pretty if the colors are alternated in the tail. By using care in balancing, a large flag may be sent up on the end of the tail. With a four-foot kite a flag over six feet in length can be sent up, and as it floats hundreds of feet in the air, one feels repaid for the trouble. Long streamers of the national colors, or strings of tiny flags, can be attached at intervals along the kite string; in fact there are endless ways in which an ingenious boy can keep "old glory" floating over the town. Bunches of paper spirals, made by cutting stiff paper as in Fig 2, and attaching a tiny torpedo to the end in the center, may be set free by means of a slow fuse, and in the same manner paper parachutes may be sent earthward.

In the evening a Chinese lantern in place of the flag is very pretty, bobbing through the dark, and colored lights may be set off. As the kite is invisible, it is rather a puzzle to onlookers how fireworks are produced so high in the air.

To get the colored lights cut open a number of Roman candles and take out the color balls. Then take a piece of fairly stiff wire and bend it, as in e d, Fig 3, then attaching the wire a b.. Take a long fuse, fuse, such as a miner's, which can be obtained in any city, or if not long enough, fasten several together and attach loosely to the wire at d, leaving a long end, c, free. With an occasional twist carry the fuse up d. down b, up a, down e, and fasten. Then take each candle ball and a little loose powder, and with a piece of paper or light cloth wrap about the wire and fuse, as in Fig 4, fastening the ends with a bit of thread. Put four on each wire, with two on the middle cross wire, taking care that they are not so close together that the burning of one. will fire the others. Light the free end of the fuse when the kite is started, and you will have the highest fireworks in town.

Test your kite thoroughly before you send it up with the fireworks and see that it flies steadily, without plunging or danger of coming down suddenly. Use a strong twine, being sure that there are no weak places in it. If proper care is taken there is no danger from fire.

American Agriculturist. June 20, 1896. p. 18.

Reprinted in newspapers including *Bucyrus Evening Telegraph*, July 4, 1896.

The Mysterious Fire-works at Auburdell.

Waldo

There was trouble in Auburdell. At least there was a premonition that there was going to be trouble, though what it was no one could, or, at all events, would state. Old Deacon Tobey insisted that it was “them durn boys! They’re up to some diviltry, an’ if I catch ‘em I’ll male ‘em sweat. Yes, sir! I’ll push ‘em jes’ as far as the law allows.”

Deacon Tobey was right. Two days previous little notices had been posted about the town, and apparently they were a challenge flung in the face of town authority, an open defiance of the law, and long had the town fathers discussed ways and means for circumventing the unknown offenders, and the word had gone forth that he who should be proven guilty of the proposed violation of the town ordinance would be summarily dealt with. But it was now the day before the Fourth, and the writer of the notices had not as yet been discovered, although more than one suspected, what the deacon so emphatically asserted as fact, that it was “them durn boys;” and it was.

A week previous the following had appeared in the post office, in the windows of the various stores and on the big elm in Post office square:

NOTICE!

All persons are hereby warned that the sale or discharge of firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets or other fireworks is strictly forbidden. Anyone proven guilty of much offense will be prosecuted to the extent of the law.
Per order of

FRANK C. FISH,
ABEL D. TOBEY,
CHARLES A. WARDEN
Selectmen

This had resulted from a petition of certain over-cautious individuals who vaguely remembered having read somewhere in ancient history of the burning of a town from a carelessly thrown cracker, and chief among them was Deacon Tobey, whose hearty dislike of youth, and boys in particular, was reciprocated with interest.

“It’s a confounded shame!” exclaimed Len Harris as he viciously dug the toe of his boot into the soil. “My Uncle Will promised to send me a lot of crackers an’ a couple of rockets from Boston an’ now they won’t do me any good jes’ because a lot of old fogies have got it into their heads that we can’t fire off nothin’ without setting the whole town afire. What kind of a Fourth will it be without crackers, anyhow!”

“That’s so,” chimed in Harry Parsons. “I’ve been saving every cent for two months an’ now jes’ when I’ve enough to have a good time someone has to go an’ make a rumpus!”

“Say, fellers! We’ll make old Tobey sorry he ever was born, called Bob Payne as

the school bell rang, and then they filed into morning recitations.

At recess the boys gathered again to discuss and re-discuss their troubles and bemoan the cruelty of fate, and it was then that Julien Wellwood, a quiet, unassuming little fellow, made the proposition that resulted in the posting of the law-defying notices.

“Say, fellers!” said he, “I’ve got a scheme that’ll fool ‘em, an’ we can have fireworks an’ no one know who’s doing it! See?” Julien was ingenious, very handy with tools and forever getting up something new and the boys now gathered around him eagerly, feeling sure of an original solution of their Fourth of July problem. Jule briefly outlined his plan, which was that the boys should go ahead and get their crackers, but more especially a goodly supply of colored lights and Roman candles. Then to divert suspicion they should usher in the Fourth as usual by ringing the church and school bells at 12 o’clock and with horns, tin pans and shotguns make life as miserable as possible for those who would fain sleep away the early morning hours. At 10 o’clock they should all be on hand to join in the procession of horrors and in the evening have their fireworks. He then explained his plan for discharging the latter without danger of being detected.

“Do yer s’pose we can do it an’ not get caught?” said Bob doubtfully.

“Course we can!” declared Len. “If the night’s anyway dark, how is anyone going to know where they come from?”

“That’s so,” assented Bob.

That night after school the boys, six of them in all, laid their plans more definitely, agreeing to act entirely under the direction of Julien. That was Wednesday, and school closed on Thursday for the summer vacation, giving them three whole work days before the glorious Fourth, which came the following Tuesday. For the remainder of the week, the little shop that Julien had built for himself in one end of the wood-shed back of his house was a scene of great activity, and from morning till night the boys were busy with hammer and saw, great sheets of colored paper, balls of stout twine and paste enough to float a ship. At least, so said good Mrs Wellwood, who supplied the flour. Saturday the anonymous notice that so disturbed the good people of the town appeared:

At half-past 8 o’clock Fourth of July night there will be an exhibition of fire-works on Water street. Come everybody.

Sunday was a long tedious day, whiled away by surreptitious visits to the shop and speculations as to the probable outcome of the Fourth. Monday the fire-works and sundry bits of wire were smuggled into the shop and all day long the boys worked, keeping everything under lock and key.

Despite the vigilance of the regular and special officers promptly on the last stroke of 12 the church bells pealed forth the birth of the glorious anniversary and from then until daylight there was no rest for the weary.

At 6 am Deacon Tobey was abroad with a face that boded ill for the boy so

unfortunate as to fall into his clutches.

“Hey you seen anything of my front gate up to your place?” he inquired, as he met Selectman Fish.

“No!” was the response. “Is that my store sign over your front door?” as he chanced to glance up.

“By gum! It is!” replied the deacon grimly.

“If I could lay my hands on them—” but the remainder of the sentence was drowned in a blare of trumpets and horns as he shook his fist at a group of boys watching him from a safe distance.

The procession of antiques and horrors was a great success, and when at noon a tremendous kite of the national colors sailed high over the town. It was apparent to Mr and Mrs Wellwood, what he had been going on in their shed.

The strips in the tail of the kite were alternately red, white and blue, while from the end swung a handsome silk flag. At intervals gay parachutes, each weighted with a tiny torpedo, started earthward, or paper spirals and thunder-bolts twisted this way and that in their erratic course toward terra firma. Bright-colored streamers were attached to the all string and fluttered in the breeze, and many were the compliments bestowed upon the boys for their unique celebration the of the day, but could the good folks have peeped into the little shop and seen the six white paper-covered frames leaning against the wall a deep suspicion that the big kite swinging high overhead was merely a blind might have made them less outspoken in their praise.

The night was dark and cloudy, with a good breeze blowing, and there was a quiet chuckle as six dark figures stole out of the Wellwood shed and across the fields toward the head of the mill pond at 8 o'clock.

“Got the matches?” inquired a muffled voice.

“Yep!” was the equally subdued response.

“Say, we ought ter have tried ‘em ter see if they’re balanced right,” said another.

“Have,” came in what was unmistakably the voice of Julien, “Len an’ I tried ‘em all late this afternoon, an’ they’re steady as a clock. We’re right in it this time! See?”

“We timed a fuse, too,” said Len, “an’ it took jes’ 15 minutes fer it ter reach the first light.”

A little past 8 o'clock people singly and in little groups begun to stroll up toward Water street, which run at the foot of the mill pond. Not that they expected to see any fireworks. Oh, no! They merely hadn't anything else to do. Suddenly someone discovered a tiny green light drifting down the pond, then another, and another, until there were no less than a dozen colored lights floating over the water, each on a tiny, roughly made boat.

While the crowd was watching these and speculating who could have started them and what was to follow, Bob and four of his companions joined them, and no one

noticed the absence of Julien.

“I’ll stay behind,” he had said to the others, “and kind of look after things an’ cut ‘em loose, or else pull ‘em in when it’s over.”

Suddenly the loud report of a cannon cracker, followed almost instantly by the spiteful rattle and sputter of a whole bunch of No 2’s, turned every eye skyward. There, floating back and forth at various lights, wore six golden balls, and even as they looked a tiny red light shot out of the darkness a little above the highest and just above another a giant cracker exploded.

For 18 minutes amid the exclamations of the crowd, Roman candles, colored lights and firecrackers flashed and exploded at lights where no one had thought it possible they could be discharged. It was as if they were being thrown from an unseen balloon.

“Who can it be, and how is it done?” were questions that found no answers, and for a week afterward the mystery of the Fourth of July fireworks was the absorbing topic.

The offer of “\$25 reward to anyone giving information that shall lead to the conviction of the party or parties who discharged fireworks on the night of July 4” was never claimed, and to this day the town fathers have been unable to solve the puzzle, though old Deacon Tobey still insists that “them durn boys was at the bottom of it.” A week later the wreck of a kite with the remnants of a Chinese lantern clinging to the tail was found a mile outside the village, but what of that? Six boys slept well that Fourth of July night, and only Mr and Mrs Wellwood wear a quiet smile when they see five gaunt kite frames standing in their woodshed.

Springfield Homestead. June 27, 1896. p. III

The Twin's Tandem.

Thornton W. Burgess

It's come Mother! Oh, mother, it's come!" shouted the twins in unison as they rushed into the kitchen where Mrs Payson was washing the supper dishes. "It's come, 'cause we saw it at the depot," they chanted together, and they alternately hugged each other and their mother until the good woman very nearly lost her patience with her breath.

"Well, for the land's sake," she panted, when she could get her breath, "I do hope that now—" but the boys were out of sight and hearing, impatiently watching for old Mr Slowboy, the expressman, who was never known to be hurried or flurried by anything.

The Payson twins, Jack and Jamie, or "the two Jays" as they were usually called, were sturdy, well-built, manly little fellows of 13, so much alike that save for a tiny mole on Jamie's right cheek and its exact counterpart on the left cheek of his brother, it was almost impossible to tell them apart. Old Uncle Eben Hodskins used to say that he "reckoned the Lord got mixed hisself an' had ter mark 'em." They spoke alike, laughed alike, dressed alike and were inseparable, so that if one got into mischief the other was sure to be equally guilty.

Now the bicycle fever had reached Ballardsville a year ago, and the twins, having it in its most acute form, set their hearts upon a wheel, and a tandem at that. "Very well," said Mr Payson, "I can't afford more than \$100 for a bicycle, so if you want a tandem you will have to earn the extra fifty, yourselves."

All that summer and the following winter the boys worked during their spare hours, and bit by bit the hoard in mother's bureau drawer swelled and grew. They drove cows, carried milk, picked berries, ran errands, sold papers, and in fact did anything and everything to earn an honest penny. Meanwhile all the village looked on and smiled and patted the twins on the back, for the village was very proud of the twins and almost as much interested in the new machine as the boys themselves.

Old Aunt Libby bought a quart of blueberries every week while the season lasted, and paid ten cents per quart for them, grumblingly to be sure, but then she might have gone out into the pasture just back of her house and picked them herself, as she always had. Old Mr Topham hired his walks shoveled during the winter for the first time in the history of the village, and he actually chuckled when he paid the boys.

By June there was \$40 saved, and then, when Jack won the five-dollar gold piece in the county prize speaking contest for boys, and Jamie won its mate in the spelling match, the villagers smiled broader than ever, for they felt assured that at last they were to possess a tandem, a genuine "bicycle built for two." And so as old Mr Slowboy jogged up from the station with the long, curious looking crate in his wagon, everyone whom he met knew what it was, and stopped him for a few moments to look it over and discuss, with many a profound wag of the head, its many points of excellence. At

length it arrived, and amid many exclamations of “Be careful,” and “Don’t rub that nickel!” from the excited boys, Mr Slowboy lifted the precious wheel from the wagon and deposited it in the back shed. It was the work of but a few minutes to uncrate it and set it up, and then mother was besought for permission to ride it up the street “jes’ once.” But mother was obdurate, and it being Saturday night the wheel was put away until Monday. All the long Sabbath day the boys wandered uneasily about, making surreptitious visits to the back shed to admire the trim frame, the polished nickeled handle bars, the tight-blown tires, and to open the neat little tool bag and handle and rehandle the odd-shaped tools. All through the long prayer at the morning service, visions of wheels, pushed at a marvelous speed by two small boys, appeared and disappeared, only to reappear in some new form.

Monday was the beginning of the long summer vacation and the new machine whirled through the highways and byways of the quiet village to the envy and admiration of all the youth and the astonishment of the older folks. Tuesday brought a letter from Uncle Will of Newton, inviting the boys to spend a week with him, and telling them to be sure to bring the new wheel, for they were to be in the grand parade the Fourth of July. Now, Newton was a town of three times the size of Ballardsville, some 75 miles distant, and the boys were always sure of a good time there, for Uncle Will was one of the jolliest men alive, a great, overgrown boy himself.

Suddenly a bright idea struck Jack so forcibly that he fairly shouted, and drawing Jamie aside he imparted to him his plan. That afternoon the boys were so unusually quiet that good Mrs Payson felt that there was something brewing, and there was.

“Father,” said Jamie suddenly at the supper table that evening, “Jack and me wants to ride to Uncle Will’s on our wheel. Can we?”

“What!” screamed their mother. “You boys ride to Newton on that bicycle! Well, I guess you’ll do no such thing.”

But Mr Payson was not inclined to look at the matter in so serious a light. “I don’t know, mother,” he remarked, “I rather think it would do the boys good.” And Jack kicked Jamie under the table, for he knew that the battle was half won. But Mrs Payson was a timid little woman and it took the combined eloquence of her husband and the twins to make her see that it could in any way be conducive to their good.

Finally her consent was gained and at 4 o’clock Thursday morning, the day before the Fourth, the boys started on their long ride. Mother had put up a delicious lunch and just before they started Mr Payson came out with a surprise, two handsome red sweaters which the boys had long wanted. The morning was perfect and as they sped away at a lively clip their joy was complete. The sun was just peeping over the hills and the fog hung in great white curtains in the lower valleys. Away over toward the edge of the wood Bob White whistled clear, and near at hand a meadow lark burst into song, and a red squirrel chattered noisily as he scurried along an old stone wall. The boys rode easily, for there were several bad hills on the way and they did not propose to tire themselves out on the start.

Just on the edge of Chiltonville they met with their first mishap, a punctured

tire, caused by a bit of glass, but Jack, who was very handy with tools, soon had that mended, and they were on their way once more. A black snake of unusual size, which wriggled lazily out of the road, gave them a bit of adventure, for Jamie must stop to kill it. But the snake declined to be killed without a sharp fight. Finally they treed him in a low scrub oak, from which a few well directed stones dislodged him, and then Jamie got in a telling blow as he made a fierce spring at Jack, and the battle was practically over. When they had stretched him out along the road, he certainly was a handsome specimen of the constrictor of the north, measuring just 5 ft 9 in.

At 11 o'clock the cyclometer showed 56 miles, which with the punctured tire, snake fight and several other stops, was very fair time, and it was decided to stop over until 1 o'clock in a grove by the roadside and rest, and eat lunch. The day had grown excessively warm, and when they started out again, Jack who occupied the rear seat, took off his sweater and fastened it by the sleeves to the handle bar in front of him. From here on the road was comparatively good, and by half- past two the boys were in familiar territory, for they knew the town of Newton almost as well as they did their own.

Here's Deacon Plummer's back lot," said Jamie, as they rounded a sharp curve, "I wonder if old Caleb's pastured here." Old Caleb was a Jersey bull of a notoriously ugly temper, and many a time had the twins, with other boys, teased him from the safe side of a strong fence, just to see him paw the ground and hear him bellow.

"Yep, I guess he is." responded Jack, as a long low rumble greeted their ears, "and it sounds to me 's if he was pretty near the road. P'raps we can have some fun with him." The thought was an added spur, and with increased speed they whirled around a slight curve in the road, and as Jamie afterward said they "nearly fell off the machine with fright."

Old Caleb was certainly very near the road; he was in the road, and with head down, and tail up, was pawing and tearing up the earth and emitting deep angry bellows as only a bull can. But what horrified the twins was the sight of two little girls of their acquaintance huddled in the road ahead, too terrified even to scream. They had been blueberrying in a neighboring pasture and had come out into the road just in time to meet the bull, who had broken through the fence and who was unusually ugly and dangerous, owing to the intense heat.

Just beyond where the bull was preparing to charge, the road forked, the right branch, known as the back road, being unused and no longer a public way, and the left branch, where the two little girls stood huddled together, the main highway, both leading to the village, however. As yet the bull had not seen the boys, and all this Jack took in at a glance as he peeped over Jamie's shoulder.

"Put us past in front of him, only not too fast," he whispered, "jes' so's he can see the red sweater, an' then we can beat him down the back road." Acting on this plan the twins sped past and Jack catching his sweater from the handle bar waved it wildly in front of the now infuriated animal. There was just a second's pause, and the boys slowed up to be sure their challenge was seen, and then, with a snort of rage, old Caleb charged, and the race was on.

The boys well knew that if they could once attain full speed they could easily leave the bull behind, but old Caleb got under way quicker than they could, and in the first few yards was dangerously near. The road was frightful and the boys received a terrible shaking, but at the end of a hundred yards they were holding their own, and even slightly gaining. Suddenly the road took a sharp pitch down a short but steep hill, and then as they caught sight of a railing at the bottom, it flashed simultaneously through the minds of the twins that the river ran just below, and that the road took a sharp turn at almost a right angle, following the river bank.

By this time old Caleb was pursuing in a rather half-hearted way, but it was too late to check the speed and it was simply impossible to turn the corner.

“We’ll hit the railing in the middle!” shouted Jamie, and a second later the crash came. Fortunately, the railing was an old, rotten affair, and giving way, the boys shot off an eight-foot bank into about 10 feet of water. Both were good swimmers, and beyond severe bruises neither was injured, but the new machine lay at the bottom of the river.

By this time old Caleb had arrived at the bank, but evidently had no intention of making the jump. Swimming to a convenient rock they debated what they should do, and it was decided that while Jamie stayed and kept watch, Jack should strip to his shirt and trousers, swim across the river, and go for their uncle, who lived about a mile distant.

About 4 o’clock that afternoon, happening to glance down the road, Uncle Will saw someone coming that caused him to rub his eyes and look again. “It’s one of the twins, as sure as I live,” he muttered, “but which one it is is beyond me.” And then as he got a better view of the boy, “For pity’s sake, what’s the lad been doing, and where’s his brother?” And indeed, it was a sorry spectacle that Jack presented, as he turned in at the garden gate. The hot afternoon sun had dried his clothes, but the mile of dusty road had not added to their good appearance, to say nothing of a big ugly rent in his trousers. There was a bad bruise just over his left eye, and though he manfully tried not to cry, the thoughts of the new wheel at the bottom of the river was too much for him, and a stifled sob would now and then break out.

A few words sufficed to explain that it was Jack, and the whereabouts of Jamie, but not a word as to the heroic deed that had been the cause of the disaster.

Although he thought it strange that the boys had taken the back road for their race, Uncle Will said nothing, but speedily harnessed his fastest horse, and bundling Jack and a long stout rope with an iron hook at one end into the double seated wagon, started after Jamie. On the way they stopped for Deacon Plummer to look after his bull. Old Caleb was found about half way down the road and the deacon, who could always manage him, got out to drive him home, while the others hurried to the scene of the accident.

Jamie was still sitting on the rock where Jack had left him, mournfully gazing at gleam of nickel on the river bed, but Uncle Will’s cheery “Ahoy there, Robinson Crusoe!” brought him ashore in a hurry. The river bed at this point was pure sand,

and the bicycle was clearly visible where it had first fallen, so that after a little skillful manipulating of the rope and hook, Uncle Will's "I've got a bite," announced that they were fast. A good stout pull all together, and the wheel was once more on terra firma. Beyond an ugly puncture where the forward tire had struck a nail on the railing, and the scraping of some of the nickel and enamel, the machine was uninjured, and it was with comparatively light hearts that the twins climbed into the wagon with their precious tandem, and then their tongues flew merrily as they went over their wild race. Jack had lost his sweater and Jamie's was decidedly the worse for wear, but the next morning when they awoke, bright and early, two handsome new ones hung across the foot of the bed.

The Fourth was a glorious day, and when the parade started with the twins on their tandem at the head, someone stepped out and called for three cheers, and they were given with a will, for the brave deed had leaked out.

Of course the story traveled home, and of course the village was prouder than ever of the twins, and to this day you can hear the story of the race of the "two Jays and the bull."

American Agriculturist. June 27, 1896. p. 20; *Springfield Homestead*. July 4, 1896

Camp Ephraim, at Sunnyside.

Waldo

They were a merry crowd of sturdy boys, going for a week's camp at Peter's pond, tucked in among the hills six miles away. There was Jack Norton, Will Parsons, Bob Freeman and Hal Hobert, Bob's cousin. Hal was from the city, spending his summer vacation in Sandwich, and this was to be his first experience camping out. The others had all been before. It was decided that they should go as cheaply as possible, and should rough it, for, as Bob said, "What's the use of going if yer going ter take the house along with yer?" Hal furnished the tent, 10x12, one that his father had used in Maine two years before. Will supplied a light, flat-bottomed cedar skiff, Jack took a canvas canoe of his own manufacture, while Bob furnished the team to carry these and their supplies to the pond.

Bob made out a list of camp necessities, and nothing more was carried than was absolutely needed. The outfit included a couple of axes, a shovel, and half a dozen tin plates, with forks, knives, cups and spoons, a good-sized frying pan, an iron kettle, two six-quart tin pails, a coffee pot, a coil of stout rope, a few nails, a ball of twine, a lantern, two blankets and a small pillow for each, and a good supply of salt pork, potatoes, onions, eggs, bread, crackers, coffee, and self-raising buckwheat for flap-jacks. All these were carefully stowed away in the wagon, and then the boat, bottom up, with the canoe on top of that, was securely lashed on over all. The boys hung on where they could. Bob's younger brother, Alfred, went along to drive back the team.

It was 6 o'clock when the boys started, and by 7.30 old Billy was picking his way down the old wood road that would finally lose itself in the brown pastures that bordered the lower end of the pond, and a few minutes later a gleam of silver through the tree tops told them that they had most reached their destination. A camp site was chosen on a level, grassy terrace that sloped abruptly down to the water's edge. An overgrown path wound down to the broad, sandy beach of a cove a hundred yards away, and not far distant Bob discovered a tiny spring, its cool waters bubbling out from beneath the spreading roots of a gnarled oak.

While Bob and Jack were selecting and cutting two stout oak tent-poles, Hal, under Will's direction, dug the holes for them, and Will himself cut and sharpened the guy pegs. The tent once pitched and everything made taut and shipshape, a tiny trench was dug at the back and two sides to carry off the water in case of rain, and then all hands dispersed to cut pine boughs on which to sleep. By noon everything was snugly stowed away, and the boys gathered for lunch with the feeling that civilization was left a long way behind; that they could do what they pleased, when they pleased, how they pleased, without any interference from that merciless fault-finder, etiquette.

In the afternoon Will and Hal seined a pailful of minnows in the cove, and with a bottleful of grasshoppers took the boat to try their luck in getting a supply of fish for supper. Jack and Bob spent their time in making a fireplace. A hole two feet deep and three feet in diameter was dug and lined with stones, and two stout oak sticks about

three feet long and forked at one end were driven into the ground on opposite sides. These supported a strong green stick on which the kettle could be hung. A plump two-pound bass and a couple of perch were all that the fishermen could show on their return, but that was enough for supper, and while Bob was preparing and cooking them, Hal offered to go to a farmhouse about a mile distant and get a couple of quarts of milk.

“All right, go ahead, but look out when you cross the second pasture,” said Jack, who knew the country well; “there’s a flock of sheep over there with an ugly old ram, so keep your eyes open.

“Don’t you fret,” responded Hal. “I’m no spring chicken, if I am from the city;” and catching up the pail he started. Following Jack’s directions he kept a sharp lookout at the second field, crossed it, found the farmhouse, got his milk and started on the return trip. As he approached the danger point he saw the sheep feeding toward him and kept a sharp watch, ready to run at the least hostile demonstration, but there was none, and by the time he was three-fourths of the way across he had forgotten all about them in watching the antics of a pair of gray squirrels in an old apple tree just ahead. This was the opportunity that old Eph, the ram, was waiting for, and as Hal afterward said, “he simply had a picnic.” Just as Hal put his foot on the stone wall preparatory to climbing over into the next field and safety, there was a rush and patter of little feet, and before he could even turn his head or at all realize what was coming, Hal shot over the wall with terrific velocity. Just on the other side of the wall a shallow brook made its way pond-ward, and the daily visits of the cattle had trampled the farthest bank into a soft mud. It was fortunate that it was so. Had it been otherwise, Hal would probably have been picked up in pieces. As it was, he picked himself up, but what a sight! He had ploughed full length and face down into the mud, and the pail, thrown somewhat higher, had descended a second later, deluging him with milk from head to foot and cutting a slight gash on his head. In rolling over to get up he had bent the pail out of shape, and despite the washing of his face and hands in the brook, it was a sorry-looking figure that made its way into camp, where the others had very considerably and with much self-denial awaited supper.

And such a roar of laughter as greeted Hal’s appearance! At first it was supposed that he had slipped and fallen, but as Jack, who had a somewhat intimate acquaintance with Eph, noticed how gingerly Hal sat down, the truth dawned upon him. “I say Hal, what’s the matter with the seat of your pants? Have you got pins in it?”

“Isn’t there a nail on that old log?” inquired Bob, with great solicitude, for he, too, had “caught on.”

“That’s all right. I’ll have the laugh on you fellows yet,” grunted Hal, and then, mid roars of laughter he told his tale of woe. The next morning dawned with lowering clouds that soon developed into rain, an ideal day for sport, and Hal took the canoe, leaving the boat for the others. Hal’s dexterity in the canoe was a surprise to the other boys, none of whom were particularly expert, and they gladly yielded the light craft to him. “Where did I learn to paddle? Oh, canoes are all we have on the Charles river at home,” he remarked. He knew a trick or two at fishing also, and though his light rod and fancy tackle had come in for a share of good-natured ridicule, he was able to show

the biggest bass that night, a plump five-pounder, and it was a handsome lot of fish that was put in the fish car.

Old Sol was in his very best humor Wednesday, and the day was perfect. The families of the boys, with a few friends, came to picnic with them. Everything about the camp was in perfect order, and from a tall flag-pole fluttered a white banner bearing the legend "Camp Ephraim." The appropriateness of this was hard for the visitors to understand, and it wasn't Hal that finally explained. Aunt Sally made chowder under difficulties. In the first place it had to be continually stirred to keep it from burning, and the only way this could be done was by tying a spoon to the end of a long stick. Even then Aunt Sally had to stand nearer the fire than was comfortable.

Thursday morning was spent in fishing, and in the afternoon Hal lay down beneath the apple trees for a siesta while the others rowed up to Long Point, nearly two miles distant, for a swim. A fairly stiff wind was blowing directly down pond, and when the boys reached the point they pulled the boat up on the shore, undressed, leaving their clothes in the boat, and then went over a slight rise to the other side of the point, where the beach was broad and sandy.

The water was delightfully warm, and an hour slipped away before Bob finally decided that he had had enough and led the way to the boat, or rather where they had left the boat.

"Heavens!" he shouted, as he caught sight of a tiny speck far down the pond, "the boat's gone adrift, with all our clothes!" At first the boys thought it all a good joke, but as the sun began to redden Will's back, he awoke to the more serious side of the affair.

"Better get under water, fellows, or we'll broil like chickens," he cried, as he plunged into the water. Jack proposed that one of them run around the shore to get the boat at the bottom of the pond, but no one volunteered, for it was nearly four miles around and for the greater part through the tangles of scrub-oak and underbrush that were uncomfortably in evidence even when one was dressed in a good, stout hunting suit. Neither one was a strong enough swimmer to cover the distance, and there was nothing to do but to trust in Providence and the chance of Hal's discovering the empty boat. But Hal was peacefully dreaming beneath the apple trees, and an hour dragged its slow length by while the unfortunate swimmers kept under water as much as possible and made the hills ring with yells for Hal. Then Jack, and a little later, Will, was taken with the cramp and forced to go ashore.

About 4 o'clock Hal awoke, yawned and stretched once or twice, and then sauntered down to the pond. The boat stranded in the cove caught his eye, and there was a wicked twinkle therein as the situation flashed over him. Hastily jumping into the canoe he paddled over to the boat, and getting into the latter took his canoe in tow and started to pull for the point. As he approached the beach he slowed up and came rowing in leisurely, whistling in a matter-of-fact manner. There was not a shadow of a smile on his face as he landed.

"Hello, Bob! How's the water? Don't know but what I'll join you myself. I say,

Will, what's the matter with your back? It's as red as a boiled lobster. Jack, you look warm."

It was a subdued lot of boys with the exception of Hal that landed at camp, and when that evening another banner inscribed "At Sunny Lake," fluttered just beneath "Camp Ephraim," no one attempted to pull it down. There were groans from more than one corner of the tent that night, and the next morning two, at least, were so stiff and sore that when the great hearty voice of Mr Freeman cried "Whoa thar, Billy!" it was with a sigh of joy that they realized that they would be relieved from much of the work of breaking camp. It was unanimously voted that, despite mishaps, Camp Ephraim at Sunny Lake was a grand success, and that another summer should find them there once more.

American Agriculturist. July 18, 1896. p. 20; *Springfield Homestead*. August 8, 1896.

Purple Martins.

Waldo

Marx is very fortunate in securing so many tenants for the martin house. The purple martin is the largest of the swallow tribe and its range includes a large portion of the United States. Before the advent of man, it nested in hollow trees, as does its first cousin the white-bellied swallow, today; but being of a sociable disposition it joined its fortunes with man and is rarely found far from his habitation, building in the houses that he is sure to put up for it. Even the Indians and the negroes of the south were in the habit of making provision for its wants. It is by no means as common as the rest of the family, and again I say Marx is fortunate that so many have taken up their abode with him. Keep out the English sparrows, for they will often drive the martin from his home, although he is a pugnacious fighter.

American Agriculturist. July 18, 1896. p. 20.

Some Bird's Nests.

Here are a few more birds' nests to add to the list: No 1, a dainty nest which swings gaily in the breeze, belongs to a pair of orioles; No 2, in a hollow limb, is the home of some woodpeckers; No 3 is the property of Mr Bob White; No 4, a little heap of brush in the topmost branches of a tall hickory tree, is claimed by some crows; No 5 is a plover's nest in the grass; No 6, the vacated home of some robins. The young robins are out trying their wings, and it is with mingled pity and amusement that I watch their first attempt at flying. Among all the birds of your acquaintance, Waldo, which is your favorite? There are many beautiful songsters, such as the red bird and mocking bird, but I love the tiny brown wren the best of all. I could write all day about the birds, but I must stop for this time and give someone else a place at this beautiful little mahogany Table. Waldo, please tell us in your next letter which state claims you as a resident. [Hoot Owl of Illinois.

Owns a Violin. —I want to ask Waldo how to make a martin house and where to place it. I am very much interested in birds and their nests. I have found a number of nests. I found one golden-winged woodpecker's nest with six eggs in it. It found it at about sunset one night and the next morning I climbed up to the nest and two were hatched. I have found a good many of these little brown birds' nests and two or three robins' nests. One kingbird's nest was on so small a limb that I could not get to it. There was another nest that I do not know. Would some of you Tablers please tell me what kind of bird a skylark is and where they build their nests, and the color of their eggs? How many of you can play on a violin? I can play Napoleon's grand march, two pretty waltzes, one schottische and 10 or 12 common-time pieces. I have a violin of my own. — [Frank P. Dimon.

American Agriculturist. August 8, 1896, p. 20.

The Voyage of the Arctic Tern.

Thornton W. Burgess

If I'd a knowed what them youngsters was up to I'd a jes' put a double reef in their plans. Yes, sir! They'd had ter port helm an' stay inside or Amos Judkins never sighted a whale offen the weatherbo'. Gone out in that pesky little land lubber's cockleshell that ain't fitten ter float in a mud puddle, an' on a Friday too, with a storm brewing jes' as sure as the sun draws water!" And the old weather prophet's brown, furrowed, good-natured face clouded with something very like real anxiety. Picking up his spyglass he once more focused it on the tiny white speck that disappeared between two long uneven rolls of shimmering blue, only to reappear in the white plumed crest of the outer one a second later.

"Sailing two p'int's nigher the wind than I reckoned she could," he muttered: "and if they'll jes' keep her nose p'inted in close alongshore, I reckon they'll be all right. If only the Curlew hadn't carried away her gaff in the brush with them city fellers yesterday, I'd go bring 'em back. But she beat 'em," he chuckled, thinking of the race, as he stumped his way down from the sand hills to his dory and pulled out to the snug little craft that lay temporarily disabled in the inner harbor.

Phil Holbrook and Dan Dowling were chums, and though Phil was but 16 and Dan a year younger, they were, like nearly all Cape Cod boys, capital sailors and could handle a small boat with the skill of an old sea dog. This was largely due to the careful training given them by Capt Amos, a bluff, typical old sailor, long since retired from active service. Phil and Dan were great favorites with him.

"Them boys is reg'lar sailor mans," he would chuckle, and then tell how they had handled the boat double-reefed in a stiff nor'easter while he sat by "doin' nothin' but jes' ready ter slip my cable an' look arter things if she got away with 'em." So it was not their ability as sailors that the old man called into question as he watched them out of sight that August morning, but the craft in which they were afloat. The boat had been launched in the old harbor two days before, and despite a practical demonstration of its sailing qualities, was a target for the old man's ridicule. It was a catamaran, and in no way could he reconcile the queer-looking rig with his idea of the fitness of things.

The year previous each of the boys had built himself a strong, 13-foot canvas canoe for use in the pond back of the village, and this year Phil had proposed that they make them into a catamaran for sailing. Dan promptly agreed and work was begun at once. Stout upright posts were securely fastened in the four corners of each cockpit and the canoes were placed parallel, about three feet apart, and two stout crosspieces bolted onto the uprights, binding the canoes together and supporting a platform having in its middle a centerboard well. A strong crosspiece at the bows held the step for the 16-foot mast and also supported a light bowsprit. An iron ring and brace from the two canoes held the mast firmly about two feet above the decks. A similar crosspiece at the stern was placed to support the rudder, which was operated from the platform by means of tiller ropes. Strong air chambers were built in the stern and bow of each boat, and then

the boys felt that despite the tremendous sail they proposed to carry, they could dare almost anything, for it would be impossible to sink, owing to the air chambers and the platform between, or to capsize, as one canoe would have to be lifted entirely out of water, describing a half circle. A preliminary trial in the inner harbor showed that on a tack she slipped somewhat, and the next day a deeper centerboard was tried and then the Arctic Tern, for so they had named her, sailed like a bird.

That night an early start for a 12-mile trip down the bay was planned, and at 5 o'clock that memorable Friday they were at the beach. But they were not the only early ones astir, and as they rounded the old life-saving station near which the Tern was kept, they caught sight of Capt Amos busily at work removing the Curlew's broken spar.

"He'll never let us go outside in the world," said Dan as they pushed off. "Not if he knows it," replied Phil; "but we'll fool him. You look out for the sail and I'll steer." There was a stiff breeze blowing, and as the sail filled and the boat gathered way, they sped up past the Curlew with a rush.

"Ship ahoy!" shouted the captain. "Ain't you fellers out early?"

"Ship ahoy yourself!" answered Phil, and before he could say more, was beyond hearing distance.

The harbor entrance was narrow, with a strong tide running out, and the Curlew lay in midstream, so that to go out, the Tern would have to pass close, and if the captain suspected her purpose, he would be able to interfere. For half an hour the boys tacked and retacked up and down the harbor, coming down to and turning the Curlew as if she were a stake-boat. This threw the captain off his guard, and when finally, Phil brought the boat down, made a half turn as usual, and then suddenly put his rudder hard aport, the maneuver was successful, and the boys were through the surf line and out in the bay before the captain had sufficiently recovered to realize what was up.

When at length he did he grabbed his spy-glass and hurried ashore to watch them out of sight. If the wind held as it then was, he had no fears for their safety, but there were signs of a storm brewing, and if the wind should shift to the southwest with its present force, and should catch them far from land, they might experience some difficulty in returning; and then he had little faith in the ability of the boat.

When the Tern struck the long rollers of the bay she took them as lightly as a feather, and so low was her hull that from the shore she entirely disappeared from view between them. The day was apparently perfect, and the fresh soft air was fairly intoxicating.

"We'd better keep alongshore just outside the breakers an' not run any risks," said Dan, to which Phil readily assented. The 12-mile run was soon made and Phil turned the boat shoreward; entering a small creek that wound up behind a long sandy point or neck. On this neck were some famous shell heaps, left by the red men before ever the Mayflower braved the Atlantic storms. Many and curious were the relics that had been found therein—arrowheads and knives of stone, polished, clumsy stone axes, bits of pottery, and the bones of bears and wolves, animals long since exterminated in that

section of the country. The larger bones were invariably split open lengthwise, where the Indians had extracted the marrow. It was these mounds that the boys had come to search in the hope of adding to their already good collections, and as they eagerly explored mound after mound the hours sped by unnoted.

Suddenly Dan noticed that the day had grown dull and gloomy and the air was lifeless and oppressive. "Phil!" he cried, "there's going to be a storm and we'll have to rush!" Hastily gathering up their spoils they hurried to the boat and started for home. The breeze had died down so that they barely moved, and they were forced to get out the paddles. It was hard work, but long, low mutterings of thunder, and a strange, ghastly stillness, as if nature was holding her breath, intensified rather than diminished by the light wash of the water on the pebbles, warned them that the storm was not far distant. It weighed upon their spirits, too, but both were gritty lads and neither uttered a word of complaint. They had gone about a mile when the wind suddenly freshened, at the same time backing round to the west. This was very nearly a head wind, and there was nothing to do but make a series of long tacks.

As Dan started to push down the center-board he found that in some way it had become jammed so that it would go but half way. "It's no use, Phil," he panted, "we can't hold so close to the wind as this without the center-board. We're drifting now, and will have to stand out farther." It was true, and much as he disliked to, Phil was forced to point the boat's nose seaward.

In two long tacks they gained perceptibly, but at the end of the third, when they were some three miles offshore, the wind veered again, blowing from the southwest directly offshore and increasing every minute. With a crash the storm broke and in a second Phil realized what it meant.

With blanched face and a voice that shook in spite of himself he cried: "We're being blown offshore and there's nothing to do but run before it." At the same time, he put the boat about and cut the mainsail halyards, letting the sail drop with a rush, trusting to the rag of a jib for steering way. The storm increased, kicking up a nasty sea that every moment threatened to swallow up the little craft, but the air chambers did their work well, and though more than once the cockpits were filled to the brim, the catamaran kept afloat.

The jib lasted less than five minutes, and was blown away with a report like a pistol.

"Lay down in your cockpit and hang on for your life!" screamed Phil, between the peals of thunder, and did likewise in his own. Stretched at full length and hanging on by one hand, the boys managed to bail-out the boats as often as they filled. The little craft creaked and strained in the big seas, but the bolts held, and under a bare pole she sped before the gale.

From the point they had left across to Provincetown, the tip of the cape was 30 miles, and Phil mentally summed up their chances as they rushed on. If they struck inside, it would probably be either at Provincetown or Truro, where the surf dashes in with frightful force, and as at that season of the year the life savers are off duty, their

doom was practically sealed. On the other hand, if they missed the point of the cape they would be driven out to sea, and as they had no compass they would have to trust to luck to find their way back, or be picked up by some passing vessel. This was their best chance, and Phil earnestly prayed that they might pass the shore in safety. Dan had spoken but once and then it was to call with a dry sob, "Phil, I promised mother not to go out in the bay in this."

About 5 o'clock, as nearly as he could reckon, Phil caught a fleeting glimpse of land through the flying spray and rain, and with a great sob of thankfulness realized that his prayer was answered. With the first rumble of thunder and signs of change in the atmosphere, Capt Amos dropped his work and went ashore. Taking his beloved spy glass he climbed to his favorite place of observation on the big sand hill back of his cabin, and uneasily scanned the sea.

"By the great horn spoon," he muttered, "it's coming on a reg'lar East Injun hurricane, an' they ain't in sight! I'd give half the Curlew ter know them youngsters is safe on land." All through the storm the old man, wrapped in his great pea-jacket, kept his place watching, and when at last the stars began to glimmer between the broken flying masses of cloud, he returned to his cabin to find Mr Holbrook pacing the cabin floor, wild with apprehension. This was just the antidote for his feelings that the captain needed, and in his bluff way he assured Mr Holbrook, what in his heart he knew to be a lie, that there was little danger and that probably the boys were in camp down the coast somewhere. Neither man slept that night, and with the first gray streak in the east the Curlew was speeding down the shore, and a little later the steam launch of the fishermen, whose services had been freely offered and accepted, started to cruise in the other direction.

Early Saturday morning a long, low-lying black steamer, Boston bound from Savannah, was plowing through the long swell some 10 miles off Cape Cod. Suddenly the quick clang of the bell in the engine room signalled to slow down and a few minutes later to stop. For 15 minutes the officer on the bridge had been puzzled by the strange appearance of a low, black object, rising and falling with the waves off the starboard bow. As he drew nearer he made out that it was some kind of a boat, but it was not until he was abreast of it, and a long swell turned it so that he caught a glimpse of the interior, that he realized that there were human beings aboard. Then came the sharp orders and the cease of the throbbing engines.

Twenty minutes later Phil and Dan were aboard the steamer on their way to Boston. Both were unconscious from the strain and exhaustion, but the ship's surgeon soon brought them round and they were able to tell their story. Incidentally they mentioned Capt Amos.

"Amos what?" asked the captain.

"Amos Judkins," replied Dan.

"Well, boys," said the captain with a chuckle, "you tell Capt Amos Judkins that Capt Harry Wilkins of the City of Savannah sends his compliments an' has still got his weather eye open, an' 'fore the summer's over I shall expect him to hist anchor

an' clear away for a trip to Savannah with me. Why, I was first mate o' the old whaler, North Sea Flyer, when he was captain, an' he's the best sailor man I ever knew!"

When Boston was reached the captain sent the following telegram to Mr Holbrook in Phil's name: "Safe in Boston. Home tonight. Tell Mrs Dowling." He bought railroad tickets for the boys and was at the depot to see them off.

There was a crowd to greet Dan and Phil on their arrival that night, for the whole town had mourned their loss. Dan quickly worked his way through and sped home, for his mother was a widow and had no one to comfort her. When he reached the house, he found a note dated Friday at 11 a m, saying that she had been called to Brockton by the sudden death of an uncle and would not return until Sunday. With a sob of joy Dan realized all the misery that she had been spared, and when she did return, he manfully told her of his disobedience and its result.

"Back, be ye? Never expected to see you again," grunted Capt Amos, when the boys went down to see him; but there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes that told how much more deeply he felt than his gruff manner would imply. Dan's love of the sea was thoroughly cured, but not so Phil's, and today he commands a steamer of the very line on which 20 years ago Capt Wilkins picked him up, a waif blown out to sea.

American Agriculturist. August 29, 1896, p.19.

Gerald's Moose.

Thornton W. Burgess.

“Well, sir, I’ll be perfectly satisfied if I can kill just one deer and only see a moose,” said Gerald Otisfield. His brother Will laughed. “You’re modest, Raldie, but I’ll bet you don’t even see a deer.”

The two boys were in a Pullman car on the Boston and Maine railroad, bound for the Maine woods on their first hunting trip, and they were wildly enthusiastic. They were Boston boys. Will was 17 and Gerald was 16, and both of them were wild over guns and gunning, and in the rifle galleries at home both were excellent shots. Their common dream had been a two weeks’ trip in the Maine woods, and so when Uncle John, himself an old hunter and thorough sportsman, had invited them to go with him to the famous Katahdin region early in October, their joy knew no bounds. But it had been hard work to convince mother that it was in any way conducive to their good to go. It was not until Uncle John added his supplications and unanswerable arguments that she finally consented. In the week remaining before they were to start, there was such a discussion of rifles, calibres, trajectories and kindred subjects as could not be equaled outside of a sportsman’s exposition. But after all, it was Uncle John who picked out the rifles, bought the heavy corduroy hunting suits, on which the swaying branches would make no noise, as they would against duck or canvas, and chose the long-legged, moccasin-soled hunting boots that would enable the boys to stalk silently in search of the wary game.

“The one who brings in the first buck shall have the head mounted as a trophy,” said Uncle John, “and the one who first sees a moose running wild shall come with me on a trip next year. So keep your eyes open.”

It was Saturday night when camp was reached and the boys were glad enough to creep into their bunks after the shaking and jolting they had received on the buckboard that brought them over the old wood road. The sun was pouring in at the camp door when they finally awakened to hear the sizzle of broiling venison and get a whiff of fragrant coffee, as the guides prepared breakfast. During the afternoon Uncle John gave them a few points in deer hunting, and cautioned them in regard to speaking or making the slightest unnecessary noise when still hunting. After supper the guides, a typical Yankee called Sandy, and a half-breed known as Lone Pete, built up a roaring fire and swapped tales of hunting and adventure with Uncle John that made the boys hold their breath with excitement, tales of deer stalking, battles with wounded moose and hand-to-hand encounters with bears and wolves. Sandy was an old trapper, and after the hunting season was over would return to civilization only long enough to secure supplies, and then would return to the depths of the forests to his winter camp, which he made the head-quarters for his trapping excursions to the lakes and rivers that abound in that vicinity. Pete showed them the scars on his arm made by the old she bear whose cubs he had captured, and told of the night he spent treed by a bull moose. When it was finally bedtime, the boys were almost too excited to sleep.

It was still dark when Uncle John shook them and cheerily told them to turn out if they were going hunting with him. It was decided that Gerald should go with Sandy to the north and the others would hunt to the south. Each of the boys carried a Winchester repeater and each was positive that if he could but get a deer in range he could drop it in its tracks. Sandy and Gerald took an old lumber road that, two miles from the camp, skirted the edge of the mountain. To the east was a ravine, for the most part filled with thick timber, but the middle was a clear space beyond which was one of those indescribable tangles of fallen trees called slash. Just on the edge of the opening the guide paused, and motioned Gerald to sit down on a fallen hemlock while he went to investigate some signs that he had seen the day before.

Sandy had been gone perhaps 10 minutes, when Gerald heard the snap of a twig just beyond the thick top of a fallen hemlock on the outer edge of the slash. In the perfect silence of the deep woods, where not even the bark of a squirrel was heard, it sounded so close that it made him jump, and his foot struck the stock of his rifle, which was leaning against the log while he unbuttoned his coat to get at an inner pocket. The rifle fell, making considerable noise in the dead branches. There was a crash where Gerald had heard the first snap, and a beautiful buck sprang into view, paused for a moment and then bounded lightly away. Gerald's surprise was complete. For a second, he watched the white flag of the buck disappearing between the trees, then he realized his own carelessness and stupidity, and grabbed his rifle. He was too late; the buck was gone. As he lowered his gun, he was the most disappointed boy in the state of Maine. And this was in no way diminished by the two sharp reports of a rifle that rang out a minute later. Sandy soon joined him, and with a quiet smile and a twinkle in his eyes, asked him if he had seen anything. Gerald bravely confessed that he had.

"Wall," replied the guide, "jes' yeou kem dawn an' see him closer," and then he led the way to where the deer was lying. It was a beautiful specimen, with a magnificent head of horns, and Gerald almost cried with vexation as he thought how easily he might have had it himself if he had been careful.

When notes were compared that evening, it turned out that Will had had a shot and missed, and Uncle John had secured a small doe. Tuesday was stormy and the day was spent about camp, but Wednesday was pleasant, and the party divided as before. That night Will brought in a three-year-old buck, thereby winning the prize offered by Uncle John. All through the week Gerald had hard luck, not even getting a shot, while Will had several opportunities, though he failed to kill. Saturday night Uncle John and Pete tried moose-calling, with the result that Uncle John was able to take home the handsomest head that had been taken out of the Maine woods for years.

Two nights before camp was broken, there was a light fall of snow. The next morning promised to be the most successful of the trip, and the camp was early astir. Gerald had as yet killed nothing but a fox and was thoroughly discouraged. He was not feeling very well and although it was his last day in the woods, he decided to stay in camp, despite the urging of the others to make one more try. The day was magnificent and about 10 o'clock he could resist no longer, and took his rifle and started along the old lumber road that had been the scene of his first hunt. A quarter of a mile from the slash the tracks of a deer entered the road and finally turned off toward the slash.

Cautiously and noiselessly, and with every nerve tingling with excitement, Gerald followed it. When he reached the fallen tree where he had sat before, he saw that the deer had jumped it and gone on into the slash. He stopped and carefully examined every bit of territory visible. Finally, through the hemlock top from behind which the big buck had sprung, he made out the hind quarters of a deer. Drawing a careful bead where he judged the fore shoulder should be, he fired. There was a snort, a crash and a magnificent buck dashed away. Crack, crack went the rifle, but the deer seemed but to go the faster. At the last shot, Gerald saw the white flag drop, however, and he felt sure that he had hit, for a deer seldom drops the tail unless severely wounded.

He had not killed, however, and as he walked down to look for blood stains, he thought bitterly that he had probably lost his last chance. Imagine his surprise as he turned the hemlock top, to find a plump doe dead in her tracks on the other side. He had killed with his first shot, and there had been two deer instead of one. Following the trail of the buck a quarter of a mile further on, he saw the animal jump from behind a fallen tree where he had lain down. Gerald shot quick, and the buck fell with a ball through the head. He ruled the camp that night, for between them the others had brought down but one, a small doe.

Camp was broken the next day and regretfully the party bade the guides good-bye, as they boarded the train for home.

Not long after leaving the station, the engine gave a series of shrieks that betokened some- thing wrong. Gerald was sitting next to the window.

“Must be something on the track,” he said, as he put his head out. In a second his shoulders followed and Will grabbed him by the coat tails in alarm. Then he came back with a suddenness that made no allowances for the window and resulted in a lost hat and a severe bump on the head. But such matters as that were trivial.

“I’ve won my bet, and Uncle John’s got to take me next year,” he shouted, and out the window went his head again.

“What in the dickens does he mean?” said Uncle John, as he put his head out of his window. What he saw was sufficiently explanatory. The train was rounding a sharp curve so that he could see the track ahead and there, running in great leaps, was a full-grown bull moose. For some distance the strange race continued, and then the bull sprang into the woods.

“Well,” said Uncle John, “I don’t see but what Gerald is a winner, and I guess that all things considered, you may both consider yourselves invited to repeat this trip next year.”

A month later, when the box containing the head of Will’s buck was received from the taxidermist and opened, there were two heads instead of one. On a card attached to the horns of one was this: For Gerald, with the compliments of Uncle John. It was the trophy of his last day in camp.

American Agriculturist. November 14, 1896, p.19.

Old Santa's Coming.

Waldo

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!
What is that I hear?
Jingle, jingle, jingle!
Sleighbells drawing near!
All the earth is snowy white;
Overhead the stars are bright,
And well I know the merry tune,
For Santa Claus is coming soon.

Jingle, jingle, jingle!
They're coming nearer now.
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!
I wish he'd tell me how
When he comes in such a hurry,
With his reindeers in a flurry,
He can stop to fill up so
Every stocking in the row.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!
He's coming up the street.
Jingle, jingle, jingle!
I'd better beat retreat.
Dear old Santa's always shy,
Would, I fear, be passing by
If he knew that sitting here
I had watched him drawing near.

American Agriculturist. December 19, 1896, p.26; *Springfield Homestead* December 26, 1896.

1897

Thornton Burgess continued to write for the *American Agriculturist* and *Springfield Homestead* during this year, with at least a couple of stories reprinted in newspapers. His publications comprised a mix of light verse, how-to articles, short stories, memoir, non-fiction, and a thought piece. “Waldo” was used exclusively as a credit during this year.

Of particular note: “My Recollections of a Whale,” which recounts a Cape Cod episode also included in *Now I Remember*; the story “Ted Waterman’s Thanksgiving,” which includes some details (fatherless, cow-driver) consistent with Burgess’s biography; and “No One Like Father,” the first of several pieces where Burgess imagined an ideal father-son relationship, defined by comradeship.

Fishing Through the Ice.

Waldo

Many a boy of older growth can recall glorious winter days spent on pond or river watching for the tiny red signal that would proclaim an unwary member of the finny tribes in the toils, and then the long homeward tramp in the gathering dusk, a ravenous appetite in no way abated by pleasant thoughts of well-browned perch or pickerel for supper. The simplest but least satisfactory method of fishing is with several short poles with a float or bob on each line. This necessitates holes close together that all the bobs may be visible to give warning of undue curiosity at the other end of the line. An improvement on this is a sort of tip-up made of two sticks. One is about 18 inches long, and 13 inches wide at the largest end, which is grooved to hold the line and has a hole made either with a bit, knife or red-hot iron, and large enough to admit easily the other stick, a half-inch sapling three feet long. A bit of red flannel is fastened to the small end of the first stick, and the line to the other end; the second stick is thrust through the hole and the tip-up is complete. When the trap is set both sticks are down on the ice, but when a fish bites the flag stick is pulled upright and can be seen for a long distance. One boy can tend two or three dozen of these and there is a deal of excitement when several tip up together. Fig 2 shows the two sticks.

Another style of trap, or type as it is called, that is rather more difficult to make, consists of an upright 18 inches long and 14 inches wide with a flat steel spring or a good springy twig 18 inches long fastened at the upper end. This spring has a ring at the end and the flag just below (or above when the spring is in position). When the type is set it is fastened nearly upright in a notch in the ice beside the hole and soon freezes in position. The spring is bent over and held by a wire catch, as in the illustration. The line is fastened near the base of the upright and a loop is carried up over the wire catch. When a fish is hooked the pull on the wire catch frees the spring, which straightens up with the signal flag. There are several other forms of type or traps, but these are the simplest and most easily made.

Good, lively shiners or minnows are the best bait for pickerel, while angle worms, plenty of which can be found in any old manure heap, will attract the perch, bull-heads and suckers. It is a good plan to catch shiners after the first frost and put them in a tank where they cannot freeze. They will then live all winter, while those caught before frost usually die.

American Agriculturist. January 30, 1897, p. 153.

Jocko and His Escapades.

Waldo

Nothing but the fact that, hidden beneath a somewhat rough exterior and at times belied by a short gruff manner, my uncle possessed one of the kindest hearts in the world, ever satisfactorily accounted for the advent of Jocko in the quiet little Cape Cod home of my boyhood. My uncle was a commercial traveler who spent the most of his time on the road, but was always at home over Sunday, and occasionally over night during the week. It was on one of these rare midweek visits that Jocko was introduced into my grandfather's home, where, save sedate old Tabby, no pet had been allowed for years. But Jocko's former master had been discovered in a destitute condition and out of pity for him, and to help him along, Jocko was bought.

Aside from the funny little manikins that sometimes appeared with strolling hand-organ men, a real live monkey had never been seen in the sedate little village, and the morning after his arrival, there was not a child in town who did not pay court to Jocko under the old apple tree to which he was chained, and there were many older faces also in the circle about him. Now everybody was just a bit afraid of him except my uncle, who had left on the morning train, and I dare say that Jocko was lonely, which made him ill-tempered, and this was by no means decreased by the children, who teased him by throwing green apples at him just to see him throw them back. Finally, while the family was at dinner, two of them tormented him until he made a sudden spring and broke his chain. Then he forgot everything but freedom and his love of mischief. In a flash he had mounted a low shed and was in at the open window of my aunt's bedroom.

My grandfather promptly called for a ladder and with the remark, "He's easy caught, anyway," started up to close the window. But Jocko was watching and in the nick of time swung himself out to a neighboring tree. And such a sight as that little grinning, black, condensed tornado had made of the room in the few minutes he had been there! He had danced on the bed, played hide and seek in the pillows, broken the looking glass, tore up photographs, and thrown down everything that he could possibly move. No inducements that my grandfather could offer slid down the bannisters, and finally adjourned to a nearby apple tree to rest.

Late in the afternoon he started on again to visit a cousin who lived some distance beyond, nor did he once turn aside to enter the premises of neighbors. Apparently he had the whole genealogy of my uncle's family in his queer little black head, and was resolved not to visit out of the family. This time he found no open windows, so climbing to the roof he amused himself by throwing some old tennis balls that he discovered, at the small boys in the crowd that had followed, and his aim was unerring.

By this time the poor little monkey was tired and frightened, for he had been pursued all day by a shouting crowd of small boys, who threw apples and sometimes harder things at him. He wanted to be taken in and petted and cared for. Finally he discovered a cracked pane in an attic window, and eagerly set to work to pick out the

glass. But the mistress of the house, who was in mortal terror for fear that he would get in, promptly mounted guard on the inside, with a broom for a weapon, and a board to hold over the hole, if he should succeed in enlarging it.

My uncle arrived at six o'clock, and no sooner had he stepped from the train than the story of the day was poured into his ears, by the ever-ready small boys. When he arrived at the scene, he discovered a poor miserable harmless little animal cowering against the attic window of a big old-fashioned house, who at his call of Jocko! Jocko! started down with a quick little spring. But then the crowd set up a shout of "Oh, he's coming! He's coming!" which frightened Jocko so that he ran back and this was repeated many times. Finally, his master decided that it would be better for all concerned if the monkey was disposed of altogether, and getting near him he dispatched Jocko with a quick, sharp blow of a stick of wood. And so ended a poor little harmless life, all through the foolish fears of those who should have cared for him

American Agriculturist. March 27, 1897, p. 25. .

Telegraphing Without Wires.

Waldo

Every boy has marveled at the little instrument in the telegraph office clicking out its message from some place perhaps a thousand miles away, and has gazed at the little connecting wire with a sort of awe, half expecting to somehow see a message pass, but now comes a greater marvel, the possibility of telegraphy without any connecting link at all. It is even beyond a possibility and is a probability, for Guglielmo Marconi, a young Italian scientist not yet 21 years old, has already sent messages several miles, and through thick walls. All this is very wonderful, and yet the principle is as simple as the ever-widening circles when you throw a stone into the water.

All space above the atmosphere that surrounds the earth is filled with what is known as ether, an element of which little is known. Now if you ever study physics or natural philosophy at school, you will learn that every substance is made up of an infinite number of parts called molecules, and these are again divided into atoms, so small as to be invisible. When these are bound together very closely, they make solids, when not quite so close, liquids, and when still more free, gases. Scientific men now think that the whole universe, sun, moon, stars and earth, is surrounded by ether and it is so thin that it surrounds each individual atom, so that the seemingly solid brick that you hold in your hand is really only a lot of atoms set very close together in the ether, as cherries are put in a bowl of jelly. If you have ever made surreptitious visits to the pantry, you doubtless know how, when you touch one part of the jelly, the whole bowlful shakes, and you have often watched the little waves travel on the water, from the point where you dropped a stone until the leaf 20 feet away is finally set bobbing up and down. And this is just the idea with which Mr Marconi works with the ether.

He has invented a machine whereby he agitates the ether in one place and then makes it shake or tremble for a long distance, as the jelly does when you touch it. In reality, he starts little waves that keep going in widening circles until finally they affect another instrument a long way off, just as the leaf in the water was affected, and so a message is sent.

So little is known of this ether that it is probable even more wonderful discoveries than this will be made in the near future, and scientific men think that this and electricity may really be one and the same thing. A peculiar property of these waves of Mr Marconi is that they will produce a spark if two bits of steel are near together, and in this way the magazine of a warship could be exploded far out to sea. No known substance can stop or affect them, and the possibilities of this new discovery are immense.

American Agriculturist. March 27, 1897, p. 25.

The Blackbird's Song.

Waldo

Tra-la-la-le! The blackbird sang,
As he swung on the topmost spray.
To stay with you
The summer through,
I've come from far away;
So merry be
And welcome me
This joyous April day.

Tra-la-la-la! The day is fair,
And soft the April sky,
And I've a mate,
Though rather late,
That's coming by and by
To meet me here;
Is drawing near
As swift as wings can fly.

Tra-la-la-lo! I know a spot
Where waving rushes grow;
A hidden nook
Beside a brook
That only sun beams know,
Or wandering wind
May chance to find,
And where we fear no foe.

Tra-la-la-le! From rosy dawn
To dusky eve I'll swing
The nest above,
That holds my love,
And prompts my heart to sing.
Then, summer through,
No longer two
But six, we'll southward wing.

American Agriculturist. April 17, 1897, p. 507; *Springfield Homestead*. April 17, 1896.

My Recollections of a Whale.

Waldo

Not long ago, in turning over my boyhood treasures, a bit of thin springy substance with a long rather stiff fringe caught my eye, and drawing it forth I discovered the remnant of one of the best trading materials it was ever my fortune to possess. Pieces of it had brought me in marbles, tops and arrowheads galore, and had drawn forth youthful secrets of vast import. It was a bit of whalebone taken from the mouth of a wright [sic] whale, and was once a portion of the vast strainer through which his majesty of the ocean had drawn all his food. The monster had come ashore at my old home, and I, being an impressionable youngster of eight, with an imagination out of all proportion to my body, was so—well, I don't like to say scared, so let us say filled with awe, that I can even now recall the picture of that wild September day.

My home was in the little Cape Cod village of Sandwich, which is really the first town on the cape. From there the shore gradually curves, forming the great bay, so that Provincetown, called the “jumping off place,” is directly opposite, with 30 miles of water between. Provincetown, as you all know, is a great fishing port, and having Cape Cod bay on one side and the great broad Atlantic on the other, it has a double chance at the finny inhabitants, and many and strange spoils are often brought in. Whales are often sighted, sometimes in the very harbor, and so a vessel is always ready to sail in their pursuit. One day late in September two of the huge leviathans foolishly set their fountains playing within sight of the shore. The schooner at once put out and both whales were harpooned from whale boats belonging to her, but the frantic monsters put seaward at a rate that, in the sea then running, made it impossible to remain fast, so the ropes were cut and the last seen of the whales they were headed inside the bay.

Telegrams were at once sent to fishermen in the villages along the coast asking them to watch out for the runaways. Capt Welch, an old sea dog whose days were spent in his dory or among his lobster pots, received the Sandwich message, so Saturday afternoon he was not surprised when through his spyglass he saw a huge black body rolling shoreward. Hastily getting help he rowed out to meet it and made a line fast (the whale was quite dead by that time), for the one having the first line attached, though it be nothing but a fish line, is rightful owner. He promptly notified the Provincetown men, and bright and early Sunday morning the schooner was rolling in the big waves as close to shore as it was safe to anchor.

After Sunday school a cousin somewhat older than I was very anxious that I should go to the beach with him under the care of his grandfather. After weighty childish arguments, my mother, who had some scruples as to the propriety of Sunday sight seeing, consented, and we started. The beach is a mile from the village and is reached by a plank walk across broad salt marshes flooded at every high tide, and across which the wind sweeps with a force that has lifted many a heavy man off into the water. How Will's grandfather ever got us boys across I cannot imagine, but neither of us could protest, for with the first step onto the walk our breaths left, to be recovered

only after five minutes of gasping in the shelter of the sand banks. Then we went on, Will's grandfather holding us each tightly by the hand, and finally peeped over the edge of the bank.

It was a wild day. The wind was a gale, and though it was low tide, the waves were dashing on the shore with a roar that drowned all other sounds. Out in the heaving, white-edged waters a two-masted schooner was tossing up and down, and between her and the shore were flying small boats loaded with what to me appeared to be great masses of beefsteak. Of course it was the blood that gave me that idea. And right below us was a mountain of steak from which men were cutting great chunks and loading them into wagons that in turn transferred them to the small boats. At one end men were working at a great fringed mass, and presently one brought pieces for Will and myself. Of course that was what has started this tale, and I was looking at the whale's mouth, and the rest was—why, the rest was the whale, but to this day I have hard work to realize that a whale is black, and not red and white striped like a barber's pole.

American Agriculturist. June 12, 1897, p. 18.

What Shall I Do on the Fourth?

Waldo

What are you going to do the Fourth? That is what everybody is asking everybody else, and what a dozen small boys have asked me already, and this is what I shall do, providing the weather clerk is in a genial mood. At four a.m. I shall get up when a certain small boy that I know of fires a big cracker just below my window, and then we and the “gang,” after a due salute in honor of the glorious birthday anniversary, will prepare to advertise “The great and only parade of horribles and amateur circus,” to take place in Albee’s open lot at 10 o’clock sharp. At 8 o’clock a big red, white and blue flag, with “Old Glory” flying from the tail, will go sailing over the town and by means of a fuse a big cracker will be dropped to explode in midair to attract attention, and this will be followed by a shower of little red, white and blue flyers announcing the show and the price of admission—five small crackers for general admission, and a cannon cracker for admission and reserved seat.

The horribles are in charge of the “gang” and from sundry hints I have received I suspect that the array will be great, fantastic and terrible. There will be Indians, hideous South Sea islanders, Chinamen, giants and all sorts of strange things, some afoot, some on bicycles, some on horses and one at least on a cow. The matchless Tin-pan and Fish-horn band will furnish music.

For the circus tent, I know of at least 25 sheets and as many shawls that have been promised, and these, arranged for walls merely, with a clear blue sky for a roof, a la Buffalo Bill, will accommodate as big a crowd as we will have. The program will include single and double trick bicycle riding, a tug of war between “Bessie,” the obstinate calf, and two boys; tumbling by the wonderful “Tryagen” brothers; remarkable feats on the horizontal bar and trapeze; Bobby, the most remarkable trained dog in the country; foot races, potato races, sack races and a dog race, the latter worked by means of an anise seed bag; a grand parade of all participants and a grand final salute by all hands and the band in honor of “Old Glory,” which will be unfurled from a flagstaff in the center.

In the afternoon, my small chum Bobby is going with me to make the fish celebrate. We have 20 rude boats made by cutting 18-inch pieces of inch plank to a point at one end and inserting a rudder at the other, each rigged with two masts and square sails. Between the masts on each boat a toy pistol is securely fastened and loaded. To a cleat at the stern a 10-foot line baited with a minnow or perch fin will be fastened, a loop in the line passing around the trigger of the pistol. These boats Bobby and I will start before the wind across a big pickerel pond that we know of, and will follow in a row boat. Of course when a fish bites he will notify us and at the same time celebrate by firing the pistol, which will be reloaded as soon as the fish is removed.

At 8 o’clock in the evening, the “gang” will meet once more for a display of fireworks, for which they have saved their pennies for weeks, and there will be a grand finale in which the proceeds of the circus will be sent off in one grand crash. That is how I shall spend my Fourth; how will you?

American Agriculturist. June 26, 1897, p. 16.

Rub-a-dub-dub!

Waldo

A-rub-a-dub-dub! It's the Fourth of July!
Don't you hear the great eagle way up in the sky?
He was up with a scream ere the sun was awake,
And he's screamed ever since 'till his throat it must ache.
So rout out and turn out and make a big noise;
Get a horn and a gun and be one of the boys;
Fill your pockets with crackers, and shout and hooray
Till the earth fairly shakes with your freedom today.
A-rub-a-dub-dub! A-rub-a-dub-dub! A-rub-a-dub-rub-a-dub-rub-a-dub-dub.

A-rub-a-dub-dub! That sounds as of old,
When the pages of history were written, not told:
When the faces were stern that were back of the guns
That Hashed by the bridge where the smooth Concord runs;
When the great corner stone of our freedom was laid
By the Middlesex farmers in battle arrayed;
When the roll of the drums meant a tyrant's foul sway
Or the birth of a nation to live for alway.
A-rub-a-dub-dub! A-rub-a-dub-dub! A-rub-a-dub-rub-a-dub-rub-a-dub-dub!

A-rub-a-dub-dub! It sounds as of yore!
But the long, steady roll is for battle no more.
No longer pale faces grow whiter with fear,
At the ominous rattle of drums drawing near;
But children rush out, and e'en older boys too,
To shout for "old glory," our red, white and blue.
That in '76, a hundred years told,
Was dedeed to us, forever to hold!
A-rub-a-dub-dub! A-rub-a-dub-dub! A-rub- a-dub-rub-a-dub-rub-a-dub-dub!

American Agriculturist. July 3, 1897, p. 18.

Hints for Young Sportsmen.

Waldo

Every boy over fifteen should be taught the use of a gun, and how to care for it. Many an accident has happened because the boy was not allowed to go out with some older, careful sportsman who would teach thoroughly the proper method of handling a gun in the field or woods, for it is the “picked-up” knowledge that breeds the carelessness so often fatal to self or companions.

A single-barreled hammer breech loader is best for a beginner, and you can get one for very little money. With this you will not become confused at a critical moment and in going through brush you have but one trigger to watch where two would give you some trouble and might prove a source of danger to your companion. When you have selected a gun that fits your shoulder and comes up naturally so that your eye glancing down the barrel catches the sight without looking for it, practice with it unloaded, aiming quickly at small objects about you until your sight swings onto them almost instinctively. Now go into the field and try one or two shots at marks. If you flinch, load a few shells lightly with powder only, and use these until you can shoot without blinking. Then increase the charges.

Hunt first in the open until you are thoroughly accustomed to handling the gun, and then you can seek the woods. Wherever you are, always bear in mind these points:

Never keep your gun cocked unless in the immediate vicinity of game.

Never climb a fence under any circumstances with it cocked.

Always keep the muzzle pointed toward the ground when hunting with companions.

Never shoot until you can see distinctly at what you are shooting.

Never point a gun loaded or unloaded at another person.

Never get into a wagon with a loaded gun.

Never drag a loaded gun by the muzzle through thick underbrush.

Don't keep a gun cocked longer than is necessary when in a boat.

Always draw your load before entering town, or if you live on a farm, before reaching the house.

Always clean your gun thoroughly inside and out as soon as you return from a trip.

Rub the barrel with oil before starting on a wet day. Carry an oiled rag in your pocket if you are at the seashore.

Never shoot quail on the ground. Obey all game laws to the letter. Never hunt for market; that is what is making game scarce.

Don't be a hog when you have companions with you. Always keep your wits about you and do not allow a minute's carelessness either on your part or the part of your friends while there is a gun in the party.

American Agriculturist. November 13, 1897. p. 24.

Reprinted in newspapers, including *News Herald*, December 2, 1897.

No One Like Father.

Waldo

Years ago a neighbor of mine had two boys of about my own age, who, it seemed to me, had an ideal father. He was a busy man but somehow always found time to participate in the sports of his boys, to be one with them, and more than that, to be their leader. Saturday afternoons, when the weather was warm, he went swimming with them, and Sunday afternoons they always went together for a long walk in the woods. Evenings after supper, so long as the light lasted, he played ball with them and in a hundred other little ways manifested a genuine interest in what interested the boys. The result was soon apparent and is the same to this day—there is no one in the world like father.

On the other hand, a number of my school-mates had no idea what it was to have their fathers as members of their own company. They loved their fathers and their fathers loved them, but there was none of that precious comradeship later in life to be treasured as the most precious legacy of early years. When the boys wanted to go swimming, they were told that it was unsafe unless someone older was with them, but there was no one to go and the boys learned on the sly. The same was true when they were old enough to want a gun. Those boys grew up to love and respect their fathers but there was not that bond of sympathy that in the former case caused the father to place his confidence in his boys in business affairs, and that taught them rarely to make a move in business matters without first consulting father and considering his opinion.

American Agriculturist. November 13, 1897. p. 24.

Ted Waterman's Thanksgiving.

Waldo

I don't see the use of Thanksgiving anyhow. It wa'n't meant for poor folks, an' I don't see's I've got anything to be thankful for."

Ted was addressing a tough problem in wood that had so far successfully resisted his ax and his temper. Now, a trifle ashamed of himself, he returned to the attack with renewed vigor, nor did he desist until the knot lay in four even pieces before him. Then recovering his usual good nature with his breath, he gathered up the wood, remarking woefully: "It's all because Billy Wellwood gave us so much lip about the big dinner his folks will have. My, but I would like a turkey, or something extra anyhow," he added wistfully. Then he sat down on the chopping log to think.

Ted had been fatherless since he was a baby, and ever since he was big enough to drive cows and pick berries, he had contributed his mite to help his mother in the hard struggle for food and clothes. Now as he caught her cheery smile from the kitchen window and watched her fill jar after jar with dark, rich- looking, sweet-pickled pears (for making homemade preserves and pickles for the Boston market was her chief means of securing ready money for the necessities of life), he smiled back and mentally resolved that somehow, he would add something of which she was particularly fond to the plain, everyday meal that he knew was all that they could afford for the coming holiday.

"I was wrong. I've got everything to be thankful for!" he said, as he threw the last armful of wood into the wood box beside the kitchen stove and turned to kiss the sweet weary face bending over the preserve jars.

"What is it, Ted?" she inquired.

"Oh, nothing. I was just thinking out loud," he replied, and whistling merrily, started after old Mrs Lareum's cow, which he drove to and from pasture daily because the old lady was too feeble to do it herself.

"If I only had a gun perhaps I could get a rabbit. I'm almost sure I could," he thought, as he trudged along. And indeed, he probably could, for although but 15 Ted knew the woods about the town as few sportsmen did. All of his spare time was spent there, from the time the first shy blossoms of the sweet trailing arbutus peeped from under their warm, leafy covering, until the shining holly berries gave Christmas greeting to those so fortunate as to know of their well-hidden retreat. None knew better than Ted where the shy ruffed grouse drummed in the spring and later placed the well-hidden nest. Even now he knew of two flocks that the hunters had not yet found. As for rabbits, Ted knew the secret habitations of a full dozen within a half hour's walk. But the gun was minus, and he knew that it would be impossible to borrow one.

"Snares!" The thought popped into Ted's head so suddenly that he gave voice to it before he even knew that it was there. Snaring was a violation of the law, but—Ted stifled conscience. Jim Atwood snared rabbits and grouse the whole season through and gloried in it. Why should not he do it just this once?

That night and the following morning he laid in a stock of horsehair plucked from the tails of the long-suffering equines that he chanced to pass, and when school closed Wednesday noon, the day before Thanksgiving, he had 10 snares nicely woven. There was no school that afternoon, and so when the chores at home were finished, Ted started for the woods with a light heart and a pocket full of horsehair.

His heart was not quite so light, however, as he bent the first sapling and adjusted the horsehair noose in the well-worn little run that he was almost positive would be the scene of a tragedy that night when unsuspecting little bunny should start on his rambles. He had had to reach the spot by a round-about route, that no one should see him and connect him with the snares if they chanced to be found. As he adjusted the second noose he felt like a sneak, and when he stopped for the third he felt almost like a murderer. However, he kept on until eight were carefully set, and then started for another part of the wood with the remaining two to set for grouse.

The light heart was gone and conscience was remorselessly at work. Finally, after a half hour's walk, Ted sat down on a fallen tree to have it out. Just then the clear, mellow voices of a pair of beagles driving a rabbit drifted up from the hollow below. Listening to the pulse-stirring music, Ted completely forgot his trouble. Suddenly two sharp shots rang out just below him, and a few minutes later the dogs ceased barking.

"Get him" queried a voice that Ted recognized as Billy Wellwood's.

"No, missed him clean, and now he's holed," was the laughing response from a tangle of briers.

Ted knew that it must be Jack Burleigh, Billy's city cousin of whom he had bragged so much.

"Now, Billy, you see the difference between hunting and snaring," continued the voice. When you set a snare, bunny has not the slightest show in the world. He goes out for his food, puts his head through a noose without being in any way aware of his danger, and that is the end of him. Billy, snaring is despicable sort of business and does more to exterminate game than any other cause. Only a sneak sets them. Now when you hunt honestly Mr Rabbit has every chance in the world, and this fellow made good use of it," he added laughing.

"Well, I'm going home," shouted Billy.

"All right," replied his cousin. "I'll take a turn through the woods and then I'll follow.

"Sneak!" "Despicable business!" How the words made Ted's ears burn. "Sneak!" Not if he knew himself, and Ted ground the two nooses under his heel. Then with a burning face, but a light heart once more, he started back for the snares already set.

"There, that's done," said he, with a sigh of relief, as he cut the last bit of string and the last sapling flew up.

"And a good job you've made of it, my boy. I wish they were all like you," said a pleasant voice at his elbow. Ted whirled to find himself face to face with a handsome manly young fellow of 20, with a shotgun thrown lightly across his arm and a pair of panting little beagles at his heels. Ted had been so engrossed with his own thoughts that he had not heard their approach. It was Jack Burleigh.

“I wish I could find out who set them, I’d make it hot for them,” the latter continued.

Ted winced. “I set ‘em myself,” he suddenly blurted out.

Jack gave a prolonged whistle. “Then what in the dence have you smashed them for?”

“Because I’m no sneak, and never was!” cried Ted fiercely.

“You don’t look a sneak,” admitted the young man. Then gradually he won the whole story from shame-faced Ted. At the end he held out his hand. “You’re made of the right stuff, and I like you, young fellow,” he cried.

“Now see here, I’ve got six rabbits and we can’t possibly use but four at our house, so now you take these two home. Yes, sir, you must. And, Oh, by the way, can’t you go gunning with me tomorrow morning? I don’t know these woods very well, you know, and Billy got enough of it today. I’ve got a gun at home that will just suit you.”

“Ted Waterman, have you gone insane?” exclaimed his mother half an hour later, as Ted danced about the kitchen whooping like an Indian, and ended by throwing the brace of rabbits on the table.

“Not much,” he cried, “but there’s a Thanksgiving dinner, and tomorrow I’m going to get some more and—and—now I’ll get my breath.”

The next morning was perfect from a hunter’s point of view, and to this day Ted remembers that day’s hunt as the rarest day’s sport that he has ever enjoyed. His intimate acquaintance with the shy denizens of the wood and their favorite haunts insured good shooting from the start, and when as he led Burleigh to the last and biggest flock of partridges, and at the sudden whir, whir, whir, Jack scored a night and straightaway, and then turned to exclaim, “Ted, you’re a wonder! You must go with me Christmas day.” Ted’s happiness was complete. For years Jack Burleigh has been the younger boy’s hero.

Ted’s share of the big bag of the morning insured a royal dinner, cooked as only his mother could cook, and with several little delicacies that she brought out as a surprise, the boy felt that he was dining like a king.

That night as he started for bed he turned to say shyly: “Mother, I was all wrong. I’ve everything to be thankful for, you, home, health, today’s good time, and—and—”

“And victory over self,” she said quietly, as she kissed him good night.

American Agriculturist. November 20, 1897, p. 24; *Springfield Homestead*. November 20, 1897.

A Nonsense Dinner.

FIND TWELVE THANKSGIVING DISHES IN THE VERSES

Waldo

If Turkey should quarrel with China,
Should peek in without hindrance or fear,
Would the great Russian bears take a hand then?
And which would they hold the most dear?
If old Uncle Sam, loving Cuba,
Takes another chick in 'neath his wing,
Pray what is the song that the Spanish
On yon little island will sing?

If England will insist upon squashing
The Murphys, the Michaels and Pats,
Pray what will turn up in the future?
Must we all take a hand with the bats?
If the Deuschers will sigh "Der is noddings
We wouldn't possess if we could,"
Shouldn't we, who such small matters mince
Spy out for our own special good?

American Agriculturist. November 20, 1897, p. 25.

Reprinted in newspapers including *Burlington Free Press*, November 29, 1897.

Partners in Verse.

Waldo

Half of the success of a party is in a pleasant opening, one that puts the guests at their ease at once and leaves no opportunity for that stiffness that is so apt to make a cold formality of what should be a bright social affair. To obviate this there is always a demand for a clever, original method of choosing partners. One of the best that I have yet seen was originated by a friend of mine, and provoked no end of fun.

There were to be 16 in the party, so picking out eight of the shortest names she set to work to make eight verses, the last word of the last lines of each to be filled in with one of the names. The verses were carefully copied on separate cards, complete but for the name at the end. Then the eight names were carefully written on separate cards. When the guests arrived, these were given to those whose names they bore, while the eight verses were drawn at random by the other eight guests. Then the latter searched for the one whose name would fill out the missing line.

The first one ran:

Good friends, within our midst we know
Are two on whom the gods will throw
A favoring smile to aid their play
And make them winners through the day.
And though each one denies, 'tis true
Each has resolved those smiles to woo,
But these two facts I give as tips, I win!
And with me wins—

The missing name was Miss Lips.

Another, which the name of Miss Trask filled out, ran:

When last we met, good players all,
Beneath defeat you saw me fall;
Beneath full hands of clubs and spades
And other surts of crimson shades,
That fate for trumps perversely threw
Because, forsooth, I had but few.
But see, good folk, I set a task:
Defeat me when I choose—

The missing names in the following two were Miss White and Miss Blake:

Cards and love! Didst ever think
How closely each with each doth link?
In each how great and strong a part
Doth often play a single heart,
And how grim Chance doth rule the game

To give a trick, or give a name?
But see, good Chance! I choose aright
And for my partner take—

Who plays at cards to win or lose
Must mid the throng a partner choose,
A player who through changing chance
May win for both Dame Fortune's glance,
A fickle dame and hard to woo
But fairly won remaining true.
So here, fair friends, this choice I make:
I lead from hearts, and choose—

It seemed to me that the idea was particularly good, and it is one that a clever rhymester can carry out in innumerable ways. The above verses can be changed to suit any names by simply changing the last two lines so that the two last words will rhyme.

American Agriculturist. December 11, 1897, p. 21.

The Jolly Old Saint and His Home.

Waldo

Away up north beyond the snow,
Bathed in the wonderful ruddy glow
Of the tremulous, shimmering northern lights,
Is one of the queerest and funniest sights;
'Tis Santa Claus's home! a marvelous land;
Brownies at work on every hand;
Fays and sprites and fairies too,
Making toys for the world and you.
And they shout Ho! Ho! and they laugh Ha! Ha!
We're hidden away, Oh, ever so far.
Up through dreamland and over a hill,
Where the goblins come when nights are still,
We make the wonderful Christmas toys
That Santa Claus takes to girls and boys.

Then Santa Claus whistles, and over the snow
Come racing the reindeer, impatient to go.
He shouts to the fairies and brownies and sprites,
And you'd laugh 'till you shook at this queerest of sights,
For each quaint little elf comes dragging a toy
For some sweet little girl or dear little boy.
And they pile them up high, so much in the way
There's scarce room for old Santa to climb in the sleigh.
Then he shouts Ho! Ho! and he laughs Ha! Ha!
We'll go by the twinkle of yon north star.
Round and over the world of white,
We'll clatter and jingle away thro' the night,
'Till each little stocking in cottage and hall
Is filled to the brim and ready to fall.

Short, round-faced, jolly and fat;
With fur-trimmed boots and a fur-trimmed hat;
With a great fur coat made snug and warm
To mock at the cold and defy the storm;
Eyes that twinkle and cheeks of red;
A laugh that shakes him from heels to head;
Just stooping a bit with the load on his back,
Old Santa Claus comes with his wonderful pack.
And he laughs Ha! Ha! and he shouts Ho! Ho!
At the six little stockings all in a row,
There's one for Mary and one for Ted,
One for Willie and one for Fred,

One for—Ho! what's this I see?
There's two for the baby! he shouts with glee.
He stops for a minute with hand to his ear,
For no one must know that he's anywhere near.
Then out comes an orange for each little toe;
A queer little dog with legs that will go;
A trumpet, a doll and a rattling drum,
A funny tin top with a musical hum,
Nuts and candy and things galore
That fill up the stockings and pile up the floor.
Then he laughs Ha! Ha! and he shouts Ho! Ho!
They're all filled up and it's time to go!
Up the chimney and out at the top;
Into the sleigh with a spry little hop;
A word to the deer, and with jingle of bell
He's back for the north where the fay folk dwell.

American Agriculturist. December 18, 1897, p. 21; *Springfield Homestead*. December 18, 1897.

1898

Thornton Burgess continued to write for the *American Agriculturist* and *Springfield Homestead*, and published two pieces in *Recreation* magazine. His publications continue to comprise a mix of light verse and short stories, plus his first “how-to” article on photography, and a profile of an *American Agriculturist* office boy who had served in Cuba during the Spanish-American War.

Of particular biographical note: “Cap’n Ben’s Harpoon,” which tells the story of the beached Cape Cod whale from a captain’s perspective using heavy “Yankee” dialect; “A Day Dream,” in which a boy dreams of going to college to become a professor of biology; and “The Garrulous Crows,” in which a photographer, who may be Burgess himself, accompanies a taxidermist searching for a long-eared owl to kill.

Recreation, published from 1895 to 1912, was an outdoors monthly associated with the American Canoe Association and the League of American Sportsmen. Burgess’s first piece, was the “The Canoeist’s Song”. The second, “On Cape Cod Marshes,” recounts a bird-hunting expedition, accompanied by “George,” a guide who also appears in “Trouting on Cape Cod” (1895). [Source: HathiTrust *Recreation* collection]

Cap'n Ben's Harpoon.

Waldo

North; north by east; nor' nor' east; nor' east by north; nor' east: nor' east by east; east nor' east; east by north; east, east by south; east sou' east; sou' east by east; sou' east; sou' sou' east—"

"He's wrong!" "He's wrong!" "That ain't right!" He left out sou' east by sou'!" interrupted a chorus of shouts, and rather crestfallen Billy Baden sat down on a lobster pot for Ned Winslow to try.

It was Cap'n Ben's nautical class boxing the compass in their regular Saturday afternoon lesson. Cap'n Ben himself was seated astride an upturned bait keg mending a net, his wrinkled weather-beaten face as sober as the solemnity of the occasion required, but under the shaggy eyebrows the keen old eyes twinkled merrily as he watched the five embryo sailors on the lobster pots.

The captain was an old, retired salt who in his day had many times circled the world and who now spent his summers fishing and lobstering and his winters in spinning yarns in his snug little cottage, fitted up as much like a ship's cabin as possible. He was the idol of all the village youth and for that matter of the older folk as well. Of the boys, Billy Bender, Ned Winslow, Bobby Blake, Jake Hardy and Harry Aiken were his special proteges, and month in and month out Saturday found the little group either in the cabin, scattered about on the lobster pots, or bowling merrily over the sparkling bay in the trim little Mother Carey's Chicken.

"No landlubbers about them; they's sailor- mans, every one of 'em;" Cap'n Ben would chuckle.

So the boxing of the compass went on until both that and the net were finished, and the cap'n vanished into the cabin to reappear with six pieces of ship's biscuit, a jug of water and a harpoon that the boys had often noticed in the place of honor on the cabin wall. The head was polished as bright as when first from the maker's hands, but the shaft showed years of service and was covered with quaint carvings. From it hung a time-discolored bit of frayed rope.

"Well, my hearties, did I ever tell ye about this old whale sticker?" he asked. "No? Ned, you ken have th' first watch an' keep a weather eye out fer mackerel. The rest ken lay low on that tarpaulin an' I'll tell ye about my first whale."

Settling his sou'wester well on the back of his head and resting his elbows on his knees, the old man regarded lovingly the harpoon held lightly across his extended hands, and began:

"As I've told ye afore, ever since I could toddle, I've been about a boat, an' when I wuz a youngster about your age I spent all my spare time sailin' as neat a little dory as ever sighted a school o' mackerel, an' fishin'. The year I wuz twelve, my father left fer a two years' whaling voyage. I wuz crazy to go as cabin boy, but dad said No, I must

stay at home an' go to school an' look arter my mother, so of course I staid. Our cottage wuz about half a mile from as pretty a natural harbor as ever I laid eyes on, an' it wuz there that I had my dory an' sailed an' fished.

“On one side a big headland jutted out, an' on th' other a long reef o' rocks went out to sea nigh a quarter o' a mile, makin' a windin' sort o' channel that at full tide would float a man o'-war, but at low tide wuz a ticklish sort o' place to navigate. Behind th' headland wuz th' bay, a mile one way by three-quarters th' other, an' eight fathom deep in th' middle at low tide. On one side o' th' entrance channel a bar 150 ft long, sloping off gradually to deep water, made kind o' a half circle. At high tide a ship could sail over it, but at low tide parts were out o' water.

“One day in August Nat Bolegs and I started out in my dory fer perch an' tautog ter th' hotel. In th' bow o' th' boat wuz a harpoon that old Uncle Eben Lozier had given me. It wuz rigged with th' regular length o' line coiled in a tub, 'cause we boys used to pretend that we wuz whalers, and then I used to think, mind ye I never said so, but I used to think all to myself that may be some day I'd really strike a whale.

“We'd been fishin' about an hour an' th' perch wuz biting fast when Nat says, 'See that school o' small fish, Ben. Somethin's arter 'em. Then he looks down th' bay and sings out, 'Gee Whitaker! there's a whale in th' bay! See him blow!'”

“I whirled 'round but couldn't see nothin', 'cause he'd gone down. O' course I didn't believe there wuz one, but I wuz excited jes' th' same, an' pulled up th' anchor an' fish lines an' then we waited. I wuz up in th' bow and Nat had the oars. Now don't any o' you boys ever do such a fool thing as we did five minutes arter,” and Cap'n Ben's face grew grave.

“When that whale came up again, he came up right alongside so close that he nearly swamped us, an' th' water pouring off o' his big black side actually came aboard. For a minute I wuz too scared to breathe, an' then I yelled: 'Back water, Nat, back water!' At th' same time almost without knowing it I leaned forward an' with both hands jabbed th' harpoon into th' big black hide in front of me.

“I never knew how Nat got us out o' th' way o' them flukes, but he did an' then th' line went out at a rate that made it smoke. At eight fathoms it stopped a second, and then started again an' we knew that Mr Whale had reached bottom an' wuz moving along.

“You'd better cut that rope, called Nat. I thought so too, and had just leaned forward with a knife when th' last of the rope payed out and th' dory started ahead with a jerk that like to have took our heads off. Th' knife flew out o' my hands into th' water, and I went flat on my back, striking my head on th' tub o' fish. Nat, he didn't fare no better, for he wuz flat with a black eye, an' both oars had been jerked out o' his hands, pretty nigh takin' his arms with 'em. When we got our senses we wuz flyin' down th' hay like a/ nor'easter through torn canvas, and wuz being shaken 'round like a cargo broke loose in a ship's hold. All we could do wuz to sit flat on th' bottom an' hang on to th' boat's sides.

“Down th' bay we flew and 'round the lower end and halfway up again, and then

Mr Whale came up to blow.

“I’m goin’ to jump an’ swim ashore,” says Nat, but just then the whale dove and started again, an’ th’ fish an’ tub began to fly ‘round th’ boat once more, and all we could do wuz to hang on.

“Jes’ then I see Uncle Eben up on th’ head-land looking through his glasses out to sea. Slowly he turned ‘em into th’ channel an’ then into th’ bay. When he caught sight of our boat rushing ‘round like it was possessed o’ th’ devil, his jaw an’ his glasses dropped all to once. But when th’ whale broke again he wuz th’ most excited man you ever saw, for Uncle Eben wuz an’ old whaler himself, he wuz.

“He rushed down to th’ shore and when we went by he wuz dancin’ an’ hollerin’ like he wuz crazy, but we couldn’t hear nothin’ but th’ wind whistlin’ in our ears, an’ th’ fish slappin’ ‘round inside th’ boat, an’ th’ water slappin’ outside. Then Uncle Eben started for his boat.

“All this time th’ tide wuz runnin’ out an’ wuz nigh dead low. Mr Whale wuz hunting for the outlet, an’ gettin’ confused an’ excited. Finally he started down on th’ north side headed inside the bar. He wuz travellin’ fast, he wuz, an’ didn’t see his mistake, ‘till it wuz too late, an’ he wuz plumb aground. He’d gone clean up on th’ bar an’ wuz stuck fast. We wuz travellin’ along like we wuz never goin’ to stop an’ as we passed his tail his flukes caught th’ bow o’ th’ dory a rap that sent us turnin’ summersaults for 30 feet. We landed in shallow water with no worse damage than a scant cargo o’ breath, and swam up where th’ bar wuz out o’ water. Th’ tide wuz still running out an’ th’ whale was stranded worse an’ worse. He wuz churnin’ up th’ water into a mass o’ foam, but he couldn’t get out no way. By an’ by I got hold o’ the rope again, an’ jes’ then I see Uncle Eben rowin’ up. O’ course th’ whale belonged to Nat an’ me, for according to all rules o’ th’ sea, whoever gets th’ first line to a whale an’ keeps it, if it’s no more’n a fish line, owns th’ whale. So we watched th’ tide an’ th’ whale an’ when we could get near without danger Uncle Eben gave me a lance he had brought an’ showed me jes’ where an’ how to use it an’ I fixed Mr Whale fer good. He wuz a big fellow, a sperm, an’ what Nat an’ I got out o’ him put a tidy sum in th’ bank an’ bought th’ trimmest little cat in the bay. Uncle Eben wouldn’t take a cent except regular wages fer bossin’ th’ cuttin’ up.

“That mornin’ there’d been a whole school o’ whales jes’ outside and that fellow in followin’ feed inshore must somehow have struck th’ channel at high tide an’ so found th’ bay.

“An’ that, boys, wuz my first whale, an’ this is th’ harpoon that first entered his old black hide. It’s struck many a whale since, but none like that,” and the kindly old man’s eyes wore a dreamy far-away look as he handed the precious relic to the boys, saying, “You can handle it if you like, because you’ll all be sailormans some day, but be careful, very careful.

“Now, boys, look lively an’ box the compass, altogether,” he cried as the weapon was handed back, and the old man’s gruff bass mingled with the youthful treble of the five boyish voices in, “North, north by east, nor’ nor’ east, nor’ east by north, nor’ east,

nor' east by east, east nor' east, east by north, east, east by south, east sou' east, sou' east by east, sou' east, sou' east by south, sou' sou' east, south by east, south, south by west, sou' sou' west, sou' west by south, southwest, sou' west by west, west sou' west, west by south, west, west by north, west nor' west, nor' west by west, northwest, northwest by north, nor' nor' west, north by west, north."

American Agriculturist. February 5, 1898, p. 24; *Springfield Homestead*. February 19, 1898.

My Valentine.

Waldo

A valentine for father,
And one, I think, will do
For mother and for grandpa,
And for Brother Willie, too.

I know that dear old grandma
Would ask for three or four,
And Sister Nell and Cousin Ned
Would say they wanted more.

And then there's someone else I know
Would prize it quite as well.
Now can't you guess my valentine,
Or must I really tell?

No envelope contains it;
It bears no tell-tale line.
Although two lips have sealed it
No postal clerk may fine.

It has no gleaming golden hearts,
Sly Cupid's tempting bait;
Nor has it got the feathered shaft
With which he shoots so straight.

And yet it brings, this valentine,
A thousand times the bliss.
Now can't you guess? Of course you can—
My valentine's a kiss.

American Agriculturist. February 12, 1898, p. 24; *Springfield Homestead*. February 12, 1898.

A Day Dream.

Waldo

Jack Tobey sat on an upturned crate at the end of an old deserted wharf at the extreme tip of Cape Cod, which is named Provincetown, but is familiarly known as the “jumping-off place.” Mechanically he see-sawed the stout bluefish line in his hand to keep the juicy clam at the other end in tempting motion for the benefit of any stray cunners and flatfish on exploring expeditions among the piles of the old wharf. The hot July sun beat down on the long row of wharves, the fish houses and the sparkling blue bay. Above, half a dozen terns lazily circled over some floating refuse, and far out on the dancing blue waves the buoys of lobster pots flashed white as they rose and fell. From the larger and newer wharves, the creak of tackle mingled with the voices of men, some in English but more in Portuguese, as they unloaded the fishing schooners just arrived.

The boy on the upturned crate heeded it not. The fresh east breeze brought, instead, the clear voice of a lecturer in a far away hall, and the two brown eyes looking beyond the sea with its mackerel fishers, saw only the thoughtful, upturned faces of manly young men listening attentively to clear, careful, concise statements of the lecturer. Jack Tobey was lost in a day dream—a dream that followed him by night as well—he was in college. Gradually the college class room faded: he had taken his degree, he was a professor of biology now, an authority on his hobby: a man looked up to and respected as one who had fought his way out from the ranks to the topmost round on his chosen ladder.

Suddenly the dream faded, and with a sigh, Jack came back to the hard, merciless present: the daily fight for a few pennies more than living necessity called for, to put by for the college course. And with it came a vision of the sweet, oft-times weary face of the little mother, working early and late, and denying herself every luxury, and more, that she might one day see her boy an honored son of fair Harvard.

Every spare moment which Jack had out of school hours was devoted to work. This Saturday afternoon he was in quest of a mess of cunners or flounders for the summer cottages, but the fish had sought other waters. Jack roused himself, and looked at the tide. It had turned and the little waves were lapping higher and higher on the old piles. He pulled in his hook, rebaited and threw out again. “If they don’t bite now, they won’t bite at all,” he said. The heavy sinker splashed far out, and gradually the line sagged in toward the wharf as the bait sought the bottom. Suddenly it stopped and Jack felt a slight tug. “Cunners coming at last,” said he, and jerked his line sharply to hook the fish. In an instant he received a return jerk that nearly pulled him into the water and the line flew through his hands at a rate that cut the skin. Straight out it sped, cutting through the water with a swish. Fortunately his line was a long one, but even then it was almost out before he realized what he had. Hastily taking a half turn around a post he used this as a drag and soon had his fish turned. Just then, with a heavy splash, the fish jumped. “A striped-bass!” cried the boy, and forthwith proceeded to handle his line with the utmost care. Rush followed rush, each checked in turn, and yet Jack dared not

put too much strain on for fear the small hook would not hold. Fortunately it was wired on. And so the battle waged, each rush ending with a jump, and a little nearer approach to the wharf. Finally looking down Jack could see the huge fish gasping just below him as he held him with mouth out of water. An old boat hook caught him under the gills and a minute later a great gleaming beauty, the fish, lay on the wharf. A party from the city had just returned from an unsuccessful trip for bluefish, and Jack's prize was no sooner seen than an offer, to him fabulous, was made, and as promptly accepted.

"We must take something back, even if it is caught with a silver hook," said the buyer as he counted out three silver dollars. The bass weighed 28 pounds 2 ounces.

That night a joyous little family of two sat down for the plain evening meal in the cosy cottage, while upstairs in the old bureau drawer, a certain fund had increased perceptibly since morning and never was a meal eaten with greater relish. And the spell of the afternoon's dream was upon mother and son.

American Agriculturist. March 26, 1898, p. 27.

The Canoeist's Song.

Waldo

Oh what care we for dashing wave
Or flying foam or spray?
Or shrieking wind that beats us back
And vainly tries to stay!
The crests of white may surge and swirl
On starboard and on port.
But Davy Jones has ne'er for us
His gruesome lockers wrought!

So Ho there! and Hi there!
We're sailors every one!
And each one knows the more it blows
The keener grows the fun!
So Hi there! and Ho there!
We'll swing each sturdy blade
And laugh to scorn landlubbers' lore
Who dare to be afraid.

Recreation. April, 1898, p. 323.

The Step that Won.

Waldo.

Rivalry between the sophomore and junior classes of the Nortonville high school had run high all through the year and at the end of the spring term honors were even. For months a two weeks' camping trip to Shawnee lake, 10 miles away, had been planned for a wind-up of the school year, and someone suggested that the two classes make next to the last day in camp a grand field day, the athletic supremacy to hinge on the result of the day's sports. The idea was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and both teams began active training at once.

The great day dawned clear and warm and the camp was astir early to complete preparations for the day's events. The list of sports included 100 yards dash, 220 yards dash, half-mile run, mile run, hammer throwing, shot-putting, running high jump, running broad jump, pole vaulting, 220 yards hurdle race, ball game, 10-mile bicycle road race, the whole to close with a 10-round sparring match between the class captains, both of whom were very clever with the gloves. The ball game counted a straight 10 points, the boxing one point for each round and each of the other events 10 divided so that first counted 5, second 3, and third 2. The highest total would give the school championship.

By 8 o'clock visitors from town began to arrive and at 10, when the 100-yards dash was called, there was a big crowd to cheer the boys on. Of course, every one of the junior and sophomore girls were there, each frantically waving her class colors, and as Jack Crawford of the sophomores said, as he stepped up to the scratch, the scene was "enough to make a man run his legs loose if necessary." The sophomores' captured first in this, the juniors taking second and third. Then the juniors took first and third in the 220 yards dash, first and second in the half mile run and first in the mile run. The crimson and white supporters were jubilant, for they were 10 points to the good and they looked upon the next event, the hammer throwing, as a sure thing, for big Jack Halliday had never been beaten.

Then the sophomores sprung a surprise by entering little Tom Duckworth, short, wiry and with muscles all out of proportion to his size, and so far as known a novice at the sport. It was ridiculous, and big Jack smiled as he picked up the hammer. Each man was allowed three throws, and Jack's first was fairly good, Tom falling short by several feet, as was expected. In the second throw Halliday exerted every ounce of strength he possessed and the result brought the crowd to its feet for he had broken the school record. Tom's throw was even shorter than before, but a casual observer might have noticed a peculiar, quiet little smile as he waited for Jack's last turn. Halliday fell short of his last mark and then Tom picked up the hammer. The whole of the small man appeared to contract and the muscles drew together and knotted up, only to fly out like uncoiled springs a second later, while the hammer sailed through the air as the crowd had never seen it sail before. There was a minute of breathless silence as the heavy weight fell with a thud two feet and four inches beyond Halliday's best effort. Then followed a roar of applause and the sophomore blue appeared everywhere. The sophomores scored seven on this, took second and third in the shot putting, a clean sweep of 10 in the running high jump and first and second in the broad jump.

The score was now 45 to 35 in favor of the sophs. It was decided to run the bicycle race while the vaulting and hurdle race were in progress, and excitement was intense as the dozen riders got away and the crowd turned for the pole vaulting. Once more the sophomore blue went up, up, up over the bar for first and third, and over the hurdles for first, the juniors taking second and third. Then came a short, expectant lull, while everybody leaned forward watching the gleaming white stretch of road that wound down from the head of the lake. Suddenly three little specks appeared only to disappear in a cloud of dust. The crowd rose and held its breath until the riders entered the last stretch and could be recognized. Then pandemonium broke loose. Billy Ripley of the sophs led, with Frank Houston of the juniors a half length behind, and clinging to his rear wheel "Wee Willie Windle," also a junior. Down they came, fighting for every inch, until within 50 feet of the tape, when "Wee Willie" shot by in a beautiful sprint, poking his front wheel across a foot in front of Houston, who beat out Ripley by inches only. It was a cyclone finish and all through the lunch hour "Wee Willie" divided with Tommy Duckworth the honors of the day.

The score stood 59 to 51 in favor of the blues, when the ball game was called at 3 p m, but when at the end the umpire called the score, 3-2, the crimson and white was triumphant and the score stood 61 to 59 for the juniors.

At just 5 o'clock Capt Jim Ailsworth, with the crimson and white about his waist, stepped out of his corner of the improvised ring to touch gloves with Capt Bob Owens whose belt was of the rival blue. In Jim's corner sat Wee Willie and Harry Halstead, and behind Bob were Tommy Duckworth and Jack Crawford. A professional boxer had been secured as referee. The match was for scientific points only and the moment either began heavy hitting was to be stopped.

Jim was of medium height, square, well built, and agile, a boxer, every inch of him, while Bob was long, lank and awkward looking, to all appearance slow of motion until you chanced to rouse his righteous indignation or in fun thought to hit him with the gloves.

Jim opened the first round with a lead for the head, which Bob cleverly parried, countering swiftly on the wind with his left. Then Jim got Bob started and scored two right swings and a jab on the wind with his left in quick succession. The round was his easily and the juniors had another point. The second also went to him and then Bob woke up. With a peculiar lightning-like side step he caught Jim a stinging left and had him going at once. From then on the boxing was fast and furious, Bob having the best of it until the eighth, when an unfortunate slip gave Jim an opportunity; he quickly availed himself of and that round went to him. The ninth was declared a draw by the referee and the score still stood 64 to 64. As the two boys smilingly faced each other for the tenth and last round, not a sound could be heard save the occasional soft thud of a glove and the hard breathing of the contestants. It was anybody's round until suddenly Bob saw an opportunity to use his little side step again, and landed a straight right on the ear. Then he had Jim started once more and as the referee's whistle sounded a mighty roar went up and in an instant Bob was on the shoulders of a surging yelling crowd of blue-sweated classmates, for in a beautiful exhibition of the "manly art of self-defense" he had won the day for the sophomores, 65 to 64.

American Agriculturist. April 16, 1898, p. 20; *Springfield Homestead*. April 23, 1898.

Good Advice for Photographers.

Waldo

Photographing for reproduction, that is, making photographs from which engravings are to be made, calls for a little more care than ordinary photography; at least I have found it so. It is absolutely essential that everything, every line, be as distinct as possible, for the engraving loses a very little, so that the resulting plate lacks just a shade in the strength of the original photograph. For this reason, photographs that in themselves are really very beautiful, perhaps the more so for their very softness, are often absolutely useless for the printer. This also applies to photographs slightly fogged.

In some little work that I have done for reproduction purposes I have found that strong sunlight is essential for success in snap-shots. Aim to get as sharp a picture as possible, with a decided contrast between the object and the background. In making a print always use a brown tone, and print dark rather than underprint. The various gray tints are unsatisfactory, as they are inclined to be too soft to make a good engraving. These points kept in mind, that photographs must be sharp, with contrasting background, and that prints are best in a brown tone, will avoid some trouble and disappointment.

American Agriculturist. April 30, 1898, p. 21.

The Garrulous Crows.

Waldo

“Listen!” exclaimed the taxidermist.

“Well, what now?” inquired the photographer.

“I want to hear what those crows are saying,” said the taxidermist.

Away over the edge of the woods some 30 or 40 of the black fellows were congregated in and about a little group of pines in excited convention. Now and again one would fly up and swoop down into the trees and immediately a clamor of caws pitched in many keys would make the hillside ring. Then another would take a turn, followed by two or three together.

“Caw, caw, caw!” said a big fellow. “C-a-a-w, c-a-a-w, caw,” replied another. Then one by one they departed, calling to each other as they flew across the river to the nests in the oak grove there. When the last was gone and the little pine grove stood silent in the warm sunshine the taxidermist made a remark: “So they’ve left her alone for today, but have made a date for tomorrow; shall we forestall them?”

“Certainly we’ll forestall them if you say so, but, my good friend, who is ‘she’ and where is ‘she’? We are very good friends, but there are some things that a man can’t always stand and one of them is enigmatical talk,” replied the photographer.

“I beg your pardon,” said the taxidermist. “I supposed that you understood what the crows were saying.”

“Excuse me, but their language was not taught at the schools I attended,” said the photographer, with considerable sarcasm.

“Your education has simply been self-neglected. My boy, you should study under Mother Nature awhile. Now it was perfectly clear what those crows were talking about. The ‘she’ to which I referred is an owl, and she has a nest up in that grove. She is the butt for all sorts of practical jokes for the crow folk, and several times a day they make life miserable for her, while she sits blinking and silent, cowering down on her nest. Oh, no, I haven’t seen her, but the crows told me that. Shall we go over?”

“Of course, if you like. Above all things, I should like to get a photo of an owl’s nest with eggs, but I must say I am skeptical as to its existence.”

“It is there, but there will be young birds; you don’t find owl’s eggs the first of May,” said the taxidermist, leading the way. All was quiet in the pines save for the sighing of the wind through the branches as the photographer and the taxidermist entered and with heads back on their shoulders began to search the tree tops.

“There’s a nest!” cried the man of the camera. “A last year’s crow’s nest, and there is another,” said the taxidermist laconically. Five minutes later the camera fiend humbly submitted the fact that he had discovered a bunch of sticks—it looked like crow’s nest—in a tree top, and a pair of ears were visible over the edge. The man of birds looked.

“A long-eared owl’s nest!” he cried, “and I want an old bird for a specimen.. Clap your hands to make her raise her head and I will put a twenty-two through her.” The hands were clapped, but Mrs Owl declined to investigate; instead she departed suddenly by the back door. The photographer was now as enthusiastic as the taxidermist, and while the latter pursued the owl he started up the tree. It was a mean tree, a crabbed, ugly tree, besmeared with pitch and with treacherous limbs for half its height. The nest was 50 feet from the ground, but it was reached finally and as his eyes peeped over its edge the photographer nearly lost his balance.

It was such a funny surprise! There on that platform of sticks and pine needles were four funny round balls of feathers and down, each standing on its dignity with wings rounded out like the tail of a turkey cock, while a spiteful hiss and a continual snapping of the bill emanated from the center of each little old-mannish face. Then with a scream the old bird suddenly swooped out of a neighboring tree and the photographer found himself in hot water. Presently the taxidermist’s rifle spoke and the old owl screamed no more. Then the camera was hoisted up and after wonderful aerial contortions, and a “look ugly, please,” the snap of the shutter answered the snap of the bills. These photos taken, the funny little orphans were lowered to the taxidermist to be added to the zoological collection at the park, and the homeward march was begun. Imagine the camera man’s chagrin when he developed his films to find that the roll was poor and that he had almost nothing to show for his climb.

And all this happened because of the garrulousness of the crows.

Springfield Homestead. May 28, 1898, p.14.

On Cape Cod Marshes.

Waldo

Every sportsman has his hobby: for each there is some one tribe of the feathered, furred and finned denizens of nature's wilds, the pursuit of which furnishes him with ideal sport. This one is never so happy as when tramping brown October stubble in quest of Bob White; that one knows no thrill like that which passes through his whole being at the sudden whirr of a ruffed grouse; another is never in such close touch with nature as when, rod in hand, he wanders down a mountain brook, and deftly whips the deep dark pools; and to a fourth the bay of a hound is sweeter than the most perfect symphony ever written. As for myself, I have said I have no choice, but as the long, hazy, lazy August mornings slip away an irresistible longing for the brown salt marshes of old Cape Cod, and the whistle of yellow-legs and plover, sends me speeding back to boy-hood's home as rapidly as steam can carry me.

My destination is Sandwich, and the glimpse from the car windows of the familiar spires of the quiet little town, hidden among its trees, makes the conductor's stentorian announcement entirely superfluous. Ah, how good the clear invigorating salt air is as I step off on the little concrete platform and find George waiting to grip my hand and to fill my all too credulous ears with tales of the sport he has had and the big bag he made no longer ago than yesterday. So we make an appointment for 3.30 the next morning and I hie me home for a supper for which the salt air has already given me a ravenous appetite, and then to bed.

And seemingly my head has hardly touched the billow when the buz-z-z-z-z-z of the alarm proclaims 3 o'clock and sleepily I tumble out to get into old togs and hip boots; to fill the pockets of the old hunting jacket with shells and a substantial lunch and to creep out into the gray night. As I approach the old church the call of a yellow-leg from an indistinct figure approaching from the opposite direction answers the call of a plover and I know George is on time.

Together we tramp down the old familiar beach road, past the outlying farm houses, across the railroad, and then turn off across an old pasture where we walk plump into the midst of a flock of quail that in the gray dawn afford us but a momentary glimpse of speeding feathered balls, gone with a whirr that has set every nerve tingling with pleasant anticipation of coming October sport. The wash of the water on the shore grows louder; the light moist East wind is filled with the odor of salt marshes and of tarry nets drying on the beach banks. Now we are on a narrow strip of marsh and splash across to the banks of the famous Cape Cod ship canal, that is to be some day, perhaps. At present it is a mile long, and the mouth has so filled in with sand that it can be forded and I follow George across. On the farther bank he discloses the hiding place of a basketful of decoys and carrying these we once more start over the marshes. A half mile tramp brings us to the stand, and we are none too soon, for as we enter it another figure, just visible, turns back to another stand not so good.

The stand is built of bushes thrust into the mud and securely lashed to a strong wooden frame work. It is nearly square, the bushes on the side from which most of the shooting will be done being lower than on the other sides. There is an entrance at one end. Crevices are filled with seaweed. Within is a comfortable bench with a good

back and a rest for guns. It will accommodate 3, but is more comfortable with only 2. In front is a great pool left by the last tide, little mud islands showing here and there. It is the best feeding ground on the marsh. In a few minutes George has a dozen decoys most artistically arranged out in the water and then we make ourselves comfortable and wait.

Gradually the sand hills in front assume more definite shape; indistinct specks round out into stilted stacks of salt hay; the perspective of marsh stretches farther and farther above; a faint yellow flush in the East turns to a deep orange and a rim of red peeps over the sand bank, increasing until a great globe of fire, the sun, mounts up, rolling back the fog from the hills behind us and flooding the great broad marshes with a glorious light. At a discreet distance a flock of crows caw their noisy way to the shore, and from over the beach banks float the harsh screams of the gulls feeding on the bars. Now and then, a tiny white speck far up in the blue, wings its way in land crossing to Buzzards Bay. With heavy flight and dismal "quork." "quork." a night heron poises and drops among the grasses along the creek.

Faintly, from far up the marsh, sounds the whistle of a yellow-leg. In an instant George is alert and the little tin whistle that hangs about his neck is brought into play. Call for call he gives and now there are several, and we know there is a flock. Nearer come the clear sweet notes and now the man in the stand above us takes a hand. It is a contest in calling. In the distance a dozen little black specks head in toward the other stand. But George is a master of his art. More and more plaintive and seductive grow his calls. The specks hesitate; an uncertain whistle floats down the wind. Then the little tin whistle begins to talk to itself in an indescribably contented undertone. Such a breakfast, and so much of it! There is not a place on the marsh like this! What fools they are not to come! It is enough! There are half a dozen long inquiring notes: a prompt decided response, and a head appears above the other stand to watch the birds heading our way.

Past they swing back of us and then catching sight of the decoys, suddenly turn and with shrill whistles that fill all the air, set their wings and drop down. As well bunched they drop their long legs and the tips of the long wings meet overhead, the two guns speak and speak again. Only 3 sound the alarm note and start off on strong wings, and even these are beguiled back by the seductive whistle, to fall with the others.

And so it goes, now a flock, now a single, an occasional plover or perchance a curlew: some coming in readily, others requiring an immense amount of coaxing and still others, grown wary, offering only chance shots as they speed by. And so the morning wears away, all too quickly. Before, the grass crowned sand hills, occasional breaks affording glimpses of the deep blue bay beyond, with now and then the white sail of a mackerel fisher; above and back the level marshes in changing shades of brown and green stretching away to the uplands, and crossed here and there with irregular lines marking the windings of a creek. Peeping through a mass of elms the spires and buildings of the village, and beyond all the broad fields stretching away up to the wood-crowned hills purpling in the distance. Great fleecy clouds drift overhead, throwing fantastic shadows on the marsh and anon throwing down a cap full of rain to tip with a glistening diamond each blade of grass. One could sit for hours—such a perfect scene. With regret we finally gather up the decoys and plod homeward while the day is still young, the charm of the early morning weaving a spell that the promise of a royal dinner of broiled plover alone can break.

Recreation. June, 1898, p. 421.

Our Office Boy at Santiago.

Waldo

Less than four months ago the office boy who served the Young Folks' Editor and the rest of us, left to be a soldier. He went away a boy, and he has come back a man; nay more, a hero. For they were every one heroes who faced the bullets at El Caney, starved in the trenches before Santiago and struggled pitifully against weakness and disease at Montauk.

"The second night we were in camp on Cuban soil," says Wilson, "was at a place dubbed Crabville. My own tent was pitched close to the graves of four Cuban soldiers killed a few days previous. Just after dark there began to be queer noises, and a handkerchief I laid down began to slowly disappear under the edge of the tent. I grabbed for it, there was a rattle as if of bones, a hasty scuttling over the grass and the handkerchief vanished down a hole into one of those graves. Yes, sir, it certainly was spooky, and the first little cold chills had hardly ceased playing tag up and down my back when I heard someone yell: 'Who the d— has got my boot?' Then the boys began an investigation, and the light of the first torch disclosed a funny sight—hundreds of great, brown, dirty-looking land crabs with staring eyes and queer sidling gait, scuttling for every hole and crevice in sight. It was funny, but the humorous side was soon forgotten, for the beggars would give us no peace and would make off with everything movable. Everyone had to sleep with boots on, and in some tents the men took turns in watching with a club while the others slept.

"Cuba has the most ants of any place I was ever in. There are big ants, little ants, black ants, brown ants, red ants, white ants and gray ants. They crawled into everything, over everything and we became quite accustomed to having them crawl all over us when we lay down.

"When I heard the first bullets sing past, I felt queer; wished I wasn't there, don't you know, and at the same time knew I ought to be. Then I saw a man killed and some more wounded, and after that I didn't mind much. I kind of got to feeling that if I wasn't hit in the head, it didn't matter much if I was hit. But I wasn't, and I had a chance to knock a Spanish sharp-shooter from his perch in a tree. A black man of the 25th infantry near me caught a nearly spent bullet in his arm. The ball went deep, nearly to the bone. Pulling out his jackknife with the other hand he cut out the bullet, made a rough bandage and went on whooping into the fight.

"The bullets flew like hail sometimes. Strapping on six canteens I started from the hospital for a brook three-quarters of a mile away. The nearer I got to the brook, the closer the bullets sang. Just as I reached it a Cuban doctor rode up, spoke to me and dismounted. Taking a drinking cup from his pocket, he stooped to fill it with water, when a ball struck him in the center of his forehead and he sank down without a moan. I pulled the body up on the bank, filled one canteen and skipped.

"I've lived on five hardtack and a piece of bacon many a day, when I was sick

at that. The bacon is nothing more or less than fat, salt pork slightly smoked, most unpalatable stuff. It is called sow's belly. I've seen sick men starve to death because they simply couldn't eat it, and there was nothing else. We saw so much sickness and death that all sensibility has become blunted and the death of a man now doesn't affect us in the least. It is only one more poor devil gone.

“The whole regiment was a regiment of wrecks when we landed at Montauk. When the knapsacks were brought up from the the landing, they were piled in the company streets. Each man was ordered to get his own and carry it to his tent, and the sight of a once rugged, sturdy fellow, staggering down the street, his clothes hanging loosely on his emaciated frame, cheeks sunken and hollow, the yellow skin drawn tight over the bones, his arms clasped feebly around a knapsack, brought the tears to many an eye among the on-lookers. And it was not one, it was many.”

Do you wonder, boys and girls, that we hardly know how to treat our hero as office boy? He used to belong just to us here at the office, but now he wears the coat of blue and he belongs to everyone of you as well, to the whole wide country, and I think we all feel proud of our soldier office boy.

American Agriculturist. September 17, 1898, pp. 18-19

A Ride with Santa.

Waldo

I met an old man on the road
One winter long ago,
One cold and wintry Christmas eve,
When fields were white with snow.

“Hello, old chap! Pray whither bound?”
Of course I could not tell
It was that good, that jolly saint,
Whom children love so well.

“Hello, old chap! I wish that you
Would take me on my way.
That is, of course, if you have room
Within your tiny sleigh.”

The old man laughed a jolly laugh.
“Climb in, my friend,” said he,
“I have a team beyond compare,
As you right soon shall see.”

He whistled once, he whistled twice,
We sped o’er hill and dale,
A thousand times a thousand miles,
And still we left no trail.

And when at length we did draw rein,
‘Twas in a wondrous land,
With fairies, sprites and gnomes and fays
At work on every hand.

Ten thousand dolls were seated there,
And jumping jacks galore,
And horns and drums and tops and guns—
A million toys and more.

Of course you’ve guessed now who it was,
That funny little man.
And this I know, that Santa Claus
Will bring you all he can!

American Agriculturist. December 24, 1898, p. 23; *Springfield Homestead*. December 24, 1898.

1899

The scrapbook of Thornton Burgess's writing in the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society includes clippings of items published in the *Springfield Homestead*. It is presumed all of this material, dated from 1899 to 1900, was written by Burgess. Of particular note are a series of editorials covering a wide range of topics, from the Boer War to conservation-related issues. 1899 also marks the appearance of Burgess's Scottish character, Willie MacDougall, written in dialect, discussing topics ranging from golf to raccoon hunting.

Burgess continued to contribute light verse and short stories to the *American Agriculturist* and *Springfield Homestead*. Of particular biographical note: "The Spirit of Christmas," which features a boy and his devout, widowed, candy-making mother.

Recreation published two duck-hunting related pieces: the poem, "When the Scoters Fly," and "On a New England Marsh," in which "Waldo" is accompanied by a taxidermist searching for short-eared owls, presumably the same figure that appears in "The Garrulous Crows" (1898).

Finally, there is the culturally insensitive "God Bless That Injun Man," apparent song lyrics for the Springfield Canoe Club, published in the canoe-oriented monthly, *Land and Water*. According to newspaper accounts, Burgess had published a piece in the same publication in August of the previous year, titled "Canoeing on the Connecticut," but this has not yet been found and is not included in this volume.

God Bless That Injun Man!

No byline

A redman built the first canoe
In the forests long ago,
With ribs of ash so strong and true
And birchen bark like snow.
Gun'ale, rib and keel he bound
With sinews of the deer,
And calked it well with pitch he found
On a pine tree growing near.

CHORUS.

God bless that Injun man!
God bless that Injun man!
For a right good thing he knew 'new-new
When he built that little canoe-noe-noe.
God bless that Injun man!
God bless that Injun man!
For his birchen bark and deer sinew.
God bless that injun man.

And when 'twas done he floated it
Upon an inland lake,
And while his squaw did have a fit
His maiden voyage did make.
His tribesmen gathered round to see
And forthwith shouted they,
"There's other Injuns warm as he
But still we fain would say!"

The whiteman came; the whiteman saw;
He stole the redman's boat.
And then like ancient father Noah
Was very soon afloat.
It was the craft we fain would use
Thro' sunshine and thro' rain;
O'er lake and river as we cruise
We'll sing this glad refrain:

And so came about that I,
One balmy summer's day,
Took forth a maid; I thought her shy,

I used to call her May,
On bended knees (she looked surprised)

I begged we should be wed,
When suddenly our craft capsized
And this is what she said:

CHORUS.

God **um** that Injun man!
God **um** that Injun man!
A **um** good thing he knew 'new-new
When he built that little canoe-noe-noe
God **um** that Injun man!

(Dedicated to the Springfield Canoe Club. Set to Music by E. J. Stone)

Land and Water. February 1, 1899. [scrapbook]

To Make It Pay.

Waldo

These fertilizers bought and sold.
This farm machinery, new and old.
All have a part in making hay.
But what we need to make it pay
Is jes' a leetle more o' brains.

American Agriculturist. March 4, 1899, p. 32.

Spring.

No Byline

The purple haze the mountains shroud and all the valley seems to fill. The brooks are swollen; through meadow and wood the mystery of life doth thrill. The pussywillow's, silver gray, in swamp, by pond and river edge, of sheltering screen and cool retreats, from summer heat give living trees pledge. In gnarled old apple a thousand whose sturdy strength storms defied, a bit of heaven's blue is seen and from the naked limbs the robin's roundelays are tried. From sheltered swamps where sunbeams steal there comes the redwing's note, and heavenward in the early morn the sparrow's matins float. The bluejay's harsh, discordant scream gives way to love notes clear and sweet, as e'er at stroke the eventide with measured vesper bell the close of day doth greet. On every tree that stands alone within the meadow's broad confines, the hawk keeps watch, against the sky in silhouette his form outlines. The crows, grown garrulous, in noisy flocks discuss the issues of the day. Along the river's brush-grown bank the crafty mink in silence steals away. Here and there in sheltered spots, warmed by the climbing sun, the sweet Mayflower blooms unseen, and in damp, warm places one by one, close curled like fists raised in defiance of winter's lessening strength, the ferns push upward, and on all the trees the brown buds swell until at length they burst revealing the tender green that sets the world to sing.

Springfield Homestead. April 8, 1899.[scrapbook]

Cock-e-doodle-doodle-Do.

Waldo

Once upon a summer's day,
Where the chickens run and play—
Black chicks, yellow chicks,
Funny little fuzzy chicks,—
Stalked a rooster tall and proud,
Always crowing long and loud:
“Cock-e-doodle-doodle-do!
What care I for such as you!”

Then from underneath his toes
And aristocratic nose
Black chick, saucy chick
Stole a worm and running quick,
Slipped beneath his mother's wing
Whence defiantly did ring:
“Cock-e-doodle-doodle-do!
What care I for such as you?”

American Agriculturist. April 22, 1899, p. 24.

A Disaster.

Waldo

A riggerty-jiggerty-jig!
The calf ran away with the pig.
They say it is true,
So I tell it to you,
A riggerty-jiggerty-jig!

Three times they circled the world,
And then in a trice they were whirled
Straight up to the moon,
But they landed too soon,
So back to the earth they were hurled!

A riggerty-jiggerty-jig!
If I were a calf or a pig
I never would roam,
But would stay right at home,
A riggerty-jiggerty-jig!

American Agriculturist. May 13, 1899, p. 22; *Springfield Homestead*. May 13, 1898.

The Head of the Family. A Memorial Day Story.

Thornton W. Burgess

We always knew when Mike was coming; the manner of his entrance never left room for doubt. There was always the confused murmur of a wordy dispute with the elevator boy downstairs who refused to operate his machine for newsboys, the quick rush of bare feet up the stairs to the shrill accompaniment of "Mah Coal Black Lady," or "Mr Johnson, Turn Me Loose;" the door would fly open with a crash and Mike would be in the center of the room shouting "Ev'nen Journal! Lat'st war news!" from a golden imagination yellowing the already very yellow news of his paper in a manner that must have won him an editorship could the proprietor of the sheet have heard him. This particular May afternoon the method of his entrance differed in no way from the usual routine, save that the door flew open a little more suddenly and swung to again with a little louder crash if possible. But once inside it was evident that Mike was unduly excited. The papers which he usually held out in front at arm's length to display to the best advantage their half page of scare heads were tucked securely under one arm; his big black eyes danced jubilantly and he entirely forgot business and the startling news of his papers in the vastly greater importance of his own news.

"Say, wot yer tink! De ol' man's listed fer a soger; he's go'n t'war! Ain't he a bird?" he shouted.

"Whose old man?" I inquired. "Mine! Me dad! Whose'd yer suppose? Git de wool out o' yer t'inker!" he replied scornfully.

"But, Mike, who is going to support the family?" I inquired, remembering a vivid description Mike had once given me of six little Murphys of whom he was the eldest and only "leven" at that. "De fam'ly's all right. Dad says dat if he goes off to de scrap de folks wot stays home is boun' to take care uv his fam'ly. Say, yer ought to see 'im. He's all right, yet bet! De reg'ment marches to-morrer."

It was the first time I had ever heard Mike speak of his father with anything like respect. I knew him to be a drunken ne'er-do-well, who abused his wife and children and contributed little to their support. The days wore on. Regiment after regiment passed through the city en route for the south and Mike was joyously full of excitement. Every afternoon he blew into the office and every day his stories of the news grew bigger and more yellow. He followed every move of the army and his imagination ran riot with the possibilities of the world-changing drama being enacted. Every scrap of news in regard to his father's regiment was on his tongue's end, and I soon found that with the donning of his blue coat his father had become a hero. As for Mike himself he was the same impudent, sharp-eyed, dirty, ragged little gamin as of yore, one of the most successful newsboys on the street, an inveterate scrapper and gambler, and on his own confession, rarely at night having more than half his day's earnings to take home. When I remonstrated with him and pointed out that he should take his father's place, he was always ready with an answer, falling back on the old argument that if his father fought for his country it was his country's place to look after his family.

The summer wore on. The Fourth of July dawned hot and sultry. The temperature rose with the sun; at 10 o'clock it was 80; at 11 o'clock 90 and at noon it registered

96 in the shade. The glare from the asphalt streets blinded the eyes. Men panted for breath and now and then one fell. The water front and the parks were thronged with women and children seeking relief. Those who succumbed were taken to the hospitals, but no one minded them. Down before Santiago 16,000 men in dingy brown canvas blue trimmed uniforms in the blistering heat of a tropical climate were fighting against overwhelming odds. On the day before had come the news of a disastrous defeat, and the night had closed down in gloom. Today the defeat had been turned into a victory and the cable had flashed home the details of a great naval victory besides. The great city sweltered and sweated and waited for confirmation and for the list of dead.

That afternoon business called me to the office. For an hour I worked and then fell to thinking of the great tragedy being enacted. Suddenly I became aware that someone was standing by my desk. "Ev'nen Journal, sir? List uv dead and wounded."

It was Mike, but I hardly recognized the voice. All the impudence, the old-time braggadocio was gone, and he had come in so quietly. "Why, Mike—" I began. Then I noticed the trace of tears furrowed through the dirt on the two grimy cheeks. There was an unwonted seriousness in the deep black eyes and an unmistakable quiver in the voice as he repeated, "Ev'nen Journal, sir? Extra, jes' out. 'Plete list uv dead an' wounded."

I snatched the paper eagerly and tossed Mike a nickel. "Never mind the change," I said and plunged into the details of the fight. When I glanced up Mike was still there.

"If yer please, sir," he began, standing on one leg and uneasily rubbing it with the dirty brown foot of the other. "If yer please, sir, could I count yer reg'lar for a poiper every night? Oi-Oi got ter s'port de fam'ly now 'cause Oi'm th' head uv it. He—he's dere, sir," he finished with a dry sob, pointing to the open page before me. Glancing down the column in heavy black, bold-faced type I saw the name of Private Dennis A. Murphy on the roll of honor with the brief, explanatory line, "Shot through the head."

Mike drew a step nearer. "Say," he said, with just a touch of his old-time eagerness, "he's a hero now, ain't he?"

Mike has several regular customers in the office now, but he no longer blows in like a miniature hurricane. He comes and goes quickly but quietly. He is full of business, and although his former impudence now and then flashes out it is in a guarded way that will lose him no customers. He is always ready for a scrap when anyone intrudes upon his rights, but he has given up fighting for the fun of the thing and he no longer pitches pennies and gambles away his hard-earned money. "Yer see Oi'm de head uv de fam'ly now an' have ter help me mither," he explains.

The other day he came into the office with the old-time rush. "They've got me father's body, an' it's ter be buried here," he cried. Then after a moment's thought he inquired wistfully, "Say, do yer s'pose de sogers'll march ter his grave an' put a flag an' flowers on it 'Morial day?"

American Agriculturist. May 27, 1899, p.19.

Jack Gridley's Celebration.

Waldo

Jack Gridley crawled through a hole in the fence back of his home and cautiously tiptoed toward the house. The sun was higher than Jack had intended it should be when he returned; when he had slipped out of the back door, just before midnight, with two big cannon crackers and his pockets full of smaller ones, and had joined Bill Ainsley, to set the church bell wildly ringing, on the stroke of 12, in joyous time-honored salutation to the glorious Fourth, he had planned to be back in his room and in bed before the sun rose. But the noisy hours had fled and now it was broad day.

A rooster crowed on a neighboring farm, and from the henhouse back of him, the old Buff Cochin answered long and clear. Buff was Miss Ann's alarm clock, and beads of anxiety stood out on Jack's face as he cautiously but hurriedly lifted the latch of the back door. Why didn't it open? He had left it unlocked when he stole out in the night and now—he gave a reckless, desperate tug, but the door yielded not one whit. Could he have carelessly left the hook so that it fell back in place with the jar of closing? He must have. Jack glanced uneasily towards Miss Ann's bedroom, then slipped off his shoes, climbed to the low shed at the back, ran swiftly and noiselessly across the roof, and reaching up to the window sill of his room pulled himself up, and with a sigh of relief dropped inside. Thank heaven, he had left that window wide open.

He was none too soon, for even as he slipped his jacket off preparatory to jumping into bed, Miss Ann's thin, cracked voice rang up the narrow stairway: "Jack, you can get up now!" "Yes'm," was the meek reply. Waiting such length of time as would naturally elapse during the process of dressing, Jack filled his pockets with the remainder of his crackers and presented himself in the kitchen. Jack Gridley was motherless, and his father, a commercial traveler, had found a home for the boy with Miss Ann Hobart.

"Good morning," said Miss Ann, as Jack entered the kitchen. "Good morning," he replied as he hurried toward the woodshed for an armful of wood. Breakfast was ready when he returned, and there had been no opportunity to fire a cracker.

"John," said Miss Ann, helping him to a second dish of oatmeal, "If I were you I would save those two largest crackers for this evening, to close the day with."

"Yes'm," said Jack.

"Now, suppose," continued Miss Ann, "that you give them to me for safe keeping: I am afraid the temptation to fire them will be too great otherwise." Jack grew red in the face, and hastily gulped down a glass of milk. "Can't, they're busted," he said.

"You mean they are broken. But you haven't told me how you broke them," continued Miss Ann, sweetly. "I—I—I fired 'em!" Jack blurted the truth out manfully.

"John Gridley! what do you mean?" All the sweetness was gone from Miss Ann now. "You haven't fired a cracker since you rose this morning. Now when did you fire those big ones? Tell me the truth instantly!"

"Last night," said Jack, feebly.

"At what time last night?"

“I don’t know jes’ what time,” was the weak reply.

“John Gridley, you look me in the face and tell me what time you left this house.”

The jig was up and Jack knew it. “Well, if you must know, it was a few minutes of 12,” he said.

“Hand me those crackers, every one you’ve got. Now, John Gridley don’t you stir foot outside of the yard this day. Now go out to the woodpile and saw until I tell you to stop.”

Poor Jack! He wouldn’t give Miss Ann the satisfaction of knowing how bad he felt, but when his stint of wood was finished, he fled to the barn and up in a dark corner of the haymow he had his cry out with only the sympathetic whinny of old Nell in the stall below, for comfort. All the morning he had heard the pop, pop, pop of crackers, and later the circus band, as the procession paraded the streets; he had even caught just a glimpse of the parade as it entered the tent, for the circus had pitched not far from Miss Ann’s house. This was the first circus in Easthampton for years, and Jack had set his heart on going. Miss Ann strongly disapproved of circuses, but Jack had written to his father and obtained consent, providing he was a good boy, and now—Jack wept afresh. Most of all he wanted to see the elephant (it was a small circus and had but one of the huge pachyderms).

About 3 o’clock Miss Ann relented to the extent of allowing him to have his crackers, and in the noise of these he tried to drown out the noise of the circus band that floated out from the big dingy canvas so near and yet so far. Suddenly it flashed into his head that he might send up crackers on his kite. Why not? He had read of a camera being sent up to take photographs, and if a camera could go, crackers could. Jack set to work at once to put his idea into execution. A long fuse was made and attached to the crackers. Near the crackers a string was tied to the fuse, and this in turn was tied to a bit of wire on the kite string near the kite, which had been pulled in. The free end of the fuse was lighted, the kite set free, and Jack watched the tiny sputtering sparks sail up into the air. When the fire reached the string, it burned it off, setting free the crackers which exploded a second later in mid air.

Finally Jack took the biggest cracker that he had, one he had been saving for a grand climax, made an extra long fuse, attached it in the usual way and then gave the kite all the string he had. Up, up, up she sailed until she floated fairly over the circus tents. Then Jack saw the tiny speck of a cracker drop, and, watching it speed downward without exploding, he muttered to himself in disappointment, “Why didn’t I keep it and fire it on the ground where I could make it go anyhow.” But Jack had simply miscalculated and had allowed too much fuse between the cracker and string for an explosion high in air. Just after the tiny speck vanished behind one of the smaller tents, Jack heard it explode, followed instantly by a scream that made Jack’s hair rise. Out from behind the tent shot a huge black beast, tearing across the fields with awkward, lumbering strides, but wonderfully fast. It was the elephant! With trunk thrown up and back of its head, and trumpeting shrilly, it made straight toward Jack, smashing down the rail fences in its path as if they were straws, his keeper in full pursuit, hopelessly distanced. From the big tent began to pour out a strange motley crowd of townspeople, painted clowns and scantily dressed bareback riders to see what had happened. For a moment Jack, too frightened to move, watched the huge beast bearing down upon him, then he fled for the hayloft in the barn, and through a crack watched the mad

race. Straight on came the elephant, nor did he stop for an instant at Miss Ann's nice picket fence; it crashed down as had the rails before it. Then the runaway caught sight of the big wide-open barn doors (Miss Ann had told Jack to close them that afternoon) and probably seeing safety in the dark recesses of the barn, rushed in, where he stood trumpeting and trembling with fright. A few minutes later Jack heard the keeper close the doors and say to the crowd coming up, that he would shut the elephant in for awhile until he had calmed down. Then the keeper told how someone, he didn't know who, had thrown a cracker in front of the big beast just as the latter was drinking, and the runaway had resulted.

Meantime Jack was in an unhappy predicament and retreated to a far corner of the mow, the cold chills chasing each other down his back as he heard the heavy breathing of the elephant below. Gradually the elephant grew quieter and Jack's courage began to come back. He could hear old Nell whinnying with fright and stamping uneasily in her stall. Curiosity got the better of him and he wanted to see what was going on below. Cautiously, Inch by inch, he crept to the edge of the mow. In the dim light he could see the back of the elephant not two feet below him. The animal was quiet now. Presently he noticed the long trunk feeling along the edge of the mow and examining the new quarters, so he beat a retreat once more. The new hay was not yet in, and the small amount of old hay left was at the back of the mow. A rustling on the edge of it caught his attention and he made out the elephant's trunk stretching for the hay, which it could not reach, Cautiously he held out a wisp. It was taken and the trunk disappeared. A minute later it was back again. So Jack continued to feed the elephant, and growing bolder, crawled to the edge again, having a bundle of hay in his hands. This time the elephant saw him and before he could retreat the big trunk had caught him and deftly, but gently, lifted him down. The hay he still held, and timidly offering it, it was promptly accepted.

A few minutes later the keeper opened the doors, to find to his astonishment his big charge and a small boy on the best of terms, and when the elephant was ordered out, he refused to move without Jack. "Pick him up, Mike," ordered the keeper, so, gently, the elephant placed Jack on his back and the procession started for the circus tents once more, Jack the envy of all the boys in the village, and Miss Ann realizing her helplessness in the situation.

The show management settled for the broken fences, but Miss Ann still retains her prejudice against circuses. As for Jack, to this day no one knows who dropped the cracker in front of Mike. Jack looks back to that Fourth, when the circus came to him because he could not go to it, as the greatest celebration he ever had.

American Agriculturist. July 1, 1899, p. 19.

Old Glory's Birthday.

Thornton W. Burgess

Hark! the boys are coming!
A-rat-a-tat-tat-a-tat-tat!
The drummers are bravely drumming,
A-rat-a-tat-tat-a-tat-tat!
The drummers are bravely drumming,
And the fifers shrilly blow,
While over their heads, go where they may,
Will ever Old Glory go.
A-rat-a-tat-tat-a-tat-tat!
A-rat-a-tat-tat-a-tat-tat!
And over their heads, go where they may,
Will ever Old Glory go.

Listen! the drums are nearing,
A-rat-a-tat-tat-a-tat-tat!
And wilder the boys are cheering,
A-rat-a-tat-tat-a-tat-tat!
So fill your pockets with crackers,
Bring out a horn and a gun,
And join in the shouting chorus;
Add to the noise and the fun!
A-rat-a-tat-tat-a-tat-tat!
A-rat-a-tat-tat-a-tat-tat!
Come join in the shouting chorus,
Add to the noise and fun.

‘Tis the same, sweet, old, old story,
A-rat-a-tat-tat-a-tat-tat!
Of the birthday of Old Glory,
A-rat-a-tat-tat-a-tat-tat!
And a hundred years in passing,
Since the fathers fought and bled,
Have made more precious the starry sign
That tyranny is dead.
A-rat-a-tat-tat-a-tat-tat!
A-rat-a-tat-tat-a-tat-tat!
Have made more precious the starry sign
That tyranny is dead.

American Agriculturist. July 1, 1899, p. 19.

Truants.

Waldo

Ding dong bell! Ding down bell!
Where's Kitty Gray gone? Who can tell?
Saw her on the doorstep a-playing with her tail;
Saw her in the barnyard beside the milk pail;
Saw her in the orchard where the daisies grow;
Saw her take a catnap where the roses blow,
Now I can't find her though I call well!
If you've seen Kitty Gray, sir, please do tell!

Ding dong bell! Ding dong bell!
Where's Boy Blue gone? Who can tell?
Saw him in the sand heap making mud pies;
Saw him in the flower bed chasing butterflies;
Saw him 'round the corner playing hide and seek;
Saw him in the meadow lot over near the creek.
Now I get no answer, though I call well.
If you've seen Boy Blue, sir, I pray you tell!

Ding dong bell! Ding dong bell!
Ring the bell loud, sire! All is well!
Found Boy Blue, sir! Found Kitty Gray.
Found both together on a cock o' hay;
Found 'em fast asleep, sir, completely tired out;
Found a hop toad wondering what 'twas all about.
Ring the bell loud, sir! The good news tell!
We've found the little truants and both are well!

Springfield Homestead. July 8, 1899, p. 14.

A Refusal.

T.W.B.

“Oh me, oh me, oh me, oh my!
Won't you come and see me?” said the spider to the fly.
But the fly looked very solemn; then he winked his thousand eyes.
“I fear, dear Mr. Spider, that you'd take me by surprise.
You know I'm rather delicate and cannot be confined;
My fears may all be groundless, but they're very well defined.
So I beg that you'll excuse me if I leave you in some haste;
There's a whiff from yonder doorway that quite approves my taste.”
“Oh me, oh me, oh me, oh my!
So young, and oh, so tender,” quoth the spider with a sigh.

Springfield Homestead. August 19, 1899, p 8.

Willie MacDougall on Golf.

Waldo

BEAUTIES OF THE GAME FROM THE SCOTCHMAN'S STANDPOINT

Willie MacDougal and I became acquainted by accident – Willie's wheel needed a new crank and a bit of straightening in the front fork, while mine was a wreck as the result.

"Sall, mon! Hae ye no respeck for the rights o' ithers? Iss the road no sae broad yir maun gang oot o' yir way tae ma bit path? Keep yir een before, mon, and na lookit behind and yir'll no coom tae grief." And Willie brushed off his clothes and picked up his cap.

Since then Willie and I have become the best of friends. Not often does he drop into the old Highland tongue save when he is excited or intensely interested – then he gives full swing tae the bonny speech o' the glen. I met him the other evening just at dusk striding home with driver, cleek and brassy and the look of peace upon his face.

"Willie," said I, "golf looks to me like a stupid game. "I never could get up interest enough to follow around the course once."

Willie looked at me pityingly. 'Sall, mon! Ye'll no learn the pleasure o' it by watchin' ither fauk. Ye maun driv the bit ball yirsel', and handle the stick. It iss no a game tae be followed by the een; it maun be played. Mon, it iss graund and there'll be no game like it. Na, na, there 'ill be no game like it!" And Willie caressed his clubs lovingly. Then as if a bit ashamed of his enthusiasm he sought to explain.

"Ye ken it iss no just the hitting o' a ball! Na, na, that iss no it, though A'm not denying it iss no sae easy as it looks and there iss muckle satisfaction in a clean driv ower the bunker and it maun be a wee bit pleasing tae make the long hole in four. Havers, mon!" Willie was at the long hole. "Ye maun hef good een and a clean swing tae do it and ye ken the sand pit iss no the place for a good approach. Ye maun driv ower it, mon, and a wee bit tae the right, for the sand iss no muckle o' a place for the temper. But the pleasure o' golf iss no the hitting o' a ball, though A'm not denying that maun hef its satisfaction, but it iss the associations." Willie dwelt long on the last word.

"Ye keen, mon iss a cratur o' circumstance and surroundings and there'll be no surroundings like the surroundings o' nature. When ye follow the bit ball ower the hills and down the glens, it iss feelin' at peace wi' yirsel' and the world ye'll be. Ye'll be fillin' yir lungs wi' pure air, listenin' tae the catbird in the thicket, whistlin' tae the quail ower in the cornfield, watchin' the shadows o' the clouds across the valley, wishin' ye could maten the purple o' the mountains and the sil'er o' the river, gettin' acquainted wi' the treetoad and the katydid, pluckin' at the golden-rod, stridin' across the burn and up through the orchard for the pure love o' feelin' the ground spring under yir feet and all the time drinkin' in the beauty o' the landscape that changes wi' every day. Na, na, it iss no just the hittin' o' a ball, but, mon, ye maun hit true and no top or slice, and in yir

approach ye maun hae yir ball fall dead or muckle o' the pleasure 'ill be lost. Havers,
mon! ye maun learn tae play golf. Coom oot wi' me the morn, for it iss a graund game."

Gie me the breath o' the hill top;
Gie me the love o' the glen;
Gie me the sound o' the bonnie burn
And the song o' the birds A ken.

Gie me the glimpse o' the mountains;
Gie me the pastures brown;
Gie me a day wi' the cattle,
Away frae the heat o' the town.

Gie me the 'plaint o' the katydid;
Gie me the thrushes' lay;
Gie me the love o' nature
And the scent o' the new-mown hay.

Gie me ma cleek and putter;
Gie me the wee bit ball;
A'm awa for the glen and the hieland,
And the bonniest game o' all.

I have promised Willie to learn to play golf.

Springfield Homestead. September 23, 1899. [Scrapbook]

Untitled Poem

Waldo

There's a funny little chap,
And perchance that it may hap
You know the little chap that I know.

He comes this time of year,
And he acts a little queer,
Does this funny little chap that I know.

He pinches pretty cheeks,
And he's chilly when he speaks,
Is this funny little chap that I know.

And he paints the sumachs red,
And the maples overhead,
This peculiar little chap that I know.

He cuts off all the roses,
Has no use, he says, for posies,
Says this funny little chap that I know.

So he does just what he pleases,
Don't care who or what he freezes,
Jack Frost, the little chap we all know.

Springfield Homestead. September 30, 1899, p.10.

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

A nation shouts, and in that tremendous sound of love and admiration goes forth the heart of a united people, and the mighty reverberation rolling back from the Hudson's palisades, a thousand times repeated, the splendid pageant, are but the outward expression of a love, deep seated, for him who knew not fear, and whose those others, dauntless, true, high-born courage and intrepid zeal hath aroused anew the wonder of the world. To him and them be all homage given, for not alone for fame and glory have they fought and striven. But let the great leader's name be in every heart enshrined. And be his every likeness in every home, by hearth, in every mind. Great, not alone for his intrepid soul which dared the odds in battle's hell, but for his diplomatic strength and his conformity to the American ideal, as well. Boom, ye guns! till every echo answers, and ring, ye bells from tower and steeple! Tell the whole world a hero once more comes unto his own people.

Springfield Homestead. September 30, 1899. [Scrapbook]

Golf as She is Played.

Waldo

WILLIE MACDOUGALL WATCHES THE TEACHER'S CLUB PLAY – HIS POINTED COMMENTS.

“Hae ye learned tae play golf yet?” That broad bonnie tongue that smacked so strongly o’ the Scottish Highlands could belong to none other than Willie MacDougall. As I expected he was striding up behind me with driver, cleek and brassy, but the look of peace was not upon his face. Indeed, a suggestion of sorrow seemed lurking there.

“Not I, Willie, but the fates willing I shall have a try at it today. But what’s wrong?”

“Naethin’, naethin’, it iss jes’ naething at all – A hae seen the teachers’ club on the links.” Willie strode a block in silence; then he burst forth and as he slipped into the old tongue I knew that he would give ease to his soul and that I should learn more of golf.

“Sall, mon! Forty women ower the links the morn’ and no sae muckle as one that ‘ill ken the game. Havers! It wass awfu’!” Then Willie realized that he had been ungallant to say the least and he hastened to set himself right. “Ye ken A dinna mean that there iss no the makin’ o’ good players among the leddies. Na, na, that iss no it, for ye ken A hae muckle respec’ for the leddies and nae doot they hae the makin’ o’ ground players among them. But ye ken’ they canna play the game noo. Sall, mon! Every mither’s daughtie hae brand-new clubs and div ye ken, they each had a wee bit roober, nipple like, which they ca’ed a tee, each wi’ a wee bit woosted tassel. It wass no wi’oot humor! Na, na, it wass no wi’oot humor, but ye ken, mon, hoo it maun lookit. A roober tee!” Willie’s indignation was getting beyond bounds.

“Ye ken ye maun hae it quiet if ye’ill make muckle o’ a play, but the teachers could do naethin’ but talk, for they’ll be hae’in the gift o’ speech. Havers! when they would be hittin’ the ball it wass awfu’ and the ground they hae ben ower lookit as if the ploo hae ben there. Sax times did one strike at the wee bit ball and dinna touch it. But she hit the green, oh, yuss, she’ill be hittin’ the green wi’ every stroke and the wee bit ball ‘ill be most buried. But sall, mon! A’m ashamed o’ masel’ fer the leddies ‘ill be learnin’ and no doot they ‘ill be playin’ the game better than masel’. It iss verra bonnie o’ them tae take ma remarks wi’ sic good nature, and div ye ken they ‘ill be makin’ the holes in sax and seven when they hae learned tae swing the bit sticks as if they wass na afraid o’ hurtin’ them; tae stand straight and close tae the ball, no makin’ a hoop o’ their bodies tae reach it; and ower all, when they learn the part that silence maun always hef in a clean driv. It iss a bonnie thought that the teachers o’ the public skules hae ta’en up the game, for who kens but a generation hence it ‘ill no be taught the childer in the skules. Iss that no a ground thought?

“Noo, mon, ye maun learn tae play golf. But, laddie, ye maun no go oot wi’ the teachers, for the nerves ‘ill no stand the strain o’ the game and the tongues combined. Coom oot wi’ me the morn and A’ll teach ye a clean driv, a good approach and how to put a ball on the green.”

Springfield Homestead. October 7, 1899.[scrapbook]

MacDougall Interviewed.

Waldo

HIS OPINION OF REPORTERS –CAN STAND ALL BUT THE CAMERA MAN.

Willie MacDougall was putting the finishing touches to a new driver and whistling as he worked when I called at his home the other evening. “You seem happy tonight,” said I.

“Yir canna guess why,” said he.

“No,” said I. “Why?”

“A hae been interviewed,” said he solemnly, but with just a suggestion of a twinkle under the beetling brows. “A hae been interviewed and the mornin’ paper ‘ill be printin’ na less than half a column o’ my opeenions on golf. And yet, div ye ken, A said naethin’, naethin’ at all.

“It wes yesterday a wee bit mon wi’ the look o’ knowledge on his face, a note book and pencil in his pock and an air o’ assurance that wes grund came up tae me on the links.

“Fine day, Mr MacDougall,” said he.

“No bad,” A said.

“Hae ye been ower the links?” he inquired.

“Ay,” A replied.

“Golf iss a great game,” said he, picking up a club, and A kenned from the way he handled it that he wes never playin’ the game.

“Iss it no!” A said, tae lead him on a bit.

“Mr MacDougall,” said he as A driv frae the fourth hole, “what iss yir strongest play?”

“A’m no sae strong A kenna improve in all points,” wes ma reply.

“But hae ye no one point, drivin’, the approach or puttin’, in which ye excel?” he perseested.

“Weel, noo, A ha nae thought o’ that. Noo that ye put it that way, it may be, but A canna tell, A answered.

“He followed me ower the links drivin’ questions at me like yon, but he wes no good in the approach and he ‘ill no be holin’ one o’ them. But nevertheless the paper the morn ‘ill be hav- in’ half a column o’ my opeenions on golf.

“Sall, mon, A nae na respec’ fer a repooter. He ‘ill be pryin’ into affairs that ill be none o’ his; he ‘ill be coomin’ where he iss na wanted; and he ‘ill be makin’ himsel’ a noonsanse to ither fauk. Na, na, there iss no place for a repooter and he should no be

allowed to rin free. The ither day one o' them coomes up tae me wi' a wee bit black box and points it at me as I wes makin' an approach for the long hole. Sall, mon! when A lookit up an' saw that A wes so put oot that A 'ill no be makin' the green at all, and when A'll be findin' oot that he wes a repooter and hae ta'en ma peectur' fer the paper, A 'ill be makin' him open the bit box and tak' out the peectur'. There wes naethin' there but a wee bit glass wi' a coatin' on one side and this he threw awa'. The peectur' wes na there which wes well for the repooter, but he wes muckle disappointed. What right did he hae tae tak' ma peectur' against ma will? Havers, mon! every mither's son o' them should be under lock and key."

"But, Willie," I remonstrated, "I have heard you state that the newspaper is a great institution."

"It iss! It iss graund and A'm no denyin' it."

"And if you like to read about other people's affairs, other people like to read about yours. It's little you would send in yourself and the same is true of other folks, and so reporters are a necessity for the life of a paper. They must collect the news or you will be having no paper with your morning coffee. And do you know, Willie, they are not such a bad set. It is twice as hard for the reporter to interview as it is for you to be interviewed. All the time he knows just what you are thinking of him and it is not pleasant. He has probably forced himself to.

Springfield Homestead. October 14, 1899. [Scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

Why are not the farmer and the city land-holder on equal terms as regards the protection of their property from trespassers? Legally they are, but there is a fine moral distinction that calls for summary measures for the culprit who plucks a flower on the city man's lawn, and winks at the broken limbs of the chestnut tree in the farmer's field. There are hundreds of people in Springfield who would not hesitate to prosecute a despoiler of their flower beds, who have not the slightest compunction in regard to stoning the farmer's nut trees and appropriating the spoils. Indeed, the farmer is niggardly if he so much as protests. And yet in many cases the farmer is looking to those same nuts as a source of a part of his income. Teach the boys that the rights of property are to be respected none the less because it is in the country and not the city dooryard.

Springfield Homestead. October 14, 1899. [Scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

Two trees dead on State street, three more dying and the trees on Elliott street in bad condition – all due to Holly steam, says City Forester Gale. At first the trouble was attributed to gas, but a careful examination has revealed that steam, not gas, is responsible. It escapes through poor joints and small breaks in the pipe, not in sufficient quantities to show above the surface for a while, at least, but enough to permeate and heat the ground, drying the life out of the nearby tree roots. This goes on all winter and in the spring the tree leafs out only to drop the leaves prematurely or to have them shrivel and hang half dead on the limbs. By another spring the tree is dead and is cut down, its place not to be filled for years, a loss to the immediate abutter and a loss to the whole city. How long must this thing continue? Pavements torn up and ruined! Traffic congested and delayed! Shade trees killed! Horses frightened daily with the resultant constant danger of accident! What better grounds are needed to secure an indictment against the gas company for maintaining a public nuisance?

Springfield Homestead. October 21, 1899. [Scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial

No byline

The birds of field and woodland have lost one of their truest friends and most fearless champions in the death of W. W. Colburn. Mr Colburn's love of the birds appeared in a measure reciprocated. Certainly the feathered mites seemed to know intuitively that in his kindly presence there was nothing to fear, and they allowed him

an insight into their home life that is vouchsafed to but few. He knew intimately every species that makes its home or temporarily sojourns in this part of the Connecticut valley, and the fragment of a trill or the flash of a wing told him who his hidden neighbor was as surely as would the card of a visitor at his own home. He took rare pleasure in studying the birds which nested about his home, many of them becoming permanent settlers for whose coming he watched year after year, and woe to him who sought to harm them or their nests. Mr Colburn's efforts were ever concentrated against the feather hunter, the thoughtless small boy with nest-robbing proclivities and the butcher who kills indiscriminately, and his influence in the protection of the birds was far-reaching. None will feel his loss more keenly than the songsters of meadow and forest.

Springfield Homestead. October 21, 1899. [Scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The falling leaves have left the hidden retreat of partridge and woodcock open to the hunters and the bang of the shotgun echoes on all sides. It is to be regretted that the spirit of the true sportsman animates so few. Despite the law, Sunday shooting is indulged in to an extent that makes a quiet stroll in the woods an actual courting of danger. Aside from the moral obligations involved, the Sunday shooter manifestly has no sense of fair play. Shot at from dawn to dusk on six days in the week, in the interest of fair play and true sport give the birds a rest on the seventh.

Springfield Homestead. October 21, 1899. [Scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The LAW wants to become the recognized order of the automobilists – and why not? No other organized effort in behalf of good roads has accomplished half the good that the League of American Wheelmen has, and now with the general introduction of motor carriages the demand for good roads will become imperative. Of late, especially where the good roads movement has met with opposition or at least scant favor, there has been a tendency on the part of wheelmen to secure cycle paths. Now is the time to abandon this movement and joining issues with the automobilists force the good roads question to the front in every state. The wheelmen and the motor carriage men united would make a combination with almost limitless power. And the LAW, with its past experience in legislative efforts and its well-organized force, is just the body to wield this, provided it drops racing and devotes its whole attention to the matter of good roads. The wheelmen have fought a good fight and they are soon to be tremendously reinforced. The era of good roads approaches.

Springfield Homestead. October 28, 1899. [Scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

“Don’t buy a motor wagon until you are convinced that you have found one that is beyond all question a success,” is the practical advice given by a local inventor who himself hopes to put a wagon on the market ere long. But if the public is not to invest in the experiments how is the perfect wagon to be attained? To nothing does the law of evolution apply with greater force than to the production of the perfect machine. It is fortunate that there is a moneyed class who can afford to make playthings of the latest inventions. They do the general public a service that few appreciate.

Springfield Homestead. October 28, 1899. [Scrapbook]

When the Scoters Fly.

Waldo

Rise, dip, dip and rise!
Under the curtain of starlit skies,
Small black specks on a blacker sea,
The dories rise and the dories fall,
While silence broods and covers all.
And now there's one and now there's three
While the waters murmur ceaselessly;
Rise, dip, dip and rise!
The dories bob 'neath starlit skies.

Dip, rise, rise and dip!
From beyond the headlands upward slip
The first long shafts from the king of day,
And the low hung clouds with crimson flush
And the jutting headlands burn and blush,
While the starry watchers slip away
From the shining path across the bay.
Dip, rise, rise and dip!
The dories bob and the waters slip.

Rise, dip, dip and rise!
Like drifting foam a sea gull flies,
And far in the east a rim of red,
Out of the waters that fret and fume,
Out of the waves and white sea spume,
Climbs whence the fading stars have fled,
And a golden cloud drifts overhead.
Rise, dip, dip and rise !
The dories bob and the sea gull flies.

Dip, rise, rise and dip!
The thole pins creak and the oar blades drip
And out of the fading hills of sand,
Opaque oblivion seaward drifts;
And the anchors fall and each boat lifts
On the rising tide and from the land
The fog horn bellows its hoarse command.

Rise, dip, dip and rise!
Out of the blankness warning cries
Over the waves are quickly passed:
"Mark five to right and low they fly!"
A whistle of wings, one low word "Try!"
And tongues of flame have sprung at last
At the shadowy phantoms sweeping past.
Rise, dip, dip and rise!
And dead birds float, nor heed the cries.

Recreation. November, 1899, p.365.

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

Another brutal mill was pulled off last night in New York, the would-be aristocratic center of America, and the papers record the heaviest advance sale of seats ever known. A few years ago the bruisers were forced to seek the most remote spots in the south or west to bring off their battles, but to-day under the protection of the police the big brutes pound each other to a jelly before yelling thousands in a city that would pose as the center of American art and letters.

Springfield Homestead. November 4, 1899. [Scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The London Chronicle says editorially in reference to the recent disaster to the British arms at Ladysmith: "If this is to be a war of vengeance we will have to wipe out a disaster before which the memory of Majuba hill fades away. The empire is face to face today with a repulse comparable only to the surrender of Burgoyne." The blow must indeed rankle deep to produce such open reference to two of the sorest spots in English history. No matter what the ultimate result British supremacy has received a reverse from which it will never fully recover.

Springfield Homestead. November 4, 1899. [Scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

Recorder Kearney of Kearney, NJ, who was recently called upon to deal with five bad, bold small boys, imposed an old-fashioned commonsense punishment that was wonderfully effective. The fathers were sent for and requested to make thorough application of the police captain's broad belt, each small culprit being laid across the courtroom table in turn for the purpose. A dozen blows were meted out to each and with tear-stained faces and best of resolutions to be good they were escorted from the court room by their irate parents. Possibly if Judge Bosworth would take his cue from the New Jersey recorder, we should hear less of the lawlessness of our youth. A good, old-fashioned spanking in open court would be vastly more effective than the fatherly lectures of the judge and subsequent release which have set the youngsters to thumbing their noses at police and the court.

Springfield Homestead. November 4, 1899. [Scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

In no way is the practical good accomplished by the Y M C A better exemplified than in the record of its employment bureau. During the present year 490 applications for positions have been made to this department and 20 per cent of the applicants have been placed advantageously. In other words approximately 100 of the army of the unemployed have been aided to independence and increased self-respect. Many of them have excellent opportunities for advancement. It is such practical aid as this that makes the association a power for good and enables it to get a hold upon a class of men that might otherwise go astray. More than one business house in this city is indebted to the association for some of its brightest employees and the debt of those for whom positions have been found is of course vastly greater.

Springfield Homestead. November 4, 1899. [Scrapbook]

Willie MacDougall Hunts Coon.

Waldo

HIS EXPERIENCES IN THE WOODS AT NIGHT— SAYS IT IS NO CANNY, BUT GLORIOUS SPORT.

An invitation to a coon supper written in Willie MacDougall's big fist sent me over to see him post haste. I found him roughing out a new driver.

"So, Willie," said I, "you've been hunting coon. I should think a man of your years would have more self respect and sense of propriety than to be wandering abroad all night when respectable folk are in their beds."

Willie bristled at once. "Laddie, laddie, ye no ken what ye say. Ye hae no ben yersel' an' ye hae no richt tae sit in judgment on ither fauk. Sall, man! It iss the greatest o' a' sports, no mentioning golf, for golf, laddie, is no tae be spoken o' i' the same breath wi' ither sports."

Willie subsided for a few minutes, but I stirred the fire again by asking what luck he had on his recent hunt. "Five, laddie, five! Div ye ken who hae beaten that i' one nicht? Mon, ye maun go coon huntin'. Ye 'ill need heavy boots, thick clothes an' plenty o' them, for i' the wee sma' hours i' the woods it iss no sae warm as under the blankets o' yir bed, a lantern, a gun an' a revolver i' the party, yir pipe an' plenty tae put i' it an' refreshment for the stomach. There wes three in oor party frae here, the doctor, John an' ma'sel'. We started at six o' the clock, an' it wes sair late when we reached the farm where Jim an' Jack joined us. Then we started for the woods.

"Laddie, it wes no canny an' when we 'ill be gettin' amang the white birches it wes e'en a bit eerie. They 'ill be haeing a ghostly look i' the lantern licht an' the hunters 'ill be lookin' like shadows frae a speerit land. A maun confess the screech o' an owl wes like a shower bath for the chills it started an' the whir o' a pheasant frae under ma very feet wes near to freezin' the very bluid i' ma veins. But presently the wee bit doggie 'ill be giein' tongue an' the excitement o' John an' the doctor 'ill hae nae measurement. A coon wes treed!

"When we hae reached the tree there wes the bit doggie wi' his nose i' the air barkin' up a pine an' there wes naethin' to do but climb, an' they'll be puttin' me i' the tree. Laddie a 'ill no be callin' it pleasant, this first time up, for a 'll be haein' thochts o' what 'ill happen if a should meet the coon unexpected, for how should a ken that he'll be having the greater fear. But a went up wi' ma lantern an' losh, man, A'll be gettin' tae the top wi' naethin' more excitin' than a tear i' ma clothes an' scratches on ma face, for if the beastie hae no gone ower tae the next tree. Sae up goes the doctor wi' his lantern an' presently there wes wild excitement i' the tree top, for if the doctor hae no grabbed the coon by the tail. The doctor iss a spoort frae his heels up, but it wes no to be thoct that he would be catchin' a coon by the tail an' so mighty pleased wi' himsel' wes he that he let go tae tell us aboot it an' the coon wes gone tae the next tree. Then Jack sees him an' 'ill be shootin' him frae the ground. Havers, man, it wes

awfu'. The doctor an' masel' 'ill be on oor knees i' the tree tops prayin' wi' fervor that those on the ground 'ill no get excited for the fear o' the gun wes mighty upon us, for we could no be certain that Jack would no take one o' us for the coon. Laddie, A 'ill be haein' the chills agen till there wes fair a river o' ice down ma backbone, an' the doctor 'ill near be fallin' oot o' the ither tree. But Jack wes a carefu' body an' 'ill be makin' sure o' the beastie. Havers! Wi' the repoort o' the gun down coomes the coon an' the dog 'ill be on him like a flash. It wes a ground battle, but the dog 'ill be too much for the coon an' he wes soon hangin' by the heels, while the doctor 'ill be seekin' a brook to wash doon the excitement wi' in him an' drink tae further success.

An' sae we went on an' presently could no find oorsel's i' a swamp where the limbs 'ill be pullin' us tae pieces an' there 'ill be no way oot. An' then it wes cold an' there wes no excitement enough tae warm the hands. Then came the bark o' the bit doggie agen an' we wes awa' for the tree. A 'ill be climbin' agen an' the beastie 'ill be crossin' tae the next tree agen which wes tae big tae climb an' A 'ill be getting naethin' but a tear in ma pants an' a scrapin' o' ma shins. Three times did we this an' then at 4 o' the clock we treed agen an' it wes decided tae build a fire an' wait for daylight. Havers, man, it wes ground. The bit sparks would shoot straight up i' the air for 50 feet, an' the shadows o' the trees, the lanterns jes' beyond the glow o' the fire, the men sleepin' as close tae the blaze as wes safe, the guard an' the bit doggie tae keep the cool up the tree iss long tae be remembered. I' the mornin' if there wes no three coons up one tree an' one up another. Sall, but it wes a bonnie sicht an' the excitement 'ill be gettin' beyond all bounds. John 'ill be oot' o' his head entirely an' the doctor 'ill no be sure he iss yet awake. There wes some bad shootin' an' some hard climbin', but we got them a', laddie, an' no one escaped. Wes it no a ground nicht's work? Laddie, ye maun go oot wi' us an' catch a beastie. An' next time A'll be tae'in' ma driver, for A'll be feelin' safer i' a tree wi' a good stick in ma hand, for no beastie 'ill be gettin' awa' frae a clean drive at his head. Laddie, hae ye learned tae play golf yet? Coom oot wi' me the morn, for no man should hunt coon that kens naethin' o' golf.

Springfield Homestead. November 11, 1899. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The municipal campaign follows hard on the heels of the state election. Is it to be boy government another year?

The capture of 2000 Boers by the British at Ladysmith by no means off-sets the disaster by which two regiments, the flower of the English army, were lost. In the one case the raw, undisciplined militia of Dutch farmers have been forced to surrender, but in the other case what was supposed to be the picked fighting force of the world has met defeat. British prestige is not to be reestablished by the capture of a few armed farmers.

Springfield Homestead. November 11, 1899. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

Ladysmith and Manila hold the eyes of the world, but a week from today the eyes of America will be upon Cambridge and the battle of the crimson and the blue. Trivial enough seem these conflicts of the gridiron in the light of the grim reality at the far ends of the earth, yet the whole country watches this struggle of her grand old universities. It is brain and brawn against brawn and brain and it touches the heartstrings of the nation's greatest and best from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The love of alma mater is strong upon them.

Springfield Homestead. November 11, 1899. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The fish and game commission has awaked to the fact that the western part of the state really has some claims for consideration. This week the local club for the protection of game received an invitation in common with similar organizations throughout the state, to be represented at a meeting of the commissioners at the state house, Boston, next Thursday, for the consideration of some plan for the better protection of fish and game in the commonwealth. The invitation closed with this significant statement: "From reports made to this board it is evident that our game is rapidly decreasing, therefore some adequate means should be provided for its protection and preservation. It is important that sportsmen unite in earnest effort for better laws and the necessary provision for their enforcement. Unless something of this kind is done, it is only a question of time when there will be no game to protect." The facts of the case are these: The commission has labored in the interests of sportsmen

in the eastern part of the state, and has practically ignored the game interests of this end. As a matter of fact, with better protection, the Connecticut valley would be the best game section of the state, and it should be represented on the commission. The commission hits the truth when it states that game is growing scarcer – it is diminishing at an alarming rate. The commission's course is plain. Stop the market hunter's nefarious business, he is in the same class with the rabbit ferreter; enlist the sympathies and aid of the farmers, and appoint in each district a game warden who understands the situation and will be fearless in the performance of his duty. No laws on the statute book are winked at oftener than the game laws.

Springfield Homestead. November 18, 1899. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

Two significant statements indicative of the era of prosperity are made by Secretary Cooper of the Y M C A. The evening classes have a comparatively slim attendance due to the fact that so many factories from which a large percentage of the students are drawn, are running overtime, and the number of applications to the employment bureau this year are far below the average record. These facts are interesting as direct evidence of better times for the working class.

Springfield Homestead. November 25, 1899. [scrapbook]

Thanksgiving.

T. W. Burgess

Thanksgivin'? Well, 'tween me an' you there aint in all the year
Another day that can compare—they jes' come nowhere near
'Cept Christmus, which I kind o' guess is after all the best.
But other days don't count at all – there's nothin' in the rest.
Like the tingle when yer turns ter see the light in mother's eyes
As she send yer fer a punkin fer to make Thanksgivin' pies.

Fer a punkin has the power ter soak the sunshine in
'Till it fairly oozes through it in the yaller o' the skin.
An' yer listen ter the blackbirds and yer see the groundhog run:
Yer hear the crows a-cawing an' yer thinkin' o' the fun
O' lyin' in the clover and a-watchin' o' the skies,
An' a-dreamin' o' Thanksgivin' an' the rows o' punkin pies.

The old barn's full ter bustin', the corn crib's runnin' o'er,
An' taters heaped in bushels upon the cellar floor;
The turnips an' the onions, the apples in a row,
The cabbages an' carrots all have a place, yer know;
But my mouth gets kind o' watery an' I'm given o'er to sighs
When I see that golden promise o' Thanksgivin' punkin pies.

Springfield Homestead. November 25, 1899, p.14.

A Thanksgiving Romance.

Waldo

It is a strange story, strange almost beyond belief, yet stranger stories than this come from the sea-girt, sandy homes of the sturdy sailor and fisher folk of old Cape Cod, where the mystery of the sea permeates their very lives. I give the story as nearly as I can as it was told to me by one of the leading men of a Cape Cod village:

It was an incident of my boyhood and the memory of it still lends a softened color to each succeeding Thanksgiving that makes this annual old New England holiday the pleasantest of all the year. My Uncle Allan was a gentleman of the old school, courtly of manner, kind of heart, reverencing woman, strong in his convictions of right and wrong and a power for good in the little Cape Cod town where he had made his home for 40 years.

As I said, he was a gentleman of the old school and in nothing was this more manifest than in his love of old-time customs, particularly as related to the celebration of the holidays. For this reason, if for no other, Thanksgiving took precedence over all others, for in the days of his father not even Christmas was celebrated with the mirth and merrymakings of this day of thanks.

Never since Uncle Allan had led Aunt Martha to the low-gabled, quaint old house he had prepared for her, 40 years before, had there failed of being a great family gathering about the long table in the dark-paneled dining room, with its huge fireplace at one end and broad settle and quaint latticed windows at the other. So now as the shortening, dull November days betokened the end of harvesting and the close approach of Thanksgiving, it was with a feeling of being at odds with the world, that there was a discord in life's harmony, that Uncle Allan realized the party would be small indeed to partake of the gobbler he had fattened with such care these three months. Of his children, John and Ned were west on business trips, Harry was to spend the day with a college chum, Mary would go to her husband's home and Martha was to entertain in her own home in Boston. Similar reasons prevented others of the relatives from accepting, save Aunt Martha's sister Eva of Boston, who never before in all these years had visited Aunt Martha. This reduced the family party to four, Uncle Allan, Aunt Martha, Aunt Eva and myself.

Uncle Allan was thinking of this as he sat in the cranberry house screening berries, and unlike the broad red stream of fruit that rolled past him over the screen, only to divide, the big berries falling into one barrel and the small fruit into another, his thoughts kept to one channel. So engrossed did he become that he emptied a bushel of Bugles into a half barrel of Early Blacks, and started to head them up before he noticed his mistake.

At the supper table that evening he was unusually taciturn until he had finished his second cup of tea. Then he spoke abruptly: "Mother, Thanksgiving is this day week, is it not?"

Aunt Martha nodded assent.

“And you are making no special plans.”

Again Aunt Martha nodded.

“Then begin tomorrow and plan the biggest Thanksgiving dinner we have ever had,” said Uncle Allan, pushing back his chair. “It won’t be a family party, mother, but if I mistake not it will be the biggest and the merriest that has gathered about the old table for many a year. I am going to invite all those who will otherwise have no Thanksgiving. There’s the Widow Wilcox, not a soul to care whether she eats or starves, and old Miss Wilkins, with no company but her cat and her chickens, and old Bill Stevens and his wife, heaven knows what keeps ‘em from the poorhouse; and the Widow Higgins, old Ben Hunt, Widow Northrup and Judge Harworth, to help us keep the ball a-rolling. Why, I can name a dozen or 15 offhand that Thanksgiving don’t have the least bit of meaning for, except a license to envy other folks and bemoan their own misfortunes. Perhaps I ought not to say that, either, because there isn’t a cheerfuller woman in the town than Miss Wilkins. Anyway, I’m going to Invite them all here and show them what a real old-fashioned.

American Agriculturist. November 25, 1899, p. 25.

On a New England Marsh.

Waldo

“Can you get away for an afternoon with the ducks?” inquired my friend the taxidermist, who is likewise a naturalist. “I can,” said I; “but tell me, sir, by what magic can you produce duck-shooting within an afternoon’s trip of the city?”

The taxidermist regarded me quizzically. “Have you ever hunted ducks where they are scarce and wary?” he inquired. “Can you stand absolutely motionless, with nothing in sight, for a half- hour at a time?”

“I can,” said I.

“Then meet me at my house in time to catch the 2 o’clock car,” said he. “The average sportsman here will tell you that duck-shooting is a sport of the past; and so it is for him.”

At 2 o’clock, rubber-booted and in hunting togs, we were speeding out of the city. In 20 minutes, we were on the outskirts of a suburb, and in a little hollow the taxidermist signalled to stop. Then came a mile tramp over the meadows past little mud-holes and ponds, each of which had in the old days more than once contributed to the taxidermist’s bag. Then the long, silent Connecticut gleamed in the distance. Cautiously we stole to its edge. As well might we have crept to the edge of the drinking fountain in City Square. The taxidermist did not look disappointed, therefore I tried not to. And why should I? Was it not enough just to be tramping away from human habitation and sound of human life, alone with dear old Mother Nature, breathing her gloriously pure air, basking in her sunshine, listening to the lap of water and the twitter of the sparrows in the hedge? Was not this, after all, the real charm of hunting?

So we tramped the meadows, kicking through the tangled clumps of grass on the edge of setbacks, in quest of short-eared owls for the taxidermist, now and then getting one, and again missing, as they rose with their erratic flight, so like that of a snipe.

Gradually the afternoon wore on, and just as a great, glorious ball of fire touched the tops of the distant matchless Berkshire hills, we reached the river’s edge again at the mouth of a tiny creek.

Wading out into the rice and willows, we took our stands side by side. Slowly the sun sank and the shadows deepened. With chirps and twitterings of half-forgotten summer songs, hundreds of tree sparrows and finches settled in the rice, some within arm’s reach. An owl flitted by with ghostly noiselessness. The golden glow in the west softened and the dusk deepened. Farther and farther out into the river stole the black shadow line of the opposite shore. Now and again a sparrow trilled a sleepy “good-night.” A mile away, at some farm house, a hound bays, and the still night air brings it as if it were but just over the bank. Silently and motionless we stand, with feet and hands numb with the cold.

Then, without warning, 6 swiftly moving forms loom out of the dusk, making for

the creek. Not a motion from either of us until they are abreast. Then the guns speak as one, and with a splash 2 birds fall, while, with a startled "quack, quack," the others jump higher and vanish in the gathering darkness. A few minutes later the whistle of wings behind us gives warning of another flock, but we dare not turn, for they will be gone. Over they come, and we miss. Then 2 more flocks come and circle at long range. We move not, for we will not take the chance of so long a shot, giving the birds unnecessary alarm. Suspiciously they circle and then a series of splashes in the blackness beyond tell us they have joined the others in the river.

Silence reigns, and still we wait. The moon comes up and a flood of silvery light gives a weird outline to familiar objects. The shore is indented with coves that we have never seen before. Only the sky, with its twinkling stars, is familiar. A sparrow moves uneasily and makes sleepy complaint. A rustling in the rice above us and a contented quack tell us that unseen a flock of ducks have reached their feeding grounds.

From out the intense blackness in mid-river comes a subdued, inquiring "quack." "Quack." responds the taxidermist, decidedly. Again comes the query; again the decided answer. Then, out on the edge of the shadow appears an incoming line of silver. It is the wake made by our wary interlocutor swimming in. A minute later we see him, black in the moonlight. The taxidermist's gun speaks, and, with a whistle of wings, the ducks above us leave the rice, while a still, black form drifts in to our feet.

Thus ended the first of many such evenings with my friend the taxidermist, and the charm of those silent watches in the gathering dusk has brightened many a weary hour. Three ducks we had, killed within 5 miles of the city's center, not by fickle chance, but by patient study of the ways and habits of our game, than which I know of none more wary or quicker to take alarm. Many a night have we returned empty-handed, but the hunts were none the less enjoyable. Indeed, I am inclined to think the pleasure was the greater, in that the shy black fellows had outwitted us, and we knew that next time we must be still more alert. Perchance a mere lifting of the hand had been our undoing. And after all, the game itself is but an added pleasure; for, to the true sportsman, the real, the true enjoyment must ever be in the hunt, not in the killing. If the quarry be the winner, his pleasure will be but the keener, for he knows there still lives game to tax his utmost skill in the future.

Recreation. December, 1899. p. 438.

MacDougall on Christmas.

Waldo

PLANS HIS GIFTS AND MAKES REMARKS – SAYS THE PRESENT SYSTEM
ISS NO SAE GUDE AS IT SHOULD BE.

Willie MacDougall was varnishing half a dozen new clubs when I called at his house Tuesday night. The look of thought was on his face and I knew that Willie was minded to be philosophical.

“Getting ready for Christmas, Willie?” I asked.

“Weel, A’ll no be denyin’ It,” said he.

“Rather a tax on a man’s pocket-book at this season, eh?” I ventured. I had touched the mainspring and Willie’s tongue was loosed.

“Sall, mon! Noo ye hae found the point o’ the pin an’ it’ll prick. It iss a drain on the siller an’ it iss no richt. It is no the speerit o’ Christmas tae gie when ye can ill afford it. A hae been bound by it ower lang. An’ A ‘ill no more be sic a fool. Na, na, it iss no the speerit o’ Christmas tae feel that ye maun gie tae Cousin Tom an’ Cousin Nell an’ Uncle Will’um an’ Aunt Martha an’ Cousin Andy an’ Neebur Jackson, because they ‘ill be giein’ tae ye just because it iss Christmas, wi’ never a thocht o’ ye the whole year through, nor ye o’ them. Na, na, it iss wrang, all wrang, an’ A ‘ill no be a party tae it mair. It iss no the giftie, but the speerit wi’ in which the giftie is wrapped. The speerit o’ Christmas Iss the speerit o’ love an’ it ‘ill no be the Christmas speerit A ‘ill be haein’ when A send ma’ wife’s second cousin a giftie when A ken the siller would be better spent for the needs o’ ma ain bairns.

“Div ye ken what A ‘ill be doin’ this Christmas? A hae cut doon my list half an’ A ‘ill be giein’ no giftie which hae no the heart pinned upon it. Richt ye waur on the clubs, for they ‘ill be gifties for the Yuletide; gifties for men who ‘ill ken how tae use them. Aye, laddie, they ‘ill be Christmas gifties an’ in the workin’ o’ the heads an’ the turnin’ o’ the sticks iss the speerit o’ Christmas, for they ‘ill no be for those wi’ oot ma respec’ an’ affection. They ‘ill be for the men wi’ whom A hae played the year. An’ A hae ma gifties for the bit wife an’ for the bairns an’ for the neebur’s bairns and no ither will A mak’.”

“Have you been through the stores, Wille?” I asked.

“A hae, laddie. A hae! an’ the sicht iss mighty. But, laddie, div ye ken there is muckle siller thrown awa’ i’ the stores at Christmas time. Laddie, it fair wrings ma heart tae see the poor fauk squander their hard-earned siller on the Christmas trash. Aye, laddie, trash! That iss the word. Ye ‘ill be goin’ through the big stores o Main street an’ what ‘ill ye see? Some practical things displayed wi’ a han’ful o’ fauk lookin’ ower them; some things tae fine for the workin’ fauks; and a mass o’ things that ‘ill glitter an’ shine an dazzle an’ draw oot the siller because they ‘ill be pretty. An’ the poor fauk ‘ill buy, an’ what hae they got? Naethin,’ naethin’ at all, for wi’ the end o’

Christmas the gifties 'ill be good for naethin' but tae look at an' the siller 'ill be spent. Havers, mon! The sense iss no in the head o' the poor Christmas shopper and there is muckle o' siller wasted. They' ill be giein' what is pretty and no useful; what iss costly and o' no value. It iss the evil o' Christmas, for the speerit o' envy walks down the aisles o' the stores 'an it can no be helpit.

"But, mon, ye maun no thinkit A'm no a lover o' Christmas, for, laddie, it iss the graundest day i' all the year. An' ye 'ill ken, laddie, that wi' the richt speerit up an' doon the land there is naethin' can sae bind up the bruises o' the world."

Love iss the speerit o' Christmas,
Love frae the springs o' the heart!
An' wi' oot it there's naethin' i' Christmas,
Naethin' but playin' a pairt.

The giftie no wrapped in affection,
No bound wi' the ribbon o' love,
Iss never a Christmas giftie,
Is no frae the Father above.

An' ye gie an' begrudge the bit siller
Ye lee tae yersel' an' tae God!
And ye lee maist o' all tae ye neebur,
An' ye heart iss no mair than a clod.

For the giftie ye gie on the Christ day
Iss treasured no lang for its worth
I' the siller an' gold o' the banker,
That measures the value o' earth.

It iss hidden awa' for the value,
Not i' the gold o' the mart,
But the thocht that it hass frae the gi'er,
The siller an' gold o' the heart.

God gave for the love o' his childer,
His speerit sent down from above.
Who maketh a Christmas giftie
Maun gie i' the speerit o' love.

Springfield Homestead. December 9, 1899.[scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

There is no "hard times" cry this Christmas. The books of a prominent Main street firm show that the year's business up to Dec 1 equaled the business for the full year of '98, leaving one of the heaviest months of the year for clear increase. The statement is significant, for it is from firm whose business is necessarily the first to feel the effects of money stringency.

Springfield Homestead. December 9, 1899. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The opening of congress means much to Uncle Sam's regulars. It is hoped to secure a change in the retirement law making 25 years of service instead of 30 the requirement. Large cities do better than this by their police and fire forces, most of them being retired after 20 or 21 years of service. Yet rarely does the service take out of the men what the army service does, to say nothing of the privations and lack of home life that is the soldier's lot. There are veterans in the little company at the armory who fought all through the Indian campaigns, who have fought, starved and suffered privation and terrible exposure, and who now, advanced in years, are wearily serving out the last few years to secure half pay. When they are through few of them will be fitted to take up the battle of life and yet many years remain to them. Give them a chance to retire in time to enter business life. Five years in a man's life may mean the difference between want and plenty.

Springfield Homestead. December 9, 1899. [scrapbook]

Ho, for the Ice!

Waldo

When the moon is full on Michaelmas eve,
And frost is king of the world;
When the north star sits on the dipper's rim,
Nor drops when the dippers twirled,
Then, ah then, with many a "woof!"
The bears strap on their skates.
And little reck] they for lever or clamp
Or even if they be mates.
For 'tis ho! For the ice, the smooth glare ice!
And 'tis ho! For the ring o' the steel!
'Tis ho, for the thrill when the air is still
And the bears do the skaters' reel.

When the moon is full on Michaelmas eve
Then pray that you may be there!
When the north star sits on the dipper's rim
For never was sight so rare!
There are the polar bear, the grizzly bear,
And the bear with a coat of brown;
The big black bear and the cinnamon bear,
And the bear from out of town.

For 'tis ho! For the ice, the smooth glare ice!
Away with the laggard who waits!
When the big bears rub the fur o' the cub
In the whirl o' the merry skates.

Springfield Homestead. December 16, 1899, p.17.

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

Wednesday night a mob of 75 educated hoodlums assaulted the police, destroyed private property and instigated a riot in and about one of the best hotels in the city. The police made no arrests. Why? Because they feared public opinion would not countenance extreme measures with college boys on a lark. If this was true then would public opinion be a creature of a most warped and crooked form. But it is not true and public opinion has been incensed that these defiers of law and order should be allowed to go with nothing worse than a few broken heads. If such a fracas had occurred in the cheapest boarding house in Little Italy the cells of the police station would have had many tenants. Much in the name of fun can be tolerated on the college campus, but why should the alma mater cover open defiance of law and order, destruction of property and assault on officers in a city other than the college home? An officer is dangerously cut and battered, but it was at the hands of "college gentlemen."

A week from Monday the bells of all christendom in joyous peal will send their message of eighteen centuries ringing down the centuries yet to come – On earth peace, toward men good will. Aye, peace on earth! But at what a cost and when? Those bells will be the funeral knell in many an English home, how many the aching, anxious hearts of Briton's mothers, wives, sisters dare not think. And in our own broad land it is bitter joy at best. Good will toward men – how precious its import must be shrieked out by rifle ball and screaming shell to the Filipino and sturdy Dutch farmer of Zululand.

Springfield Homestead. December 16, 1899. [scrapbook]

The Spirit of Christmas.

Waldo

It was Christmas eve. Also it was Saturday night. A narrow, wavering bar of light from the single, ill-smelling oil lamp on the stairway slanted down through the half-open door of the meeting house and streaked the snow with a faint tinge of yellow. In contrast to its feebleness, the full, deep tones of the organ and the glad, clear voices of the choir rehearsing the carol for the morrow, burst joyously out into the night and up to the infinite stars. A woman paused by the open door. The yellow light increased the pallor of a face from which work and care had pinched the roses long since. A young face still, perhaps 35, a sweet, sad face, with the fine pencillings of sorrow and care.

Joyously, triumphantly, the carol rose, and in it were the souls of the singers:

“The star of Bethlehem shineth—shineth
Down the ages shineth,
For Christ was born to-day!
Was born to-day!
Was born to-day!
For Christ was—bo-*rn* to-day!”

The carol ceased. The listener drew her thin shawl closer about her and hurried on. “And almost I had doubted,” she murmured, “almost I had doubted.” Wearily she brushed a tear from eyes that were overflowing. Faintly and more faintly she heard the voices of the choir invisible:

“Rejoice, rejoice, my heart alway,
For Christ was born to-day,
Was born to-day!”

Two young men stepped out from the shadow of the church. They also had been listening. Clean-cut, fine-featured young fellows were they, with an unmistakable air of culture and refinement. Both were dressed simply, yet in the height of fashion, an elegance to which the little hill town of western Massachusetts found it difficult to accustom itself even during the influx of summer visitors, and which now, in winter, was beyond its powers to grasp. The younger was John Horton, son of Squire Horton, the village lawyer, and the other his college chum, Harold Gridley, whom he had brought home for the holidays. City born and bred, the young man found a rare charm in these scenes of rural festivity and he entered into the holiday spirit with a zest that made him an instant favorite despite his “store” clothes.

“Who was the little woman, Jack?” he asked as they left the church. “She? Oh, she is Mrs Tobey. You remember that candy of my sisters you found so alluring? Mrs Tobey made it. A widow, you know, and supports herself and boy that way. I believe. A plucky little woman, and independent as Caesar himself. Pays cash and doesn’t owe a cent. Won’t take help from anyone. Remember the youngster you took such a shine to on the ice, the black-eyed little scamp without skates? She’s his mother. He helps her

what he can. I reckon they're about as close chums as a mother and son can be. Guess it's hard pulling sometimes, but she's chock full of grit. That singing wasn't half bad for a country choir, eh? Have a cigarette?"

Later, as the young men sat on upturned soap boxes by the red-hot stove of the village grocery, listening to the tales of the wags and gossips gathered there, Mrs Tobey entered. Gridley, furtively watching her, noted the simple little luxuries bought—half a dozen oranges, a couple of pounds of nuts and a pound of table raisins wherewith to flank the bit of steak for the Christmas dinner. As she gathered up her packages, she lingered for a moment over the display of skates, then with a quick, impatient movement gathered her shawl about her, nodded brightly to the storekeeper, wished, him a Merry Christmas and was gone.

Somehow Gridley found her vastly more Interesting than the pointless yarns of the story tellers. She was different from most, of the women of his acquaintance. She was such a frail little body and yet withal she was fighting the world, pluckily and cheerily, with a smiling face. "Bucking the center for gains, and not big enough for a quarterback," was the way the big football player phrased it to himself. Nothing wins the admiration of a young man like pluck, "nerve," he styles it, and admiration is the key to his heart. Command his admiration and you have aroused his interest and won his respect. John Horton's few words had awakened Gridley's admiration for this little woman; he wanted to know more of her.

"I say, Jack," said he suddenly, breaking into one of Si Newcomb's best stories, just at the climax, "I want some of that candy of Mrs Tobey's before it is all gone Let's go up." In the little sitting room that did duty as salesroom also, Gridley found the black-eyed boy who, because he had no skates. had tended goal for his side that afternoon.

"Hello, youngster! How's the shins?" inquired the young man. Then, before the youngster, a bit bashful and sheepish, could reply, he continued, "By Jove, young man, your mother makes the best candy I ever ate. The best confectioners in Boston don't touch her."

Just then Mrs Tobey entered, and Horton introduced Gridley. "Mrs Tobey," said the young man, "I was just telling your son that I have never eaten nicer candy than this of yours. Indeed, I don't think I have ever eaten any quite so nice. It is hard to realize that it is homemade. If you were in the city, Mrs Tobey, homemade candies such as these would make your fortune. May I ask where you learned the art?" "Just here," was the reply. "My great-grandfather was a Frenchman and Boston's first confectioner. I think it must be in the blood. No, these are all the kinds I have at present, as Christmas orders have left my stock low, but I will have more to-morrow. Harry will deliver them, if you like. "

As the young men left, wishing the boy and his mother a Merry Christmas, Gridley turned to the boy with, Well, Harry, what do you want Santa Claus to bring you tomorrow?" "Skates," was the prompt reply. Then he added, "But I don't much 'spect 'em."

Mrs Tobey returned to her work and the practiced muscles of the slender arm with its delicate wrist steadily whipped the stiff, creamy fondant, the foundation of the chocolate creams, long after the greater but untrained strength of a man would have given in. Then deftly she shaped the candies and later began dipping them in chocolate. Harry was long since abed and asleep. It was late, shortly after 11, when a light rap called her to the door. It was young Gridley, and in his hand he held a package and a polo stick.

“Mrs Tobey,” began the young man, courteously, “we are planning a grand game of hockey for Monday afternoon. I am to captain one side and Mr Horton will captain the other. I want Harry to help me win. Must have him, you know. So I’d like to play Santa Claus, if you’ll allow and—and—” he hesitated a moment, then extending the stick and package, “you’ll do me a most amazing favor, Mrs Tobey. I’ve got to have him on runners.” The sensitive lips of the widow quivered as she also hesitated for a minute. The delicacy of feeling which had prompted the young man to clumsily attempt to mask his real purpose under a semblance of asking a favor was very grateful to her. “Mr Gridley,” said she, as she took the gifts, “I thank you from a full heart. May your own happiness on the morrow be as great as that which you will have given my boy. He had set his heart on a pair of skates, and but for you I fear he would not have got them. I wish you a merry, a very merry Christmas.”

The hands of the clock were creeping near to the midnight hour as the last chocolate cream slipped from Mrs Tobey’s dipping fork. Warily she set the pan of creams away to harden, and cleared up the kitchen for the night. Then from sheer exhaustion she dropped into a rocking chair. She was so unutterably weary. Every bone, every muscle in her body ached, and every nerve was racked with pain. She was on the verge of a collapse, she had been for weeks, and she knew it, and still she fought it off. She must! She couldn’t be sick. Some day—and she daily prayed God for strength until that day—some day Harry would be old enough to support them both, and then, then she would rest. Till then, well, she would, she must keep going somehow.

Her swimming eyes wandering over the well kept room paused by the open fire place and a wan smile brightened the tired face. There, hanging from the mantel, one on either side, were two stockings, one black, slim and empty, the other, which she was in honor bound not to examine, bulging as no respectable stocking should save on Christmas morning.

It was a happy conceit of these two, this mother and boy, that Santa Claus was none other than the spirit of Christmas, and as by way of the fireplace the little room was flooded with good cheer as the Yule log snapped its sparks up the chimney’s black throat on Christmas eve, so entered the Christmas spirit. So had the childhood custom of hanging the stockings been continued, Harry taking instant possession of all gifts that might come by mail for his mother, and the last thing before going to bed Christmas eve, filling ‘the long white stocking with these and his own gifts, his mother under solemn oath not to even peek at that end of the mantel until Christmas morning. She in her turn contrived all sorts of trifles to fill Harry’s stocking, piling the larger presents beneath. Then in the morning, children together, sitting down on the floor with the ungainly stockings, each in turn would pull a package from their depths, in

glee and much merriment, venturing a guess as to what it contained. Oh, those were merry Christmases in that little Berkshire home. And the joy of the boy was life to the mother's heart, and the mother's pleasure swelled the joy of the boy. Chums, these two, as Horton had well said.

So, as the stockings caught her eye, Mrs Tobey forgot for the time being her worn nerves and aching muscles. Going to a closet she drew from their hiding place the presents she had for Harry, little things that she had made or that had been sent him by his cousins. One by one they were slipped into the black stocking until it could hold no more. Beneath she placed two packages that had come by mail, books by the shape, and beside them set a pair of stout boots, her present to him, for in the economics of this little household, Christmas could be none other than practical, be it merry as it might. Harry had long since learned this, and though, boy-like, he sometimes bemoaned that his presents must always be something for daily use rather than for his pleasure, the cloud was but for a moment, and was dissipated in the philosophical reflection that when the other fellows' toys and things were gone, he had just begun to get the worth of his presents. It had been a hard struggle with Mrs Tobey to get those boots and not the skates. Harry had set his heart on skates, having outgrown his old pair, but pinch and save as she would, she could not see her way clear to get them, for skates cost more in those days than they do now. Go in debt for them she would not. The temptation had been sore. She had even hesitated that night in the village store as she saw the display of skates, and none had guessed the heavy heart that lay behind that cheery nod and merry Christmas to old Mr Clark as she left the store. Mrs Tobey had a horror of that old, old man-of-the-sea, debt. Not even for the necessities of life would she be so saddled, to say nothing of luxuries, and so she saw the weeks of saving and pinching go for naught. Not one-hundredth part of the disappointment that was the little mother's early that evening could have been the boy's in the morning when he awoke to find no skates. But he was to have them, after all, thanks to Harold Gridley, and the tears that fell on the brown paper parcel as she placed it beside the boots, were of joy and thankfulness.

Only a mother whose all is in her boy, and knowing that at best Christmas cannot bring overmuch, can know the pleasure that Mrs Tobey found in filling that stocking. When it was finished, she once more sought the rocker, and resting there, her mind ran back to the Christmas of by-gone years, to Harry's first Christmas, when, not a year old, he had been left fatherless. A sad, sad Christmas, then, the baby boy snuggling in her bosom, the tiny clinging arms about her neck, her sole joy. Then the succeeding Christmases and the happy little conceits that grew up about them, as the hanging of the stockings. Merry indeed had some of them been, the merrier perhaps for the little wherewith they had had to do. But always they had each other, and was not that enough to make them merry? Year by year the boy's wants and needs had grown, and year by year the daily struggle for life had grown more and more severe. She was ambitious, was this frail little woman, for her boy, and none but he knew, and he could not know fully, how hard she worked to keep him in school and well clothed. Harry helped now, but he needed so much more than when he was little. It had been a hard, bitter struggle the past year, up 5 o'clock and working till 11 at night. Somehow it had been hard to get into the spirit at of the holidays this year. She was so tired, so very tired. Life

seemed so unequal, unjust. Sometimes she had almost doubted that there was a Father above whose eye saw all and whose infinite love encompassed all.

The lamp burned low, flickered and went out. The Yule log at the back of the fire-place glowed a dull red, with now and then a wavering, fitful flicker of flame, throwing an uncertain light on the little woman sleeping there. The little clock on the mantel, ticking loudly, suddenly hesitated, ticked feebly as if it, too, was tired, and then stopped. There Harry's "Wish yer Merry Christmas! Caught yer first!" ringing through the house, found her still in the rocker.

A merry Christmas it was. Harry, rushing outdoors for an armful of wood, nearly tripped over a basket on the doorstep. Beneath a covering of holly with its green leaves and shining berries, he found a turkey, oranges, white grapes, bananas and all sorts of good things. A card addressed, "A Merry Christmas for Harry Tobey and his mother," was in a hand suspiciously like Squire Horton's. On the reverse side was written:

"If the wishes of others may merriment sway,
Then none be so merry as thou art to-day."

Simply and plainly was the old, old story of the Christ child told from the pulpit of the little white meeting house that day. The glorious sunlight, softened by the whitewashed windows, still flooded the little church with subdued light. The choir in the gallery at the back rose. It seemed to Harold Gridley, sitting in the Squire's pew, that the very spirit of peace hovered above the expectant faces of the congregation. "On earth peace, good will toward men." Surely it was reflected in the face of the little woman in sober gray whose courage has so won his respect.

Clear, triumphant, joyful the voices of the singers rose:

"The star of Bethlehem shineth—shineth,
Down the ages shineth,
For Christ was born to-day,
Was born to-day,
Was born to-day,
For Christ was born to-day."

Sweeter, clearer, rose the carol, the souls of the singers throbbing in the measure:

"Rejoice, rejoice, my heart alway,
For Christ was born to-day,
Was born to-day."

The Widow Tobey bowed her head in humble prayer. "Heavenly Father, wilt thou forgive the sin of a weary heart, for almost I had doubted. But thou in thy infinite tenderness hath this day made manifest the spirit of Him whom thou didst send unto us. Amen." And love, which is the spirit of Christmas, filled the hearts in the little white meeting house.

American Agriculturist. December 23, 1899. p. 22; *Springfield Homestead*, December 23, 1899.

Peace on Earth.

No byline

On earth peace, toward men good will.
God of our fathers, give us still
Courage, strength, the faith to find
The mighty purpose of thy mind.
Through all the tumult and the shout.
Where might makes right and banners flout
Blood red; where rage and hate and strife
And carnage, hideous, are rife;
Where man destroys his fellow man
For greed, for gold, because he can;
Help us to trace the guiding ray
Of Bethlehem's star in this dark day.

Peace on earth! Thou dost not mock!
Yet shakes the earth with battle's shock!
And blood runs riot o'er the field
Of war, and death's rich harvest yield
Is garnered from the ranks of men
Who claim the brotherhood and then
Forget their common parentage and seek,
For lust of power, to crush the weak.
Peace! Hark! from hearthstones rise
The widow's sobs; the heart-wrung cries
Of children fatherless; the mother's moans!
God of our fathers, hear their groans.

Good will toward men! We pray thee teach
Our hearts thy way; to give us each
The faith to feel that in thy plan
Bethlehem's star shall still lead man.
That this dread chaos and the fierce
Turbulent passions that now pierce
The social fabric, and that rend
Brother from brother, friend from friend,
Are but the throes of mighty birth
Whence peace shall spring to rule the earth.
God of battle, we pray thee still,
On earth peace, toward men good will.

Springfield Homestead. December 23, 1899. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The death of Gen Lawton is the severest blow we have suffered in the Philippines, and it is felt with peculiar force here in Springfield, for it has been a matter of pride with our Cuban veterans that they served under Lawton. He was more than a figurehead, he was a personality to his men and where he led there was never lack of followers. Had we had more Lawtons and fewer Otises and Shafters, the Filipino problem might now be solved.

Ohio farmers are to make a determined fight for a change in the state's game laws. They will endeavor to pass a bill giving land owners the right to kill game on their own premises at whatever season they will. They want it made a misdemeanor for a person to kill any kind of game on a man's farm without the permission of the owner, whereas now a hunter who shoots game on a piece of land without such permission can only be held for trespass. Of course such radical measures as these can hardly be passed, but the effort calls attention to the fact, as true in our own state as in Ohio, that in our present game laws a certain injustice is done the farmer. It is a fact that the rights of the property owner are too often disregarded. Because a man's property is a farm and not a city building lot, his rights are not less. There is a lamentable friction and constant irritation between the city man and the farmer, due too often to the former's assumption that because the glorious air of the country and the blessed sunshine are free, everything else is or should be.

Springfield Homestead. December 23, 1899 [scrapbook]

MacDougall's Philosophy.

Waldo

WILLIE CONDEMNS THE NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS AND MORALIZERS
– FAVORS RETROSPECTION TO AVOID THE BUNKERS AND HAZARDS OF LIFE

Willie MacDougall has played his last game of golf for this year. At least he says he has and Willie is too good a churchman for us to doubt his word. But all the same I am thinking that sorrow lies heavy on his heart and the greatest cross that the twelve-month has brought to him is that the year's end comes on the Sabbath and his conscience will not permit him to celebrate the last day as he would like – on the links. I called at his house yesterday evening to pay my respects and to thank Willie for the set of clubs and the bit of a Christmas note with them. "Laddie, A would gie ye the riches o' the world, sic riches as canna be bought an' no man 'ill be takin' frae ye – the appreciation o' the beauty o' the world, the hieland an' the glen, the bit posy i' the grass o' the hillside, the glint o' the sun i' the burn, the shadow of the cloud an' the glory o' the setting sun. Laddie, ye' ill accept these bit sticks for wi' the use o' them 'ill come the wealth o' which A hae spoken." I am getting to know Willie now, and it was not for the clubs I thanked him, but for his thought of me and for numbering me within the circle of his affections, and I could see that he was well pleased.

Long we sat with no lights save from the open fire and the glow from the embers softened the rugged outline of Willie's face as he watched the shadows dance and play on the window curtains. Long we sat and then Willie spoke.

"Laddie, the new year 'ill be maist here." I nodded. "Hae ye made resolutions for the year?" This time I shook my head.

Willie watched the flying sparks a moment ere he spoke, then he gave me of his opinions and the meat extracted from the burr of his Highland tongue is sweet. "It iss weel, laddie, it iss weel! A 'ill no be a believer i' the makin' o' resolutions for the new year. Na, na, it iss no the richt thing for ye 'ill no be keepin' them an' wi' every one ye 'ill be breakin' ye 'ill be smoothin' the way tae breakin' the ithers, till yir feet fair slip awa' frae under, an' by the end o' the year ye 'ill no mind what it wass ye would no be doin'. Laddie, ve understand that by this A 'ill be meanin' set resolutions, sic as yon laddie and lassie 'ill be writin' oot on a bit paper, thoct up i' five meenuits, beautiful tae read, but no tae be remembered when the licht o' the mornin' sun hae found them among the scattered papers o' the desk. Na, laddie, na, the world iss never the better for the written resolutions that mak' sic pretty readin' on the first mornin' o' the year. The texts 'ill be good, but they 'ill stand alone wi' no sermon wi' each and the meat o' them 'ill no be tasted by the writers.

"Losh, mon, div ye no see the verra foundation on which they 'ill rest iss no mair staple than yon burn wi' the sun full on its first scum o' ice? Resolved: That, A 'ill keep these resolutions through the year! There ye hae it, laddie; the foundation o' the whole.

An' ye ken when ye write it that it iss no in human nature tae abide by sic set rules an' that ye can na mair keep frae breakin' them than ye can play golf wi' oot a knowledge o' the game. Wi' the first one broken iss the foundation shattered.

But, laddie, ye ken A 'ill no be sayin' ye maun no try tae mak' the new year better! It iss that ye 'ill no be puttin' It doon on a bit paper in resolution form. No, laddie, ya 'ill be doin' this: Ye 'ill put oot the lichts when the last supper o' the old year iss eaten; ye 'ill pile the logs i' the fire place an' ye 'ill draw yir chair tae a corner where the warmth 'ill be pleasant, the shadow across yir een an' where ye can watch the curl o' the flame an' the snap o' the sparks. Then ye 'ill no open the blank book o' the future year an' blot its index page wi' resolutions wi' what ye 'ill an' 'ill no hae engraved on its pages for God alone may ken that, but ye 'ill open the book o' the year that iss gone an' wi' the readin' glass o' retrospection ye 'ill read what iss written an' the glass 'ill make plain that which wass no clear when it wass inscribed. Ye 'ill read the good an' the bad an' memory 'ill turn the pages.

"Laddie, ye 'ill see muckle that 'ill be not tae yir likin', mair mayhap, than that wi' which ye 'ill be well pleased. Ye 'ill see where ye hae made mony a 'foozle' an' where many a good stroke ended in a 'rub o' the green' through no fault o' yir own, but frae the interference o' circumstances ower which ye wass haein' na control. Ye 'ill see how many a ball wass 'topped' because o' the haste o' a quick temper an' ye 'ill be seein' where ye should hae used the lofter an' no the driver, an' the niblick an' no the cleek. But ye 'ill also find that many a good deed wass 'gobbled' when ye could hae hoped to hae na mair than reached the puttin' green, and the bunkers 'ill no look sae high an' the hazards sae deeficult as they once did. Ye 'ill be seein' yir mistakes, but wi' them ye 'ill be seein' how they micht hae been avoided an' the knowledge ye 'ill gain 'ill be a safeguard i' the year tae come. Ye 'ill ken how tae clear the hazard next time an' yir drive 'ill no fall short.

"Na, na, laddie, dinna waste yir ink an' yir time an' sully a fair page wi' resolutions, for at the end o' the year that page 'ill be the dourest page o' all, sae blotted an' crossed wi' unsightly lines as tae hide the oreiginal writing which wass once sae fair. Na, laddie, sit down wi' memory an' wi' the glass o' retrospection, study the book o' Twelvemonth Gone. The knowledge ye 'ill gain 'ill come tae yir aid when the verra form o' yir resolutions would be forgot. Look into the new year wi' high hope and determination tae swing a good club an' tae play a good game, but take wi' ye the licht of self knowledge tae make plain the hazards an' the bunkers."

Springfield Homestead. December 30, 1899. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

Tomorrow at midnight bells the world over will chime out the glad tidings of the turning of a new leaf in the book of years. It is a time when every heart should beat high with hope, every eye brighten in anticipation of the possibilities that the new year must bring, every soul thrill with the courage to forget the defeats of the past, to grapple in abiding faith with the issues so soon to unfold. It is a time for a new start, new impulses – a time for joy. But, alas! by many a hearth the new year is hailed with dread. What will it bring? The war dogs are loose and their ominous growl is heard in palace and in cot. Will the new year bring father, brother, husband home or will it bring a sorrow that shall last while life shall be? Verily, it will be mockery to many, this glad hail – a happy new year.

It was a Christmas indeed that the Salvation Army gave the poor of the city, for there if anywhere was the true spirit of the day made manifest, the spirit of love. Practical Christianity this which feeds the hungry and clothes the destitute, better than all the sermons ever preached.

Springfield Homestead. December 30, 1899. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

From all reports last week's business on Main street was of exceptional volume, many stores closing Saturday night with the high water mark of years for Christmas eve. But Christmas morning found very many of the stores open and the day at best was but a half holiday for many clerks. Springfield celebrates but few holidays, fewer than are celebrated elsewhere in the state, and this effort to clutch a few more dollars on the holidays that are legal and kept the country over, savors strongly of penny pinching. Surely the clerks who slaved, as the Christmas rush must force them to slave, till 11 o'clock Saturday night, earned thrice over the right to Monday to spend as they would.

Springfield Homestead. December 30, 1899. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

Another year begins and the waters ripple as merrily as, of yore over Windsor flats and the mud banks loom up and the black rocks glint in the sun and navigation appears grounded in opposition as badly as ever a steamer would be that attempted a passage above Hartford. Will the new year bring a live navigator to pilot this measure that means so much to Springfield and Holyoke, through, or will it bring only another pleasure trip on the Mascot from the Paper city to Thompsonville?

Springfield Homestead. December 30, 1899. [scrapbook]

Thornton Burgess's writing for the *Springfield Homestead* dominates this year, thanks to the material found in the scrapbook in the Massachusetts Historical Society archives. The editorials cover an even wider range of topics than the previous year, including: extensive discussion of the politics of a proposed revision to the Massachusetts game laws (indeed, Burgess contributes a pseudonymous letter to editor about this); plans to make the Connecticut River more navigable by large boats; the spraying of trees to prevent elm bug infestation; interest in a house sparrow extermination club; the problem of boys shooting birds with air guns; and the indecency of youths at swimming holes (which, nevertheless, was celebrated in an untitled poem about a "little naked brown boy" in August). The Scottish character, Willie MacDougall, returned ten more times, most notably to make a "plea for animals" in August.

Burgess continued to contribute short stories, articles and verse to the *American Agriculturist* and *Springfield Homestead*. Of note are: "The Point of the Hook," which connects Burgess's favorite pastime to his thoughts about effective persuasion; "Man's Share in Housework," in which Burgess (posing as a correspondent), challenges the presumption that only wives should do both house and farm work; and an untitled poem in October about the pleasures of hunting bob-white quail.

In November, Burgess was published for the first time in *Good Housekeeping*, the long-running Phelps home magazine, with his Thanksgiving-themed poem, "More Grandpa!" This publication would come to dominate his work in the future and he would rise to the position of managing editor. [source: HathiTrust *Good Housekeeping* collection.] Of note is his first animal-themed feature story for the publication, "Dogs for the Home;" a poem about an ideal father-son relationship, "My Dad an' Me," reprinted in many newspapers; and "Rules of a Candy Maker," credited to Mrs. Fannie C. Burgess but ghost-written by her son.

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The navigation association began the new year with a meeting last night and the affairs of the association were put on a more businesslike footing than they have been hitherto. It now remains to be seen if the association is in earnest. As The Homestead suggested last summer navigation is a subject that should be taken hold of by every business man, but more especially by the merchants and manufacturers. During a considerable portion of the year a small, very light draft boat can be run between this city and Hartford, under present conditions, or at least with a little fixing of the locks. A boat, even a very small boat, making regular trips would have businesslike air that would at least strengthen the demands made upon congress for an open river. Windsor Locks to Hartford is not such a long distance that the cost of dredging a channel need be excessive as compared with outlays for similar purposes elsewhere. The bottom is largely silt or sand and the natural obstacles few. Save in the spring freshets the deposits of silt are comparatively light and it should not be a matter of great difficulty to keep a clear channel, once one is made. By all means let us have the river opened. It means lower freight rates for two cities. It means the placing of the interests of Springfield and Holyoke manufacturers and merchants beyond the possibility of a blow from any railroad or combination of railroads. There has been talk enough all these years, now let's do something.

Springfield Homestead. January 6, 1900.[scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The Homestead last week stated the complaint of a man living on West Court street that his drinking water is heated to an unpleasant degree by Holly steam. Since then investigation has shown that similar trouble is experienced elsewhere in that neighborhood and on lower State street. Torn up streets, steam geysers at sewer manholes, dying trees, frightened horses and the city water supply in certain sections made unfit to drink – how much more is needed to constitute a public nuisance?

Springfield Homestead. January 6, 1900.[scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The Young Men's Christian association added the manly art of self defense to its gymnasium course this week. We may now hope to have the fine line which divides the boxer from the pugilist defined and pointed out.

The city of Somerville long suffered from its water supply drawn from Mystic ponds around which were located several tanneries and into which more or less filth drained. But at the worst, and that was pretty bad, it could be used for washing purposes, whereas there were one or two days this week when our own supply was so nauseating that it was not fit for bathing purposes and more than one housewife let her laundry go over for a week. Even Somerville would not stand for that.

Springfield Homestead. January 13, 1900.[scrapbook]

This Little Piggy went to Market.

Waldo

This little pig went to market,
Think you he went to buy?
Nestle, my wee one, closer,
Close where the heartbeats lie.
Think you he went for roast beef,
Or, think you he went for bread?
How do you think he journeyed
And what do you think he said?

Pink as the rose and sweeter
Than ever a rose that grew,
This little pig went to market
And only his mother knew.
This little pig went to market
And bought in the open mart,
For a nod and laugh and a kiss, sir,
The love of a mother's heart!

Springfield Homestead. January 20, 1900. p. 14

MacDougall Moralized.

Waldo

LIKES AN OCCASIONAL PIPE BUT THINKS SMOKERS AS A WHOLE A SELFISH LOT – DRAWS SMOKE PICTURES.

Willie MacDougall sat alone by his open fire with his thoughts and his pipe and the back-logs ruddy glow upon his face. The good wife was out for the evening, else had I not found Willie in company with his pipe. It was good tobacco Willie smoked, for Willie is a connoisseur of many things. He was not minded to talk nor was I, for it is to listen and not to exercise my own speech that I seek Willie's hearth. I watched the thin blue halo about Willie's, head and dreamed dreams, and the embers burned low and still Willie studied the fitful flicker and curling smoke wreaths. Then I knew that I must loose Willie's tongue or spend the evening in company with my own thoughts.

"Willie," said I, "I have been seeing pictures in the smoke of your pipe and I am thinking you have seen the same."

"What 'ill they be, laddie?" asked MacDougall, watching a smoke ring shoot from his pursed lips, expand, grow thinner and vanish.

"You have been seeing the new 18 hole course at the Country club and yourself with the lowest score. You have been seeing the new hazards and making the long drives with the new club you have spent the month upon. You have –"

"Sall, mon!" interrupted MacDougall, "ye 'ill think A 'ill hae na thochts fer onything but the golf, but ye 'ill be wrong. Laddie, golf iss a graund game an' A would no gie muckle fer livin' could A no cross the glen an' the hie-lands wi' ma bit ball an' ma clubs, but it iss no o' the game, but o' ither things A 'ill be thinkin'. Laddie, the gude wife iss awa' else would there be na pipe the nicht. Why? 'Ill she no let me smoke i' the house? Aye, laddie, richt glad would she be tae see me smoke by the fire, fer she kens A hae a likin' fer the bit pipe, but laddie, the smell o' the weed 'ill no be pleasant tae her an' A 'ill no force it upon her."

Willie looked long at the fire, then he picked up the thread again.

"Mon 'iss a creature o' habit an' there 'ill be na habit wi' sic selfishness as the smoke habit. Sall, mon, it iss awfu'. An' the women 'ill be tae blame. Oh, yuss, the women 'ill be tae blame, for they micht resent the insults offered them daily an' they dinna.' Willie was warming to his subject.

"Dinna ye see, laddie, that if a mon 'ill be sittin' an' haein' speech wi' a ledgy he hae na richt tae say tae her, Div ye mind if A 'ill be smokin'? or iss the odor o' a cigar disagreeable? It dinna matter if the ledgy hae a likin' fer the smell o' the weed and iss no tae be offended for the mon 'ill be insultin' her the same. He 'ill be sayin' it iss pleasant tae be haein' speech wi' ye, but ma thochts 'ill be wi' ma cigar an' it 'ill be pleasanter tae commune wi' Mistress Nicotine. An' again, he 'ill be indulgin' himsel' in a pleasure i' the enjoyment o' which she canna hae a part. It iss as if he would help himsel' tae sweetmeats or fruit or ony ither thing an' no offer her some. It iss selfishness. An' when the gentlemen 'ill be excusin' themsel's frae the drawin' room tae

seek the smokin' room, they 'ill be sayin', leddies, yir society iss gude, but a smoke iss better.

"An', laddie, hae ye no cursed the smoke habit yirsel' when ye maun stand i' the vestibule o' a crowded car an' hae the smoke o' cheap tobacco puffed in yir face and be forced tae breathe the vile air that iss tainted wi' dead smoke? Laddie, laddie, it iss a selfish habit!

"But, laddie, ye'll mind A am condemnin' smokin'. Na, na, laddie, only as it iss forced on the comfort an' richts o' ither folk, for A 'ill be likin' a bit pipe masel'. But there iss time an' place, laddie, mind that. For when ye hae been trampin' ower the links wi' the clubs, or down the burn wi' a rod, or ower the hills wi' a gun, and the legs 'ill get a bit weary, then 'ill ye find a warm spot where the sun 'ill break through the limbs an' 'ill make lace work o' licht an' shadow across the leaves that lie, dead memories o' summer greenness o' a year gone by; ye 'ill listen tae the burn, tae the chatter o' the squirrel, the caw o' the crow, the drum o' the partridge an the happiness o' the little birds. Then ye 'ill tak' oot yir pipe an' fill it wi' care. Ye 'ill lay back an' burn the incense o' contentment tae the joy o' life an' livin'. An' ye 'ill watch the blue o' the heavens through the veil o' smoke an' ye 'ill dream dreams an' Mistress Nicotine 'ill weave them i' the substance o' the smoke. Ye 'ill be seein' the sunlight o' old days an' it 'ill play on the faces o' old comrades. Ye 'ill wander by familiar burns an' in the bypaths o' glen an' woodland that boyhood's eyes discovered. Or, mayhap, the smoke 'ill be but the halo for a face ye 'ill be haein' enshrined in yir heart an' ye 'ill build castles for the future seen i' the softened glory wi' which through the purple haze o' eventide ye 'ill see the hilltops touched wi' the lingerin' ray o' the settin' sun, an' through an' i' each castle will shine the face. Aye, laddie, there 'ill be times an' places tae smoke, but no when it iss to the discomfort o' ithers."

Ma pipe! Ah, yuss, gie me ma pipe,
An' let me dream o' days
That like the fallen leaves hae blown
A thousand diverse ways.

Gie me tae see the sunshine through
A wreath o' curlin' smoke;
Tae see the hame A used tae ken
An' auld familiar fauk.

Tae see the face o' her A love
Between me an' the sky,
A halo 'round her bonnie head,
The love licht i' her eye.

Tae see the turrets on the walls,
O' castles grund an' fair,
An' hear the music o' her voice,
Ma leddy singin' there.

Springfield Homestead. January 20, 1900. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The educational reform meeting called by Rev Joseph L. Dixon, Wednesday evening, was not altogether a success either as to attendance or practical good accomplished. Mr Dixon believes firmly that "the boy is father of the man," and that the criminal becomes such before he is seven, often before he is five. Whether criminal history will bear Mr Dixon out or not is a question, for many a criminal has led an exemplary youth and many of our best men were the quick tempered, so-called bad boys seldom out of hot water. However, Mr Dixon's plea that the great need of the day is educational reform, especially along religious lines, has much of truth in it. Mr Dixon contends that a spirit of apathy is growing in the Sunday schools, and he is undoubtedly right. A canvass of the Sunday schools of this city would develop a very large percentage of the children attending because they must and a surprising number of older folk because it is right; few from thorough live interest in the work. The methods of the church should be changed, said Mr Dixon. Undoubtedly they should, but how? A class for the study of this problem, such as Mr Dixon would organize, would unquestionably find some interesting problems.

Springfield Homestead. January 20, 1900. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The gypsy moth bobs house with its usual serenity, and the annual fight opens with an order for an investigation of the moth commission. Entomologists have said that the bug can be exterminated, but it would seem that despite the commission's efforts the moth continues to hold its own. If it is suspected that there is crooked work on the part of the commission, let there be an investigation by all means, but don't throw up the whole thing and leave the fight to the farmers. The latter cannot control the forest and apple tree worms, and yet these, bad as they are, do not begin to play the havoc of the gypsy moth. The annual appropriation looks larger the farther you get from it, so that to many in this end of the state it is apt to look like an enormous waste. You have got to see the worms at work to realize the danger that threatens. The elm beetle is bad enough, but the gypsy moth is worse. Investigate if need be, but stamp out the pest.

Springfield Homestead. January 20, 1900. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

Now is the navigation association's opportunity. Buy the Mascot and at least make a bluff at opening a line from Holyoke to Hartford. She draws but 3 1/2 feet and much of the time she could be successfully navigated over Windsor flats. She will pass through the locks. The Mascot should be able to carry enough light freight to pay expenses, and if she did no more than this, the game would be worth the candle; navigation would be an accomplished fact. Now is the time for Commodore Morgan to get a ship of the line, hoist the flag of the navigation association and confront congress with the impediments in the way of actual navigation, not proposed navigation.

Springfield Homestead. January 27, 1900.[scrapbook]

Reforming the Game Laws.

“Sportsman”

Sportsmen are very much in earnest in their efforts to better the game laws. A shorter open season and death to the market hunter's business is the slogan and every fair-minded person will aid them in their efforts. The claim is made that the passage of such a bill would be class legislation and that the sportsmen are fighting for selfish ends. This is untrue. So long as there is an open market for game, so long will the snarer and pot hunter continue his nefarious business despite the watchfulness of game wardens and the efforts of game protective associations. Against the gun and dog the natural cunning and strong wings of the game bird leave the odds still in his favor, but against the horse-hair noose he is helpless. No sadder sight is there in all our merry woodlands than the limp, brown body of Bre'r Rabbit or the lifeless grouse swinging in the hangman's noose, betrayed to death by the cunning of the assassin. A whole covey of grouse will sometimes be taken in a night. Many an unmarked snare is forgotten and the winds that blow and the hawks and the foxes alone may know of the tragedy enacted there. Class legislation! If it were not for the sportsmen there would not be a grouse or a quail in the Connecticut valley today. And if any benefit is to be derived why should it not be for the sportsmen? It is their money that has stocked many a woodland covert and keeps the beautiful wild life in many a leafy retreat, that had else been long since tenantless and desolate. By all means stop market hunting by the destruction of the market, and shorten the shooting season.

Springfield Homestead. January 27, 1900. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The reappointment of Mr Gale as city forester must meet with the approval of everyone who has given the subject of tree preservation serious thought. A forester's plans must of necessity progress slowly. They are not to be carried out in one year or two years, and the ultimate result is not to be attained for many years. Once the work has been placed in the hands of a competent man there should be no change until his plans have been executed. Another equally competent man might have radically different ideas and the change from one system to another and perhaps back again a year later could hardly fail of serious injury to the trees. Mr Gale's treatment may sometimes seem heroic, but the result in the end will usually bear him out. Those who know Mr Gale intimately know that he has put heart and soul into his work, and that there are few men in this part of the state with such intimate knowledge of tree life and its needs. The city trees are in good hands.

Springfield Homestead. February 3, 1900.[scrapbook]

MacDougall, Philosopher.

No byline

ASSERTS THAT DREAMS ARE LIFE'S COLORS – TALKS OF THE SUNSET AND OTHER THINGS.

Philosopher! How we say the word under our breaths. With what respect we bow the head and with what veneration we look upon him on whom has been conferred that title. Philosopher! How it is crowned with the majesty of learning and with what a halo of spiritual insight it is surrounded. The philosopher has climbed the pinnacles of learning until in the clear pure ether of mighty thought he may view deeds and motives in their true relations and solve the mystery of life. The philosopher, or he whom we are pleased to term philosopher, we worship afar off. And yet methinks it is all wrong. for many a true philosopher sits on the lowest of learning's steps and the world passing by sees not the beauty of a soul serene and at peace shining through a rough exterior. Such a one, I suspect, is Willie MacDougall. But he knows it not and the world knows it not, save the favored few who have caught fleeting glimpses of life through MacDougall's eyes.

The last time I called on Willie at the hill, I his snug little home on found him sitting at a western window, the reflected glory of the setting sun making beautiful the bold, rugged strength of his Scotch features. By his side lay a half-finished putter and on his knee was an open paper with the latest accounts of the doings of the curlers. It has been a great grief to Willie that he has been unable to awaken interest in curling here. The shadows fell and the vanguard of the night shrouded in purple haze the distant hills. Almost imperceptibly the crimson stain of the dying day faded from the passing cloud. The glimmer of the evening star became a pale, pure, radiant point in the fathomless depths of heaven. The landscape faded from view and only a suggestion of soft white light in the far west marked the resting place down behind the beautiful Berkshire hills, of a day gone forever. I could not see Willie's face, but I heard just the suggestion of a sigh as he turned toward me and I knew that it was peace.

"Laddie, iss it no beautiful?" said he. Then in the gloaming, listening to his deep voice with the burr of his Scottish tongue I discovered that Willie is a philosopher.

"Laddie, div ye ken what day dreams 'ill be?" he asked. But he wanted no answer. "If ye hae no had day dreams ye 'ill no ken the beauty o' life, laddie. Na, ye 'ill no ken the beauty o' life. If ye hae no at the end o' a game o' golf thrown yirsel' i' the ferns by a rinnin' burn an' builded castles graund an' fair an' lived i' them, an' if ye hae no watched the sun drop ower the western hill tops an' woven the glory o' its settin' i' dreams ye ken are but dreams, but 'Ill be no the less real for a' that, ye hae no kent what it iss tae live. Laddie, dreams 'ill be the colors which we hae been gie'n tae mak' life beautifu' and for him who dinna dream life iss but a study i' blacks an' whites wi' the shadows stronger than the lichts. Laddie, the man wha dinna dream 'ill be seein' naethin' o' the sunset but the approach o' nicht; naethin' i' the golden ripple o' the wheat field but work for the reapers; naethin' i' the white crown o' the mountain but a

flood i' the spring time. He 'ill ken richt from wrang, but his een 'ill no see the sunlight o' good intent through the shadows o' sair temptation and evil accomplishment; he 'ill weigh results, an' motives and circumstance 'ill be left oot o' the balance; he 'ill be seein' the fozzle but no the cause. He 'ill ca' himsel' a practical man an' he 'ill be looked up tae wi' muckle respec', but div ye ken, laddie, he dinna mak the world better. He is in a shadow an' he 'ill be seein' but the shadows [..n'] 'they 'ill be black. There iss nae- [..n'] o' beauty and naethin' o' music.

“But tae the man wha dreams life is fu' o' baith. He 'ill be seein' the shadows, but sympathy 'ill tone them doon an' the high lichts 'ill be the stronger by contrast. Because he hae had dreams he 'ill see in his neighbor's lowly cot the splendid castle that it wes designed tae be; he 'ill ken that beyond the wreck an' ruin o' dismal failure iss the goal o' the ideal an' he 'ill stoop tae gie a helpin' hand tae him wha hae slippit doon. Because he hae dreamed he 'ill ken that there is naethin' commonplace. The rose o' the dawn an' the crimson an' purple o' the eventide 'ill catch his een i' every phase o' life. Because he hae dreamed he 'ill hae sympathy; because he hae dreamed he 'ill hae forbearance; because he hae dreamed he 'ill hae charity. An' the greatest o' these iss charity. Laddie, watch the sunset an' dream dreams an' ye 'ill ken what it iss tae live. An' i' all the world there 'ill be no sunsets like the sunsets o' the hills o' western Massachusetts. Laddie, hae ye seen ain o' them frae the golf links?”

Springfield Homestead. February 10, 1900. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

Gen Buller has renewed his attempt to bore his way into Ladysmith, but the vague reports from the seat of war, while as yet not disheartening, certainly cannot be construed as very encouraging. It is pitiful to see with what eagerness the English press and public snatch at the suggestion that these ominous silences are but to cover some strategical move of the British commanders. Yet, under the surface is a heart-clutching fear that they are the forerunners of further disaster.

Springfield Homestead. February 10, 1900. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The war machine turns out great patriots and great butchers. There never was a war in which love of glory rather than love of cause was not a factor. It is admitted that the Boer ranks contain brilliant young French, German and American officers. Few of these men are fighting for love of the Dutch farmers or hatred of England. They are fighting for a career, for honor, for glory, perhaps for a fortune. War is their profession and they seek her laurels where they may be found. Brave men, men of honor, but adventurers. The patriot slays for his hearthstone and home. The alien in the ranks kills for glory. It is such one of the horrors of war that licensed murderers may attain the hero's pedestal.

Let us hope that the establishment of a homeopathic hospital will in a measure mitigate the petty jealousies between the physicians of the two schools of medicine. It is passing strange that these ministers to the sick and the broken in body must be jealous of one another's successes.

Springfield Homestead. February 10, 1900. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

A significant fact that argues well for future good citizenship is the keen interest taken in the study of civil government at the Elm street night school. It is the most popular of all the studies offered and the students enter into it with a zeal that shows a very live interest in the problem of the day – better government. It has been suggested that the elements of civil government be taught in connection with history in the seventh grades. The suggestion is excellent and timely. In some of the downtown schools a very large percentage of the boys get no farther than the seventh grade before they must earn their living. These boys never get even the first principles of civil government. How can we expect them to make intelligent voters? Give the boys

a chance. Civil government can be taught boys of the age of the average seventh grade youth in a way that will give them an understanding of its fundamental principles at least. It appears that the experiment is worth trying.

The determined effort the sportsmen are making to better the game laws in the interests of game protection merits the hearty support of every lover of bird and woodland life. The bill as now framed is far from what is wanted or needed, but it is a long step in the right direction. It is in reality a compromise with the market men, both sides making concessions. As it is, it prohibits the sale of ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, at any time in this state, whether killed within or without the limits of the state. The marketmen have conceded this in return for concessions from the sportsmen as regards quail. The ruffed grouse is at once the shyest and the grandest of New England's game birds and its extermination, unless better protected, is now but a question of a few years. Once gone it is gone forever, for it cannot be restocked. Quail are easily bred in captivity and the restocking of fields is but a question of money. Not so the ruffed grouse; he cannot be bred and once the whirl of his wings is silenced in the tangled covers, he will be heard no more. The new bill cuts the shooting season for grouse, woodcock and quail to two months, October and November.

Springfield Homestead. February 17, 1900. [scrapbook]

MacDougall's Spring Thoughts.

Waldo

HE SAYS THE FEEL[...]O' GOLF ISS IN THE AIR AND REJOICES IN THE PROSPECT OF AN 18-HOLE COURSE.

Willie MacDougall has finished his new set of clubs and is awaiting with some impatience the opening of the Country club's 18-hole course. Willie has been greatly interested in the visit of Harry Varden, the English champion, to this country and his disappointment was keen that he was not afforded an opportunity of crossing clubs, so to speak, with Varden while in this city. MacDougall has never knowingly intimated that he really thinks himself a match for the champion, for the sin of boastfulness was never Willie's, he being of all men most modest, but he so far committed himself when I cautiously led him to speak of his chances against the Englishman as to allow that he would "hae no been wi'oot hopes." Furthermore, I have reason to suspect that Willie's desire to beat Varden or to "win ower him," as he would cautiously phrase it, is not prompted by desire for glory, but because he can ill brook the thought of the championship going across the water. And this shows how thoroughly Americanized Willie has become, despite the bonds his mother speech hath upon his tongue. I met MacDougall just before the recent cold snap and his greeting was characteristic.

"Laddie, A ken ye 'ill be richt weel the day, for there iss the spring o' life in ilka step ye tak' and yir een hae a sparkle that iss gude." Then Willie shortened his pace to mine, but as his tongue was loosed his stride lengthened till I had to confess to a stretching of the legs to keep pace with him. Willie's thoughts were far afield warmed by the sun of long summer days.

"Losh, laddie, iss there no the feel o' golf i' the air?" he cried, drawing a long breath. "Spring 'ill no be far frae us noo an' ilka day 'ill be bringin' the bonny hoors o' the sticks an' the bit ball nearer tae us. An', laddie, 18 holes the year, 18 holes! Div ye ken what that 'ill mean? It means a full course, laddie, a full course! It means new bunkers an' untried hazards! It means new views o' a bonny landscape, new bits o' glen an' hieland tae explore, new trees an' new hiding places o' the bonny wood fauk, the birds an' the shy bit posies tae become acquainted wi' an' new trials for the temper when the bit ball hae gang astray! Ye dinna ken that a trial o' temper iss a pleasure? Havers, laddie, hae ye no learned yet that it iss no the burn that 'ill rin smoothly frae its source tae the sea that has the maist o' beauty?"

"Na, na, laddie! It iss the burn that i' its course tumbles ower rocks and races ower shallows, fretted into foam and torn wi' jagged points that maist wins oor love. For in sic a burn the deep still pools wi' the birches or mayhap the shadows o' a great hemlock ower them an' the long quiet stretches through the meadow grasses an' under the willows become a thousand times mair beautifu' for the perfect peace that hae been won frae turmoil an' discord. Laddie, it iss the contrasts i' life that 'ill be makin' it worth the livin'. It iss the owercomin' o' difficulties and the avoidin' o' hazards that 'ill be makin' contentment i' the shadows o' eventide. An' when ye hae made the last green

an 'ill be holin' oot, ye 'ill no be regrettin' that the hazards were there, but ye 'ill be filled wi' joy that ye hae won ower them. An' ye 'ill be seein' the settin' o' the sun wi' an appreciation o' its beauty born o' the calm an' peace ye would hae never kent but for a successfu' struggle wi' sair trouble.

Laddie, A 'ill be thinkin' that golf iss but the game o' life, an' it's this that hae made it sic a graund game wi' sic a strang hold on the people. Ye 'ill start frae the vantage point o' the tee wi' everything i' yir favor and ye 'ill make a drive long or short as yir ain ability 'ill allow. Then 'll come the hazards which 'ill try the temper sairly. But, laddie, when the bit ball iss hidden 'i the briers an' it 'ill take many strokes tae bring it oot, bide a wee an' listen. Ye 'ill hear the singin' o' the birds mayhap clearer than on the smoother green, an' among the brambles that clutch yir clothes ye 'ill find a sweet wild rose sic as the close cut green may never ken. Then will ye make yir strokes wi' sic care that presently ye 'ill be i' the open again an' makin' a gude approach. An' when ye 'ill hae trouble at the bunker the scent o' the rose will be wi' ye still an' the song birds 'ill no be far distant if ye 'ill but listen for them. Laddie, ye maun learn tae play golf, for it iss a graund game and he wha kens it best loves it maist. It iss a graund game and the end iss peace. The feel o' it iss in the air noo, laddie, the feel o' it iss in the air noo."

Springfield Homestead. March 3, 1900. [scrapbook]

The Point of the Hook.

W. T. B.

At a bend in the stream where the willows grew tall,
And the waters ran slow and were deep,
When there came to our ears the low sound of a fall,
And we heard through the pines the soft sweep
Of the sweet summer wind; there we fished for the trout,
My young nephew, Jack Sully, and I.
I did not catch a fish, but the lad pulled them out.
Till I, envious, said with a sigh:

“I am tired, Jackie dear, the monotony’s great;
Here I sit without ever a bite.
I have not caught a fish, while you have six or eight;
Now please cast on this subject a light.”
From the bed of the stream Nephew Jack drew his bait.
Just a glance and ‘twas back in the brook
“My dear uncle,” he said, “you’ll e’er sit here and wait,
If you don’t hide the point of your hook.”

Then I fell in a muse and neglected to fish;
As an angler I failed of success,
But to be angled for I was all one could wish.
And to having been caught I confess
Quite a number of times; there was once, young and green,
I contracted a ten-dollar book;
For the agent who caught me did up his work clean –
He had hidden the point of his hook.

On another occasion the most charming girl
I had, up to that period known,
Set my pulses a flutter, my brain in a whirl
And my heart bowing down at her throne;
She accepted my homage and helped spend my cash,
She repaid with a smile or a look,
Then she married another – my heart went to smash—
She had well hid the point of her hook.

There’s been real estate men, each with promise of wealth,
Patentees having each a sure thing,
Who have angled for me with precision and stealth
And who at the right moment, would fling.
Their bait to this gudgeon; seemed they knew I would bite
So their bait cast they down in my nook
And they caught me, and so did some brokers all right.

For each man hid the point of his hook.

There's for me consolation, I'm not all alone—
Than the fishes, the fished-for are more.
It's a fact – when before then a fine bait is thrown
There are always keen biters galore.
Among men and women, and the reason they do,
Like the foolish young trout in the brook
Is the fact that they cannot, from their point of view
'Neath the bait see the point of the hook.

Springfield Homestead. March 3, 1900. P. 14 [scrapbook]

Woman's Share in Farm Work: Man's Share in Housework.

W.T.B., Nebraska

A great many people should only consider this question in connection with its opposite—"man's share in housework." The subject certainly suggests that woman has a share in farm work. The writer, in accepting this as true, would urge that the reader accept the other suggestion as also true—that man has a share in the housework. In this connection I offer the thought that part of man's housework is found in the supplying of conveniences with which the work is to be done. And a little planning along the line of arrangement of rooms, fuel and water supply, etc, will save many steps. Let the man "play fair" by providing the woman as many conveniences with which to do the housework as he provides himself for the doing of farm work. Woman's lot can certainly be greatly bettered along these lines.

The word "share" is used in the foregoing only for the purpose of indicating the direction which certain efforts should take. It should not be understood in the sense of "stint" or "limit." The feeling that "I have done my share" should not be encouraged. The work of the house and farm should not be a matter of "shares" in the "limit" or "stint" sense, but a matter of accomplishing the most possible (or desirable) with a given amount of strength, all members of the family working together harmoniously for that purpose and to that end, each in the place best adapted to his or her strength or training. The question of working indoors or outdoors thus loses much of its significance. "Oh, well," some one says, "this is all nice enough on paper, but how are you going to get the family to really work harmoniously in this way? Let all understand the necessity for working—the ends for which you are striving—and know that they are to participate in the profits. Too often is it felt (though unjustly) that the man is the only one being benefited. Secure the interest of all by asking advice of all and talking plans over freely. When it is once felt that what is being done is for the good of all, there will be little further difficulty.

Mrs B. is not only willing, but glad, to help in whatever outdoor work she can do. Aside from the motive of helping, she likes the open air and appreciates the opportunity to get out of doors, knowing that such exercise is conducive to health and the pleasure of living. And when not doing more or less of such work, she finds it helpful to take a walk or outdoor run some time through the day or even after night if no other time is available. Having a family of generous size, her time is mostly required indoors, but during the summer season she does most of the work connected with the raising of the poultry, and during the inter season I relieve her of the care of the biddies, and during the busiest of the summer season she occasionally helps with the garden.

"Does the outdoor air or the change from household routine compensate for the work left undone in the house, or for the added strain?" I asked Mrs B. this question and she answered, "Yes, when I feel tired and nervous, a little outdoor work makes me feel like a new person, and I can come back and go to work again with new energy."

Such work has interfered but little with the proper care of the family.

“Is there any way in which certain outdoor work could be done by the woman in exchange for the lifting and other heavy indoor work?” As our work is not done on the “share” plan, one could not “exchange” work in “return” for other work. However, having regard for the relative strength of the different members of the family, I make a point of doing much of the heavy work around the house, such as carrying water and operating the lever of the washing machine.

“How far can the wife go in helping her husband in the dairy and outdoors, without injustice to her health and her children and the incurring of doctor’s bills?” This is an instance where circumstances alter the case. The question can only be answered individually. There is a vast difference in strength, the amount of housework to be done, etc. In general, it may be said that one’s health and the proper training of the children should be regarded as of first importance, and no work undertaken that would jeopardize either.

American Agriculturist. March 10, 1900. p 32.

Reprinted in newspapers including *Oregon Statesman*, March 30, 1900.

Navigation in a Small Way.

No byline.

The feasibility of The Homestead's plan for navigation in a small way as a starter, preparatory to securing the opening of the river to larger boats, is arousing much interest and is being discussed by certain members of the board of trade and the navigation association, who are awake to the possible influence actual navigation might have with congress during the consideration of the river and harbor bill another year. Congressmen Gillett and Lawrence have been written to relative to the matter and their opinions as expressed in their replies are of some interest. Mr Lawrence writes that after talking the matter over with Mr Gillett he is of the opinion that such a scheme is not essential to the passage of the appropriation and in the advent of its failure might prove decidedly detrimental.

Mr Gillett says that there is no doubt in his mind that the house will pass the necessary appropriation when the river and harbor bill is considered, probably next winter, and that he anticipates no difficulty in the senate. He thinks that failure of an attempt at navigation in a small way now might seriously injure the navigation bill's chances. He further states that successful navigation now would undoubtedly materially assist the passage of the bill.

The whole matter, then, narrows down to a matter of risk – will it risk the chances of ultimate navigation for large boats to try navigation in a small way now, and if it will, is not the possible benefit to be derived from success great enough to risk the possibilities of failure? It would seem that it should be no very difficult matter to be practically certain of the ultimate result with a comparatively small outlay of money before an actual attempt at navigation is made. As The Homestead has pointed out, the greater part of the river is now navigable at low water to the Mascot, provided she has a pilot who knows the channel. There are three points at which trouble might be expected, and which will require some dredging, just below the locks. Scantic river flats and the flats just above Hartford.

The Mascot loaded draws 3 1/2 feet of water. The amount of dredging to secure this over the flats would be small and the flats being of light sand and silt the work would be easy. It would be an easy and comparatively inexpensive matter to have a dredging expert look the course over and figure out the amount to be dredged and the cost. Once a channel is made the continual passage of a screw boat will tend to keep it open if the experience of the old-time stern wheelers counts for anything. There can be no great difficulty in finding out what dock facilities can be secured at Hartford. With a knowledge of these facts beforehand it can be pretty nearly determined without sending the Mascot on even a preliminary voyage, whether or not the venture will succeed. The Homestead believes it will, if too much is not looked for at first and bases its opinion on the testimony of men who know the river and the difficulties to be overcome. Establish actual navigation and you have the opening wedge. At all events before the matter is dropped it should be looked into sufficiently to be certain of its impracticability.

Springfield Homestead. March 17, 1900. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The hearing before the fish and game committee at Boston this week developed a sorry condition of affairs in all parts of the state as regards the ruffed grouse or so-called partridge. The testimony was universal from Cape Cod to the Berkshire hills, that the days of this grandest of New England's game birds are numbered unless stringent measures for its protection are taken at once. The value of the bird in the market puts a price upon its head, and careful students of bird life place the day when the word "exterminated" shall be written against its name, as it is against that of the wild turkey, and from the same cause, at not later than five years from the present time. It is not a matter of legislating in favor of any one class, marketmen or sportsmen, pot hunters or epicures, but the simple retaining or losing forever of one of the shyest, most beautiful and oldest of the little wild folk who inhabit our woods. The heath hen and the wild turkey have gone – shall the grouse follow in their steps? Shall the woods be made desolate and the people at large be robbed of the pleasure that chance glimpses of these woodland folk at home afford, that the epicure's palate may be tickled for a time, and the marketman's pocket lined?

Springfield Homestead. March 17, 1900. [scrapbook]

MacDougall's Birthday.

Waldo

HAS HOLED OUT FOR THE 45TH TIME AND IS PROUD OF IT – SOME REMARKS ABOUT AGE.

Willie MacDougall has had a birthday. It was a very quiet affair. Indeed, I was the only guest from without the little family circle which I consider no small honor. Willie met me at the door and the light of peace and happiness was upon his honest face and the grip of his great horny hand was not the less pleasant because of the momentary twinge of pain it afforded me. His greeting was characteristic. "Coom in, laddie, coom in! Sae ye hae coom ower tae see me hole oot again. Ay, laddie, it 'ill be the 45th time A hae made the approach and holed oot on the home green. And life's links hae no been bad, the year! Na, na, no bad! A hae got into a bunker now and again and mayhap foozled mair than once, but A am well pleased wi' the score."

Thus I knew that with Willie age is not a tender point and that he would be right pleased with hearty congratulations on this score. With supper cleared away, sitting in the subdued light from the shaded lamp, and close by the open fire (Willie is prejudiced against stoves) I drew Willie on to give me of his thoughts.

"Sall, laddie! It iss sic foolishness the fuss some fauk 'ill be makin' ower their age. Div ye ken, whenever A 'ill be hearin' a body lee aboot their age, it 'ill coom ower me that they 'ill no be holin' oot weel or else that they hae fallen into hazards wi' na excuse an' 'ill be sair ashamed o' themsel's. No that it iss always sae, laddie, for it iss no, and there 'ill be those wha hae done their best wha still seem ashamed o' their holin' oot, but that iss the feelin' that it 'ill always be giein' me.

"Havers, laddie! Ye should be takin' pride i' a birthday. Ye hae reached anither stile and tae ma mind, ilka time ye reach one ye 'ill be a subject for congratulations. Ye hae made the round o' the links again and ye 'ill be haein' a keener appreciation o' the beauties o' them. Ye hae had new and mayhap great trouble wi' the bunkers and the hazards, but ye hae won ower and yir experience 'ill be o' help tae ye when ye 'ill be makin' the long drives o' the future. Ye hae discovered bit posles that ye dinna ken bloomed and ye hae heard the song o' a bit birdie that ye dinna ken was near and the memory o' them 'ill be wi' ye when the troubles o' the bunker 'ill hae been forgot. Laddie, the future ye canna ken, but the past ye hae in yir memory and na man 'ill take it frae ye. And time 'ill soften the memory o' the bad approaches an' ye 'ill no think o' them wi'oot seein' hoo ye hae profited by the experience.

"Sae it seems tae me that a birthday iss a time for congratulations. Ye are tae be congratulated that ye hae been allowed tae hole oot sae many times and yir friends are tae be congratulated that they 'ill hae had yir company sae long. Na, laddie, never be ashamed tae tell yir age, but rather glory in it. Those wha be younger may never make the round as many times and they dinna, they 'ill be losin' muckle that ye hae got. Glory in yir years, laddie, for all that they hae gie'n, for it iss but the body on which

they 'ill leave their mark and the soul may never grow old. A hae holed oot for the 45th time this day and A 'ill be feelin' sair proud o' it. Laddie, be a laddie a yir days and play golf."

And as we sat, each with his own thoughts, in a big plain English fist (for only in his thoughts and his tongue is Willie Scotch), MacDougall penned these lines:

I growing old!
You do mistake.
An error this
That others make.

Not elder I
Than I may feel;
The years that pass
Time doth but steal.

Still do I shout,
At marbles play,
And spin my tops
The livelong day.

Still watch the clouds
And castles build
With golden dreams
And treasure filled.

I growing old!
Not I! Not I!
Age is for those
Alone who die.

Springfield Homestead. March 24, 1900. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The committee on fish and game has reported adversely on the bill which aims to take ruffed grouse, the so-called partridge, and woodcock out of the market. The bill is of less interest in the eastern end of the state than from Worcester west, because there are not enough grouse down that way to cut much of a figure one way or the other. But in the western half of the state the grouse has until recent years been abundant and the Boston market has looked to us for a large part of its supply. Now the birds have become so reduced in numbers that under present conditions extermination appears inevitable. Sportsmen and bird lovers of the western half of the state have united in a strong organized effort to secure further protection for the grouse by the closing of the market, the marketmen concurring in the movement, but it seems that the eastern members of the committee have more regard for the present demands of their stomachs than for the interest of the people most directly concerned. It looks like a case of sour grapes. Because they haven't got them we can't have them.

This year will decide the fate of baseball, so far as Springfield is concerned. The public has the confidence in Tom Burns that has been sadly wanting in the managers of the past two years, and with any encouragement whatever will rally to his support. With Mr Burns owner and manager he will be absolutely free to carry out his own policy. If the sport can be replaced on a solid footing here, Mr Burns is the man to do it.

President O'Connell of the international machinists' union says: "In Cleveland the men want so little that I cannot understand why the employers should prefer to have a strike on their hands." It is probably quite as difficult for the employers to see why, if the men want so little, they should be willing to risk the loss and privation that a long strike always entails.

Springfield Homestead. March 24, 1900. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

It was a wise choice that placed E. H. Barney at the head of the navigation association. Mr Barney has been associated with the river and river events for years. Navigation has been one of the dreams that he has long hoped to see materialize. He wears the title of commodore with better grace than the previous incumbents, for he is himself a live navigator, and from personal acquaintance with the difficulties to be overcome to secure a channel from Springfield to Hartford has a thorough knowledge of the problem to be solved. The navigation association has a sailorman at the helm now.

The navigation association has decided to drop the scheme of running small freight boats as suggested by *The Homestead*, apparently for no other reason than that it did

not meet with the entire approval of Congressmen Gillett and Lawrence. And yet the disapproval of these gentlemen was qualified. Especially was this true of Congressman Gillett. He is doubtful of the success of the enterprise, and therefore counsels giving up the idea. At the same time he states plainly that in his opinion should the scheme be carried through successfully it would have weight with congress and materially aid in securing the appropriation desired. Nothing venture, nothing have. The backbone of the navigation association still needs an inoculation of stiffening.

Are you going to vote for Mrs Dewey? That question is flung at you everywhere, in the street cars, in the lunch rooms, on the corners. The admiral's ambition would appear to be smothered in petticoats at the very start.

Springfield Homestead. April 7, 1900.[scrapbook]

Mrs. Berwick's Easter hat.

Waldo

It all happened years ago, but the memory of it is as fresh and strong as if it had all occurred but yesterday, and many a good laugh have I had as I recall that Easter morning. We had taken a brief spring vacation, a friend and myself, to experience for ourselves what we had long read of and heard of the joys of sugaring. And that is how we chanced to be up in the little hill town of Worthington at Easter time. We had planned to return home the Saturday before Easter, but finally yielded to the persuasions of our host and hostess, Mr and Mrs Berwick, and decided to remain over until Monday. And this decision settled the fate of Mrs Berwick's Easter hat.

It was in part due to the hat that we agreed to stay over, for from the moment of our arrival, Mrs Berwick's hat had been the subject of much good natured banter and many jests. The fact is we had brought up the hat from the city with us. The Berkshire hills affording a limited choice in millinery, Mrs Berwick had written my mother to buy her a hat in time for Easter, giving her a few specific directions, but trusting largely to my mother's good taste. The letter would up thus: "I want a hat that will show the natives what an Easter hat is." Mrs Berwick was city bred and was living in the country under protest. So the hat was duly bought and entrusted to my care for delivery and in due time Mrs Berwick was trying it on before the looking glass to a running fire of comment and chaff. It certainly was a beauty, a dainty creation from New York, and most becoming to our hostess, although we pretended to find all manner of faults with it. So it came about that one of the inducements held out to us to remain over Sunday was the privilege of accompanying Mrs Berwick and her hat to church. We accepted and plans were immediately laid for the morrow.

As I have said, the season was late. There had been much snow that winter and now, the last of March, there were still huge drifts and roads were in a terrible condition. It was therefore with a justifiable degree of doubt that Mr Berwick finally consented to Mrs Berwick's suggestion that we attend service at the little meeting house on the tip top of Peru hill, the highest point in Massachusetts, rather than at the Worthington church, some miles nearer. Of course we city Innocents loyally supported Mrs Berwick's plea and the majority ruled despite many a protest from Mr Berwick's. But knew not what we did. And then there was that hat. Worthington could bow down before that hat anytime: it should take Peru by storm first.

Easter morning dawned bright and beautiful and we were early astir, for the ride was a long one at best and we were beginning to suspect a hard one. Mr Berwick harnessed old Jerry, a sober, sedate old family pet, out whom the interminable hills had long since taken any coltish friskiness he may have had, and presently the democrat was at the door. While the rest of us were getting in Mr Berwick disappeared. Soon we saw him coming, carefully carrying a five-quart pall. "For goodness sake, John, what have you got there!" exclaimed Mrs Berwick. Mr Berwick handed the pall to me and it was heavy. "We go past Abe Hopkins's place," said he, and I want him to try my syrup. Promised him I'd bring some over the first chance I had, and now's the chance."

I have said the roads were bad, how bad only a hill farmer can know. In places the roads were so gullied that we were forced to get out in the mud while Mr Berwick skillfully piloted Jerry and the wagon across. Twice we took to the fields through openings in the fence, made for the purpose in order to get around huge drifts. Progress was slow. Occasionally the road pitched sharply down hill and the brake with which the democrat was fitted was all that made descent possible, but for the most part it was up, up, up: It seemed as if we would never stop climbing. The Sunday morning shine disappeared early, for up the steepest parts all save Mrs Berwick walked, and the mud, sticky, slippery Berkshire clay, It was awful. The day was warm and the wind was soft, but it blew as only on those hill-tops it can blow. It has always been a marvel to me that they do not have to anchor their roofs up there as they do in Switzerland. Mrs Berwick started with the new hat where it belonged., crowning her bewitchingly pretty face, but alas! the wind whooped and howled and played hide and seek among its flowers and ribbons and threatened to ruthlessly destroy this dainty bit of millinery, so that Mrs Berwick tled a scarf over her head and carried the hat in her lap while we chatted her unmercifully.

At length, the little Peru meeting house was outlined against the sky; it seemed scarce a half mile distant, but Mr Berwick assured us that we still had two miles of hard climbing, the hardest of the trip. The road certainly did not Improve, but the goal was in sight and there was every prospect of our being in time for service.

Then there loomed up a huge gleaming, dazzling barrier, a tremendous drift. As before we took to the fields and when we again struck the road, congratulated each other on the mounting of what was probably the last of our serious difficulties. But it is the little things of this life that are often of greatest moment. Just above drift on the steepest part of the grade was an innocent looking little gully, a very small gully. It promised nothing worse than one more jolt. Old Jerry stepped over It, the forward wheels struck into it, and then--well, after that things happened at a rate that left no vivid impression of details. The king bolt, weakened by the long strain, snapped as the wheels struck the gully. Old Jerry, startled by the crash, started forward suddenly with the forward wheels, pulling Mr Berwick, who fortunately had a light hold on the reins, over the dashboard. But the rest of us! Oh, the memory of that wild ride.

Of course with the departure of the forward wheels we were all pitched sharply forward, and then while we struggled to untangle ourselves we started downhill at a velocity that threatened dire destruction. To this day I bless that snow drift. Rushing down the hill backward we struck the drift fairly in the middle and such was our speed that the body of the wagon was thrown completely over with the three of us struggling underneath. Fortunately the snow was soft, otherwise we could hardly have escaped serious injury. As it was, when we had struggled out from the smothering snow and taken account of damages, we found nothing more serious than a few bruises. and scratches. Mr Berwick, who had tied Jerry to a neighboring tree, had come manfully to our rescue, He was unhurt, save for his dignity, but his Sunday clothes were a sight.

Suddenly Mrs Berwick bethought her of her hat. "My hat! my hat!" she cried. "Who has seen my hat?" We began the search at once. The wagon body was removed and we plunged into the depths of that drift. Mr Berwick's foot struck something hard

and I saw a comical look of dismay pass over his face. He dug in cautiously and then brought out the syrup pail. Needless to say the syrup was not there, but it was full nevertheless and it contained—Mrs Berwick’s hat. And such a sight as that hat was! Syrup dripped from every point of ribbon and dragged feather. It oozed through the delicate straw. In fact the hat was the most pitiful wreck that could be imagined. The cover of the pail had evidently been forced off when we first struck, and then in the struggle In the snow someone had forced the pail down over the hat.

There were tears in Mrs Berwick’s eyes as she viewed the wreck, and yet for the life of her she could not help but laugh, and as for the rest of us we laughed until our sides ached. “I don’t care,” said she. “I said from the first that that was the sweetest hat in Berkshire county!” “It certainly is now remarked Mr Berwick, dryly. By this time we had begun to appreciate our own troubles, for save Mr Berwick, not one of us had escaped more or less of a syrup bath, and it was a sorry looking party that finally accepted the hospitality of Mr Hopkins and cleaned up and made repairs, while Mr Berwick arranged for another wagon to take us home. Since then Mrs Berwick has had other Easter hats, but I suspect she mourns the one that never got to church.

Springfield Homestead. April 14, 1900. p 14.

Resurrection.

Waldo

The robin's song! The robin's song!
 'Tis from a bursting heart
That gives to all the world and me
To share its tuneful melody
 And in its joy have part.
The robin's song! The robin's song!
 'Tis from a bursting heart.

The violet blue! The violet blue!
 It sets my heart at rest.
So fragile in the grass it lies.
It seems a flower of the skies,
 And hope springs in my breast.
The violet blue! The violet blue!
 It sets my heart at rest.

The murmuring brook! The murmuring brook!
 Its song is all of life,
Of fetters burst and cast aside,
Of death o'erthrown, its strength defied;
 Of victory in strife.
The murmuring brook! The murmuring brook!
 Its song is all of life.

American Agriculturist. April 14, 1900. p. 499; *Springfield Homestead*, April 14, 1900.

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The opponents of the plan of experimental navigation in a small way claimed that it would probably be difficult to secure wharf accommodations at Hartford without which any attempt at navigation must fail. However, the fact is that there is an unused wharf centrally located at Hartford that could undoubtedly be obtained at a nominal expense. With the Mascot and Schuylkill both available, now is the time to make a try at it anyway.

The birds begin to arrive. Each day sees some new tribe of the little feathered folk in our orchards, our hedgerows and woodlands. Teach the boys to love them for their songs and for the life with which they surround us. The thoughtless youngster with an air rifle and a mania for collecting birds' eggs shares in no small measure with the feather hunter in the responsibility for the rapid decrease in our bird life. There is no champion like a boy champion. Appeal to his sense of fair play and the birds will have a friend for all time.

Springfield Homestead. April 14, 1900. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

It was but a few short months ago that Gen Buller, sailing to take command in South Africa, was one of the idols of the British empire. But he was but dust and has crumbled. Doubtless it is fitting and proper that he should be recalled, but deploring his lack of ability, one cannot but pity the man. There is probably no man in the world so idolized as a brilliant and successful general and for such a one to fail and be recalled in disgrace is a humiliation that must rankle to the heart's core.

It appears that the efforts to save ruffed grouse in Massachusetts will succeed. This week the house ordered to a third reading a bill, which, though not quite what was asked for or wanted by bird lovers and sportsmen, still embodies the main features of the original bill and is a long step in the right direction. The bill closes the markets of the state to ruffed grouse, so-called partridge, and woodcock for a term of three years and shortens the shooting season. It is a pity it could not go a step farther and limit the number of birds a sportsman shall be allowed to take. The unfortunate hoggishness on the part of certain expert shooters causes the public at large to regard all sportsmen with an unfortunate distrust and a suspicion that at once jumps to the conclusion that any legislation that they may ask for must necessarily be class legislation and therefore opposed to the general welfare. This has been the great obstacle to be overcome in the battle to get better protection for grouse and woodcock.

With the advance of spring the English sparrows once more thrust themselves upon

our notice. Their big, unsightly nests become eyesores in the trees and the filth from them threatens ruin to the handsome hats or dresses that may pass beneath. A citizen on the hill suggests that every street form an English sparrow extermination club, the members pledging themselves to do their uttermost to destroy the birds and nests in their respective localities. The idea is not a bad one, and is the only practical method of coping with the sparrow nuisance. Once rid of the English sparrow it would be a comparatively easy matter to woo back the house wren and the chipping sparrow, the robin and the oriole, whose delight it is to build their homes close to the abode of man when undisturbed by the English Interloper. and whose presence adds song and beauty to the everyday life of those whom business ties to city confines during the summer.

City Forester Gale's plan of naming the varieties of trees so that the school children may learn to know one from another cannot be too highly commended. There is hardly a subject upon which there is such universal ignorance as forestry. The life and growth of the trees which shade our very doors is too often an utter mystery. How many are there who can walk the length of a street shadowed by half a dozen varieties of shade trees and name them off hand?

Springfield Homestead. April 21, 1900. [scrapbook]

MacDougall Goes Troutin.

Waldo

HE IS A DISCIPLE OF IZAAK WALTON AND A LOVER OF THE GENTLE ART OF FISHING.

Willie MacDougall has been fishing. I knew it as soon as I caught a glimpse of his face at my door. The look of great peace was there and I knew that it was not golf, for all day there had been a fine drizzle, with only occasional bursts of sunshine. And if not golf why then it must be fishing. Nothing else could produce such calm, unruffled serenity on the sunbrowned, rugged countenance of MacDougall. I was not wrong. His first words were:

“Laddie, will ye coom sup wi’ me the nicht? A hae the finest lot o’ speckled trouts that ever flicked the water frae their tails! An’ havers, laddie! A ‘ill be losing three, ilka one o’ which would hae tipped the scales at naethin’ less than a poond.” And by that sign I recognized the spirit of Izaak Walton glowing in all its purity, deep in the great chest of the Scotchman. For

“A fisherman will fish
And a fisherman will lie;
What a fisherman can’t catch
A fisherman will buy.”

Needless to say Willie’s Invitation was accepted. And when the last rich, brown fish had disappeared and we had sought the arm chairs with that comfortable sense of absolute contentment that comes only to him who hath a stomach well filled with the things that make life worth the living and backed by a sound digestion, MacDougall discoursed on the gentle art of fishing.

“Laddie, ye dinna play golf, but A ken that ye feesh an’ he wha hae an affection for the rod iss ain brither tae him wha kens an’ loves the clubs. A hae been oot a’ the day wi’ ma bit rod, wadin’ doon the brooks, jumpin’ frae stane tae stane, watchin’ the brown waters slippit awa unner the birches an’ the willows an’ feelin’ in ma heart the inspiration that ‘ill be makin’ the blackbird tae sing an’ the swallow tae twitter as he skims ower the meadow. But losh, laddie, ye ken A canna sing,” added Willie as an afterthought and indeed he cannot. “But if A canna make music, A can feel it an’ it ‘ill fill ma heart fu’ a’ the time A ‘ill be on the bit brook or i’ the woodland or ower the links. Laddie, A hae feeshed i’ the lochs o’ bonny Scotland and A hae laid ma tiny, maist inveesible fly on the clear chalk streams o’ merry England, but, laddie, A ‘ill be tellin’ ye that there ‘ill be na waters wi’ the charm o’ a New England brook.

“Gin ye would hae one o’ the pairfect days that ‘ill stand oot i’ the calendar o’ the year, ye ‘ill take yir bit lance wood or split bamboo, yir book o’ files an’ hooks, yir rubber boots an’ yir oldest clothes, yir soft hat an’ yir feesh basket, no forgettin’ yir bait an’ ye ‘ill seek oot a brook i’ Becket, or Chester, or Huntington, or Washington, it dinna matter which. Ye ‘ill start at the head wi’ the first licht o’ the day an’ hand i’ hand

wi' Mistress Luck, ye 'ill wander doon its course. The song o' the birds 'ill be i' every bush an' l' yir heart. There 'ill be the smell o' things a-growin' an' a sense o' new life i' the verra air. The waters 'ill slide smooth an' brown an' quiet unner the overhangin' branches an' ye 'ill ken that there maun be trouts in their depths. Again ye 'ill look ower a great rock an' see the uncertain, waverin' brown forms o' the feesh i' the black still depths below an' ye 'ill try every fly an' yir patience wi' oot success tae make them rise. But below the brook sings richt merrily and churns itself intae a foam an' ye 'ill be feelin' the sharp tug sie as naethin' but trouts can gie and there 'ill be a thrill wi' the click o' the reel that 'Ill gie ye a feelin' that iss queer.

“The sun 'ill break through the trees. i' long slantin' rays that 'ill touch wi' glorious licht the brown rocks an' the moss grown banks an' the deep shadows o' the black pools 'ill be blacker by contrast. Ye 'ill slippit doon i' the water an' no care, the brambles 'ill cling tae yir coat an' it 'ill be a pleasure, an' the burn o' the sun on yir face 'ill be a smart o' joy. Ye 'ill wander on or sit still as ye please; the purity o' nature's great temple 'ill steal intae yir soul an' there 'ill be na room for evil thocht. Div ye ken, laddie, A 'ill be thinkin' a man iss never sae like what his maker hae designed as when he 'ill be a-feeshin'. The expectation o' a great strike iss ever i' his mind an' the lee that he tells at hame o' the fish he dinna land iss no an untruth tae him, for expectation doubles the weight o' a feesh an' he dinna ken that it iss sae. He wanders on wi' oot care an' wi' thochts, dreams o' life tae coom an' memories o' life gone by, noo catchin' trouts an' noo losin' them, learnin' what makes the thrush to sing an' the secret o' the drummin' partridge, worshipin' at the shrine o' purity an' beauty an' feelin' that the best that iss in him hae taken possession. Laddie, it iss indeed the 'gentle art o' feeshin'.”

Springfield Homestead. April 28, 1900.[scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

Springfield's first modern steamboat has been launched. Now for a successful launching of the good ship Navigation! Congressman Gillett is confident that the ways are well greased and that the next river and harbor appropriation will contain the necessary provision for opening the river. But Commodore Barney and his sailors should not cease activity because of this. Keep the matter agitated. Get the whole public interested. That is the only way to insure success.

The act of the Red Cross nurses in tearing the badges from their arms to accept guns from the Boers cannot be too deeply deplored, or too severely condemned. By this violation of their oaths they have treacherously dealt a foul blow to one of the most humane, one of the noblest societies ever organized. The sign of the Red Cross has been the one relief from the ghastly horror that has stalked across the battlefields, and such a blow in the back as this action of the Irish-American corps will admit of no condonation whatever. But beneath it all is manifest that undercurrent of intense feeling that indicates how strong is the world's sympathy for the Boers.

The defeat of M. S. Quay for a seat in the United States senate removes one more "boss" from national/politics. There is a sinister significance in the term "boss" as applied in politics, that leaves an unpleasant sense of underhanded methods and moral decay. The old Bay state has sent more than one leader to the United States senate, but, thank God, she has never sent a "boss." Her senators stand, and always have stood, for freedom of thought, purity of purpose and honesty of conviction.

Springfield Homestead. April 28, 1900. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The present war in South Africa appears to be writing in letters of gold on the pillar of fame the names of the Boer generals in exact proportion as it smashes the pedestals on which the erstwhile British heroes have stood. Joubert, Cronje and now Botha. As fast as the sword falls from the hand of one there is another with courage and military genius as great to take it up.

The reported death of Aguinaldo is of the order called fishy. While it is possible that it is true it is more probable that it is not. It might be very convenient for the wily Filipino to die now that there may be a resurrection six months hence. From the unmarked grave of the chieftain the plant of trouble may yet spring up and bear heavily. It will hardly be safe to mourn the demise of the insurgent leader until a company of blue jackets or a guard of Uncle Sam's brown-coated fighters attend the funeral.

Work wanted. The cry comes from a number of Spanish war veterans, men who are willing to do anything for an honest living. But they are not wanted, and why?

Because employers of labor are afraid that they are still fever victims and attacks of the chills will interfere with the regularity of their work. This was often the case during the first year after their return, but now most of them have gotten rid of the disease, so that it seldom interferes with their work. However, it is difficult to convince employers of this and the Spanish war veteran is not wanted. Truly, enthusiasm is effervescent. Two short years ago these men marched out at the alarm of war and we cheered them on. They were heroes! Nothing was too good for them! They fought, suffered and returned. Now they ask but for work and it is refused them. They are but beginning to learn the price Uncle Sam called upon them to pay.

The elm leaves have burst their brown coverings and the elm beetles have kicked the kinks out of their legs and are traveling upward to begin their depredations. Now is the time to take them in hand. Begin the war in season and wage it hard. Co-operate with the city forester. He is powerless to touch the trees on private grounds, but if you cannot spray them yourself he will gladly do the work at a nominal cost. It is the apathy of householders as regards the condition of their trees that goes to counteract the work of the city forester. He may clear a whole section of beetles this year, so far as the streets are concerned, but because of a single unattended tree on private grounds [the] battle must be waged as hard as ever the next year. [error in original]

Springfield Homestead. May 5, 1900. [scrapbook]

MacDougall a Pedestrian.

Waldo

SAYS THE LEGS ARE THE FOUNDATION OF HEALTH, THINKS THE PRESENT GENERATION LAZY AND CHARGES IT TO THE ELECTRIC CAR AND THE BICYCLE.

Willie MacDougall has a new grievance. Rather it is an old grievance of which he has but recently unburdened himself to me. It happened that I met him striding homeward Sunday night. "How now, Willie, a puncture?" quoth I, for I thought that he had met disaster and left his wheel somewhere for repairs. "Na, laddie, na, it 'ill no be a puncture, for ma wheel 'ill be at hame and no oot the day. Losh, man! Hae it reached a point where a man canna walk wi'oot ilka body he 'ill meet thinkin' him a pitifu' object wha iss a victim o' a wheel mishap? Div ye ken, laddie," and I knew by the earnest look in the blue eyes of the Scotchman that MacDougall had much whereof to unburden his mind, "div ye ken that the art o' walkin' iss becomin' obsolete?" Then MacDougall filled his great lungs and his discourse was as follows:

"Walkin' iss an art and i' it iss health and strength and pleasure. But it iss no for a lazy man and havers, laddie, ye ken richt weel that the luxury o' the present life iss tendin' tae make the coomin' generation lovers o' the lap o' ease wi' na ambitions save for the gettin' o' money wi' the least actual work possible. Laddie, A hae gie'n the subject muckle o' thocht an' A hae becom persuaded that the decline o' the human race hae begun an' it hae begun i' the legs. Laddie, it iss no a matter for laughter!" Willie's lugubrious countenance had drawn a smile from me in spite of myself.

"Walkin' iss becomin' a lost art," continued Willie. "An' wi' the decline o' walkin' cooms a decline o' legs, and wi' a decline o' legs begins the decline o' mankind." MacDougall was so terribly in earnest that I did not dare smile at his astounding theory. "Ye ken weel, laddie, that naethin' iss lastin' that hae no a strong foundation. It iss the same wi' man. It iss a law o' nature and physics that when the foundation iss weak then iss the whole structure, weak. The electric car and the bicycle iss weakenin the underpinnin' o' man. There iss no room for doot. It iss a fact. And A 'ill be sair afraid that the automobile 'ill be a still greater agent o' distruction. Ye 'ill be takin' issue wi' me for includin' the wheel. Ye 'ill be sayin' that the wheel iss a developer o' the legs. It iss for the laddies wha 'll go off for long rides and hard rides, but wheelin' hae reached a point noo where a great majority 'll be usin' their bicycles as an easy means o' gettin' doon tae work and hame again, or for doin' a bit o' an errand. It iss there, laddie, that lies the evil. Fauk 'ill be gettin' sae lazy they dinna think they can walk the length o' the street. And when they canna use their wheels they 'ill be takin' tae the cars.

"Laddie, it iss a fact that a good walker iss seldom tae be found noo. And it iss anither fact that when a good walker iss found he 'ill be a healthier man than his fellows. Walkin' iss one o' the healthiest exercises which it iss man's privilege tae enjoy. A long tramp oot intae the country is worth mair than a' the spring tonics that were ever poured intae lang suf-ferin' stomachs. A man wha walks muckle throws back

his shoulders and forces oot his chest. Pure oxygen fills his lungs and burns oot the impurities i' the blood and sends it leapin' through his veins. His heart beats stronger, his step becomes licht and he is minded tae shout like a boy, for his spirits 'ill be as licht as his step. He 'ill swing his arms as he walks an there iss no a muscle i' his whole body that 'ill no be gettin' the exercise it maist needs. He 'ill leave the highway and take tae the wood and the fields. He 'll feel the spring o' the turf beneath his feet, he 'ill leap stone walls and climb ower fences. He 'ill hae mair o' opportunity tae becom acquainted wi' the beauties spread oot a' about him. He 'ill be led this way by the glimpse o' a common little field flower of which he had never kent, and that way by the song o' a bit birdie i' the bush. He 'ill hae many thochts and they 'ill be pleasant. He 'ill draw in new inspiration wi' every breath. And when he reaches hame he 'ill be sair tired, but wi' the healthy tire that woos sleep and brings rest. And i' the morn's morn when he awakes it 'ill be wi' an increase o' vitality, new powers for work, ability tae think clearer.

“Walkin' iss the graundest o' a' exercises, but it iss oot o' date. Div ye ken that iss why golf iss sic a healthfu' game. Ye canna play golf and no walk. And, laddie, that iss why A 'ill be sae muckle pleased wi' the new 18-hole course, for there 'ill be many wha 'ill cover the whole course noo wha would no hae gone over the nine-hole course but once. Laddie, gin mair men would walk tae and from their work there would be less business for the doctors and mair for the shoe dealers. And gin ye ask me, A 'ill favor the shoe dealers. Walk and play golf, laddie, and ye 'ill hae little use for the bitters bottle and the pill box.”

Springfield Homestead. May 12, 1900. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The complaint of the city forester brings the city government face to face with this question: Shall the pockets of Sam Fowler and the other stockholders of the gas company be given an extra lining at the expense of public welfare? Not a little of Springfield's great beauty lies in her trees. The City of Homes is not less the City of Trees. Without the trees it would never have become famous for its homes. Strike at the trees and you strike at the very source of Springfield's beauty. The death of a handsome tree is not merely a loss to the street on which it stood; it is a loss to the whole city. It is a loss that time alone can repair. Are we to watch steamed to our trees poisoned and death, the city robbed of her beauty, that a rich corporation may save a few feet of pipe or a half-hour's salary to a laborer?

Chicago appropriates \$300 a year for the purchase of seeds for vacant lot gardens for the poor. It is a small sum, but it is something and it is along the sound, practical commonsense line of "an ounce of prevention worth a pound of cure." Pingree's famous potato patches in Detroit were the first experiments in this line and the success attained has since been repeated in other municipalities. Here in Springfield, the Union Relief has tried the plan with marked success. It is a practical philanthropy that is free from the humiliating blow that charity so often deals to the pride of the poor.

Springfield Homestead. May 19, 1900. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The air gun in the hands of the small boy is not only a nuisance but is becoming a matter for serious consideration in connection with the bird problem. Of late several youngsters on the hill have waged war on the scarlet tanager because of his beautiful plumage. Such youngsters should have their guns taken from them and whoever does this will be justified in the act. If the boys can't be taught mercy they can be taught that the laws of the state are to be obeyed and that one of them makes it a criminal offense to kill insectivorous birds.

Springfield Homestead. June 2, 1900. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

Next week is likely to see inaugurated in this city a new sport, motor-paced racing on a high-banked track. Everything possible to eliminate danger has been done, and the management promises clean sport. The best advertising the city has ever had has been through sports, the college races on the river, the Yale-Harvard football games, the Bicycle club's famous tournaments. All of these have passed and now comes a new venture to keep the city's name on men's tongues. As a traveling advertisement, if nothing more, the enterprise deserves the support of the public.

Take a vacation. You cannot afford not to. Business will live without you for a day, two days, even a week. This ceaseless grind without relaxation is worse than foolish – it is suicide. The best engine in the world cannot run forever. It must be stopped occasionally to be overhauled. The man who boasts that he has not had a day off from business in years, and the boast is frequent, is committing business and physical suicide. Some day there will be a sudden snap and the whole structure will collapse. Break the chains, if only for a day. Get away among things growing, where air is free, where the change is absolute and there is nothing to suggest the worries and perplexities of the daily grind. You will store up new energy and vital force that will enable you to resume work with a vigor you had not dreamed of. You will be better, your business will be better for the day's outing. In another column *The Homestead* suggests a few of the attractive one-day outing resorts available from Springfield. Try one or more of them. Money so spent will be a common sense investment, paying a hundred fold better interest than the few paltry dollars earned by over-application to the desk.

The city forester is repeatedly asked by householders: Is it absolutely necessary to spray our trees. Of course it is not absolutely necessary so far as the life of the tree this year or next is concerned, but ordinary common sense should make it clear that repeated destruction of a tree's breathing organs must so undermine its health that ultimate death must result. Aside from the harm to the trees it is passing strange that a householder will be content to allow his place to be disfigured by the unsightly skeleton of a worm-eaten tree. Trees are supposedly planted for two things, shade and beauty. A worm-riddled tree furnishes neither. The man who with a great show of sentiment observes arbor day by the setting out of a few trees, is often the one who sneers at the sprayer and would abolish the city forester's office.

Springfield Homestead. June 23, 1900. [scrapbook]

All Aboard for the Moon.

T. W. Burgess

Choo! Choo! Choo! All aboard for the moon,
Where little fays live in the bowl of a spoon;
Where the little elves ride the long moon-beams
Right down from the sky with a little boy's dreams,
 With the ding, dong, dinging
 Of the engine bell a-ringing
 We'll scare the little stars
 With our long train of cars;
With a Choo! Choo! Choo! And a Toot! Toot! Too!
We're off to see together what the moon folk do.

Springfield Homestead. July 7, 1900, p. 14

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

Windsor flats are as flat as ever and the good ship navigation still sticks on the rocks and mud banks in spite of our many navigation associations.

New York's fire disaster and the alleged inhumanity of the tugboat captains has awakened a feeling of repulsive horror the world over. That such fiends incarnate can exist, and that in the very center of a boasted higher civilization, seems incredible. Let us hope that investigation will prove the charges to be the result of the distorted imaginations and mental condition of the victims.

A splendid work is being done by the girls' and boys' club on Catharine street. Here is a practical field for the younger element of church workers, the Christian endeavor societies, etc, that offers every opportunity for the accomplishment of great good, for obtaining results that will give some appreciable return for the labor and money invested. Several such clubs could be run to advantage in various parts of the city, but they need support financially and in the matter of personal attention and interest. Such clubs get a hold upon the class of youth most difficult of control and the seeds sown in the few hours spent at the club rooms bear fruit in many and unexpected ways. The Catharine street club should be heartily supported and its appeal for games, books, pictures for the walls, cooking utensils and dishes should meet with prompt and hearty response.

Go where you will the holiday drink will be found though the law be strict as regards the closing of saloons. But it can in no wise compare with the evil wrought where saloons are allowed open on holidays. The Fourth saw every saloon and liquor joint in Hartford with doors wide open and the holiday drunk on every corner. It was not uncommon to meet a man with two or three children whom he had started out with to see the sights, wandering aimlessly about more helpless than the helpless tots whose protection he should have been. Unquestionably he was sober when he left home but the open door had proved too much for him. There is no excuse for the open saloon on a holiday.

Springfield Homestead. July 7, 1900. [scrapbook]

Outward Bound.

T. W. B.

Outward bound! The headlands sink
Into the restless sea.
Off the shore the beacons blink.
Blar-eyed in fog to'lee
The fishermen scud on wings of fright
Over the harbor bar, and night
Creeps o'er the darkling wave
But with yardarms braced on main and fore,
With every stitch she can make to draw
Careless she how the night behave;
For she's outward bound. Aye, outward bound;
With a bone in her teeth, she's outward bound!

Outward bound! The white foam curls,
Halyards and shrouds are taut!
Beneath her foot the water swirls
With sullen menace fraught,
But what reck's she if winds may blow,
Or the lapping waves to mountains grow
She's braved a thousand such!
A thousand tempests have fought in vain;
Proud as of yore she sails the main,
Nor fears old Neptune's clutch
For she's outward bound! Aye, outward bound!
With a bone in her teeth, she's outward bound.

Springfield Homestead. July 14, 1900, p. 14.

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

There is one phase of city life that is both disgusting and morally harmful and yet is allowed without a semblance of protest on the part of the authorities. It is the indecency of the youths who frequent the swimming holes along the river front. From the North End bridge to the South End bridge the banks are fairly lined with urchins as naked as they came into the world, and not only urchins, but young toughs of 20 and over. It has come to such a pass that it is not possible to pass in canoe or launch near shore without danger of exposing ladies who happen to be members of a party to such insults. There should be certain points within city limits where the boys be allowed to bathe and they should be confined to these points. There should be a patrol of the river bank and some simple regulations governing the swimming pools. There is no question but that there is more moral poison instilled into the minds of the youngsters at the swimming holes than at any other place or in any other way. Filthy stories and jokes are bandied about and all sense of shame is destroyed absolutely. Obscene language is heard everywhere. If only to take at least a part of the youngsters out of it the bath house should be opened at once. Better the sewer than the contaminating influences of the swimming hole.

Springfield Homestead. July 21, 1900. [scrapbook]

Untitled Poem.

T. W. B.

The little naked brown boy!
He splashes all the day
Among the silver ripples
That wrinkle up the bay,
And all the hillsides laugh to hear
The echo of a shout so clear.

He tries to catch the boat bug
And stop the skater's whirl;
He plunges like a diver
In quest of hidden pearl.
The sunbeams smile that they should see
The brown skin where his pants should be.

He's not a whit less modest
Because he doth forsake
A shirt and pair of trousers
For suit of nature's make;
The river cloaks his self respect
Doth he your presence but suspect.

Oh little naked brown boy!
I would that I could be
So careless of opinion,
So happy and so free;
And when of critics I'm the prey
Tread water 'till they go away.

Springfield Homestead. August 4, 1900, p. 14.

MacDougall Stays At Home.

Waldo

THE SCOTCH PHILOSOPHER SCOFFS AT THE FALLACY THAT THE AVERAGE VACATION IS A BENEFIT. IS WEEL CONTENT WI' HIS AIN HAME FOR HIS TWO WEEKS OF RECREATION.

It has chanced this summer that I have seen little of Willie MacDougall which is saying that I have not yet had that lesson in golf. But there is still time enough for that and I have actually made a date with the Scotchman for my first appearance on the links much to his delight. We chanced to meet on Sunset hill in the softened half-lights of the gloaming. Or ever I saw his features I knew that it was Willie by his huge bulk, the length of his stride and the rich deep bass that was humming *Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot*. Three clubs he carried, he seldom uses more, and as he drew near and I could see his strong brown leathery features I knew that he was "weel content" and the world could hold no more of peace and happiness for Willie MacDougall.

"Willie!" said I. My hand was crushed in his powerful paw in an instant. "Weel, weel, laddie!" he exclaimed. Div ye ken, ye wass in ma thochts this verra meenut! Laddie wher hae ye hid yirsel' for A hae no laid ma een on ye these twa month?" Then holding me off at arm's length he shook his head gravely. "Mon, ye hae na played golf the summer for yir face 'ill be white as the face o' a city lassie wi' no sae muckle as a freckle tae testify tae a drive frae the green or a fozzle at the bunker. Ye maun coom oot wi' me this Saturday week." And I promised.

MacDougall shortened his stride to mine and through the dusk we strolled homeward. "Where will you spend your vacation?" I inquired. The reply was prompt and with broad Scotch emphasis: "At hame!" Then was Willie's tongue loosed, and the burr of the Scotch was sweet for the theme was home. "Laddie, there iss na fallacy in the world sae great as this idea that a vacation iss no a vacation unless it be spent as far frae hame as yir pocket book 'ill alloo. Where 'ill A be spendin' ma vacation? Richt in ma ain hame, laddie! In ma ain hame at nicht, an' ower the links by day. The primary object o' a vacation iss rest, an' the secondary iss change. There ye hae it, laddie, rest an' change. It iss due yirsel' an' it iss due ye employers that ye 'ill be gettin' baith tae the best advantage. It iss due yir bit wifie an' it iss due yir childer. Ye 'ill be unner moral obligations that yir hae na richt tae ignore. Ye hae bin gie'n a vacation that ye may lay in fuel against the strain o' the next 50 weeks. Ye 'ill be gie'n twa weeks that for 50 weeks yir work may be better. Yir vacation iss an investment on the [p...] o' yir employer an' the interest [...] be seekin' an' wi' which he 'ill [...] content iss the increased nerve [...] the strengthened constitution an' vitality wi' which ye 'ill coom back tae take up the lines once mair. An' ye dinna do this, laddie, ye 'ill be na mair honest than the mon wha lifts the wallet frae another's pocket. Ye 'ill be cheatin' yirsel' an' the mon wha employs ye." Willie's fine Scotch sense of moral obligations will

admit of no compromise. It is rigid and unyielding. As he proceeded his earnestness increased.

“Noo, laddie, A ken ye may no agree wi’ me, but A ken that A am richt when A say that the vacation of the average mon iss no a vacation because he ‘ill sacrifice the prime factor tae the secondary factor, rest tae change. Mayhap he ‘ill coom back frae the beaches an’ the pleasure resorts, (oh, the scorn of Willie’s emphasis! cold black type falls utterly) wi’ brown on his cheeks, but the chances are that there ‘ill be less o’ flesh on his bones an’ the licht in hins een ‘ill be na clearer. Three days i’ the office an’ the paintin’ o’ the sun Iss gone an’ he ‘ill be bemoanin’ that his vacation iss ower. Instead o’ jumpin’ intae his work wi’ renewed vigor. He pursued the bubble o’ pleasure an’ noo it hae burst an’ he finds naethin’ in it. He hae made the round o’ the links, laddie, an’ he hae coom tae a bunker. But instead o’ sittin’ doon tae cool off i’ the shade o’ it, he must needs rin an’ jump ower it. An’ his drives i’ the next round ‘ill fa’ short o’ what they should be. Life is strenuous, these days, an’ the pursuit o’ pleasure iss na less sae.” But, hark ye, laddie! The bit wifie an’ A ‘ill be haein’ twa weeks o’ vacation, and this iss the way we ‘ill spend it. The wifie ‘ill hae the house i’ pairfect order. (I never knew Mrs MacDougall to have it otherwise) an’ she ‘ill be ready tae go wi’ me where fancy chooses. We ‘ill lie abed as lang as it pleases us i’ the mornin’. Then wi’ oor lunch basket packed we ‘ill gang ower tae the links an’ in a hammock swung unner the trees the wifie ‘ill make hersel’ comfortable while A ‘ill go ower the links. Or mayhap we ‘ill spend the day i’ the hills where the air iss fresh an’ cool, the birds ‘ill be singin’ an’ nature iss oor sole companion. We ‘ill be laein’ pairfect rest an’ the change iss as complete as if we were a hundred miles frae hame. An’ then i’ the gloamin’ ‘ill we seek oor ain hame, wi’ the knowledge that the bed ‘ill be soft, the rooms ‘ill be large an’ we can do as it pleases us. An’ sae frae day tae day ‘ill we explore i’ different directions gettin’ acquainted wi’ the beauties that nature hae lavished aboot Springfield, loafin’ when it pleases us, haein’ daily change wi’ naethin’ o’ discomfort, na lang railway journey, na need tae dress for dinner, na cramped quarters an’ hard beds, an’ na big bill wi’ sae little tae show for it. We ‘ill seek the ponds an’ the woods, the hills an’ the river an’ we ‘ill get rest an’ recreation an’ when each quiet day is ower we ‘ill catch the first glimpse o’ the bit hame as a crownin’ pleasure. An’ the word ‘ill be peace. Laddie spend yir vacation at hame for there iss na place lik it. Spend yir vacation at hame, an’ A ‘ill make a golfer o’ ye before it iss ower.”

Though far A roam ‘mid beauty’s scenes,
Where grandeur fills wi’ awe;
In classic lands, by fabled streams,
That gleam through ancient lore;
Their loveliness doth fade away;
Their beauty seemeth tame,
Beside the vision that A hae
The vision o’ ma hame.

A envy no the men wha own
The palaces sae fair,

The castles graund, the great estates,
Possessions auld and rare;
There iss a modest little cot,
'Tis quite unkent by fame,
An' yet tae me 'tis mair than a',
It iss the place ca'ed hame.

As seen through ither een A ken
Sair humble it maun seem,
An' yet A think o' it by day,
By night o' it A dream.
None ither kens the treasure there,
The wealth that it doth claim,"
For ither fauk hae no ma een
When lookin' at ma hame.

Oh, precious word! How dost thou thrill!
How dost thou rouse within
A longin' tae turn back again,
Tae cease ma wanderin'!
O' a' the bonnie speech A ken
Ma tongue hath yet tae frame
A word that sae doth linger there,
Sae sweet a word as hame.

Springfield Homestead. August 4, 1900. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The little town of Huntington groans under a tax rate of \$29.40 and the conservative taxpayers charge extravagance on the part of the more liberal element. To be sure, the valuation may be correspondingly low, though it would not appear that this is the case. Be that as it may, such a tax rate does not look well and is not calculated to draw permanent settlers to the town. It has come to pass that in many of the hill towns the crop of summer visitors is the best paying crop the farmers have. Many of them, an increasing proportion, are looking for permanent summer homes. Other things being equal, they will buy where the tax rate is lowest on a fair valuation. Even the improvements that presumably have forced Huntington's high rate will hardly offset this disadvantage. Better improvements one at a time, with a moderate rate than excessive taxation.

There is a noticeable increase in interest in the matter of tree protection in neighboring cities and particularly in the smaller towns. It is an indication of a progressive spirit and a general awakening to a realization of the important part tree life plays in the welfare of a town or city. Let Longmeadow lose her trees and how quick would be her demise as a summer home. It is so with hundreds of other New England villages and the daily increasing evidence that the people are awakening to this fact and the imperative need of taking adequate steps to exterminate injurious insects and check tree diseases is a matter for congratulation. Most of the large cities now have their foresters but these men can do little toward a permanent improvement in the condition of tree life until the surrounding villages cease to be hotbeds for the breeding of insects and disease.

Springfield Homestead. August 4, 1900. [scrapbook]

The Vacation Problem. By Trolly and Steamboat.

No byline

THE BROOMSTICK TRAIN OFFERS DELIGHTFUL POSSIBILITIES FOR A SUMMER OUTING. A DELIGHTFUL VACATION AT SMALL COST.

My grandfather rode in a one hoss shay,
And gave due thanks for the easy way
In which he went to his work each day.
He thought his turnout a thing so neat,
That in this world it would ne'er be beat,
That one hoss shay with its single seat.

But his grandson boards an electric car,
And with scarcely a jolt and seldom a jar
Goes to his work, be it ever so far.
With nothing to push and nothing to pull,
Wouldn't my grandfather scratch his wool
To see it glide by loaded so full!

Likewise when they would travel abroad our grandfathers, or at all events, our great grandfathers, were well content with this same one hoss shay when they were in no hurry or with the rumbling old stage coach when need of speed was urgent. But times have changed and along most of the old post roads of southern and eastern New England the echoes swap back and forth the harsh clang of the electric car gong, instead of the clear mellow tones of the guard's bugle. And so it has come that this witches broomstick train is a prime factor in the vacation plans of an ever increasing number.

The possibilities of the trolly as a method of spending the annual outing are almost endless increasing year by year as new roads are built and old lines extended. Perchance you have no definite plans for the brief two weeks' respite from the pursuit of fortune's golden wheel; no sea-side cottage is to claim you as its guest; the farm does not appeal to you; you do not own a carriage and pair and a carriage drive is thus beyond your means. Then pack your grip with no more than you may need and catch the first morning car for Longmeadow and the state line. If Madam is to go with you carry a small sofa pillow that she may slip behind her back. The comfort it will add will a hundred times repay the little trouble the care of it may be.

And so you are off. How clear is the morning air! From the hillsides back of Mr Barney's rings the happy morning salutation of Mr Bob White. The river like polished glass reflects the green foliage of the banks so clearly that you can see each individual leaf on the willows. As you speed through beautiful old Longmeadow thin streamers of wood smoke float lazily skyward and the occasional whiff of good things for breakfast denotes the start of the household wheels. A thirty-five minute's run brings you to the state line and you change cars for Enfield and Warehouse Point. You are in the Nutmeg state now and the scenes change somewhat. Occasional fields of broad leaf tobacco

catch the eye and flanking them long blank tobacco barns with every other board lifted for free circulation of air. The car rattles into and through Thompsonville and presently you are at Warehouse point and your first stage by trolley is at an end. The walk across the iron bridge is a pleasant change and relaxation and you must needs hang over the guard rail to watch the river broiling noisily over its rocky bed and picture if you may the wild voyage of the old Enfield bridge with its [...]ge, on the spring flood. The bridge brings you just at the Windsor Locks' depot and here you take the train for six miles to Windsor, there being no trolley connection.

From Windsor into Hartford affords a charming ride over an excellent road entering the city through a very pleasant suburb. You can spend the remainder of the day advantageously in Hartford for there is much worth seeing, the houses of Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner, the capitol, the Noah Webster house in West Hartford, the Moses Goodwin house, 1709, on Windsor avenue and dozens of other points of interest. From Hartford you may reach New Britain by the famous third rail system, a delightful whirl through beautiful country. Or, if you choose to tarry and make short side excursions, take trolley to Farmington, then to Plainfield and across to New Britain and Berlin. A few miles by steam will bring you to Middletown. A pretty town is Middletown, albeit a quiet one, nestling close to or partly on Connecticut's beautiful hills. From there you may take rail to New Haven or steamboat down the river and railroad along the sound to New Haven. A pleasing variation may be made by bribing a good natured tug captain who is bound for Saybrook to take you down during daylight thus affording an opportunity to see the most beautiful part of the most beautiful river in New England. At Saybrook you can take steam to New Haven. If you choose, instead of going from Berlin to Middletown take train to Meriden, trolley to charming old Wallingford and then train to New Haven.

There is the smell of salt in the air, but be not in too great haste to leave Quinnipiac as the red men called the home of Yale college, for there is much that is worth seeing there. You must linger for an hour or so under the elms of the college grounds till the sense of peace and restful quiet that somehow ever seems the atmosphere of learning's halls hath taken possession of you. There are also historical points of interest and buildings worth visiting. From New Haven you start on one of the most delightful parts of your whole trip by trolley along the sound to Stamford. You will just loaf along stopping when the fancy seizes you for always there is a "next" car. Out through beautiful historic West Haven the trolley takes you to that famous summer resort Savin Rock, where the key of summer hilarity is pitched high and the summer girl and the summer hotel may be found in all their glory. Winding along the shore the trolley goes down to Pond Point and Meadows End, over to Stratford, Bridgeport, Westport, Saugatuck, Norwalk, Roton Point, Darien to Stamford. It is an ideal ride, now running back into the country with glimpses of farm life, now affording views of long stretches of deep blue water flecked with white sails, and again running along the edge of brown and green salt marshes. There are beautiful beaches to stop at and always the air blows strong, invigorating and salt.

At Stamford a day boat affords a charming sail to New York and from there steamer to Saybrook and sail boat. or train to New London makes possible some

delightful combinations. From New London a steamer of about the size of our own Sylvia runs to Orient, Greenport, Shelter island and Sag Harbor and this trip you cannot afford to miss for it gives you an opportunity to see one of the most beautiful and picturesque parts of Long Island's beautiful shore. From Sag Harbor to Block Island and thence to Narragansett and Newport by steamer brings you in touch with the trolley again. Newport to Tiverton, Taunton, Brockton and Boston without a break brings all the north shore within reach by trolley and finally when you turn homeward through Boston's famous suburbs, the Newtons, you need not call steam to your aid again until Warren is reached.

So may you see in comfort the most beautiful portions of the southern New England states and by choosing the smaller towns find bed and food at very moderate prices. The scene constantly shifts yet not so fast that you cannot see and appreciate every point. You are brought in contact with the farmer and the fisherman and memory cherishes delightful pictures of their home life. There is the spice of adventure in their explorations and you are thrown against human nature in all its phases. If you have not where to go, try the trolley.

Springfield Homestead. August 4, 1900. [scrapbook]

MacDougall on Sunday Golf.

Waldo

HAS NO DOUBT IN HIS MIND AS TO THE RIGHT AND WRONG OF THE MATTER – MAKES A FEW DRIVES AT THE FREE THINKERS AND CLEARS THE HAZARD.

“Weel, weel, laddie, richt glad am A tae see ye!” was the hearty greeting of Willie MacDougall as I sought him to arrange for my first lesson in golf. The long slanting rays of the setting sun stole through the tangle of woodbine that made a bower of the little porch and lightly touching the Scotchman’s face, penciled out the deep furrows and bold lines, withdrawing nothing of strength, but toning down and refining the harsher lines. It is thus that I always like best to picture Willie MacDougall. I had hardly thought to find him at home, for it is his habit whenever possible to watch the waning of the day from a favorite seat on a bunker at the links. “Sit ye doon, laddie, sit ye doon, and we ‘ill watch the glory o’ the eventide,” said Willie, and straightway fell into a reverie into which I would not break. The shadows grew long and merged into a curtain of darkness ere MacDougall broke the silence.

As was to be expected his first words were of golf. “Laddie,” said he, “hae ye taken notice o’ the discussions ower Sunday golf that hae filled the papers?” I nodded assent. “What ‘ill ye be thinkin’, iss it richt or wrang tae follow the bit ball on the Sabbath?” was his next query. I confessed that I had not altogether made up my mind. Then did MacDougall unburden himself and the very stillness of the gloaming lent greater weight and added earnestness to his rich bass voice.

“It ‘ill be a grave question, laddie, that A ken weel. It iss a bunker ower which many o’ the ministers hae failed tae make a clean drive. Ay, laddie, some o’ them hae foozled badly an’ because o’ it, when they come tae the last green their score ‘ill no be gude. There hae been muckle threshin’ about, which ye ken, laddie, iss no the way tae get oot o’ a hazard or clear a bunker. The mair they thresh the worse off ‘ill they be. Ye canna loft wi’ a niblic an’ a puttin’ iron ‘ill no take ye oot o’ lang grass. There ‘ill be just one iron suited tae yir position an’ none ither ‘ill take ye oot. Div ye ken, laddie, it seems tae me that the iron i’ this case is just this: ‘Remember the Sabbath day tae keep it holy.’ Dinna that lift ye clear an put ye on the green agen? Laddie, Ahae muckle respect’ for the ministers o’ the kirk, but when A ‘ill see them hemmin’ an’ hawin’ an’ waitin’ tae see if it iss no best tae let the wind o’ public desire blow their bit ball where it may, instead o’ drivin’ wi’ all their might straight intae it. A ‘ill hae thoughts that the ministers o’ the auld school were stronger men after a’. They drove clean an’ hard, and if they made an owerdrive they never topped nor foozled. There would hae been no doobt i’ their drives an’ they would hae swung the club A hae named wi’ terrible effect.

“Remember the Sabbath day tae keep it holy. Laddie, div ye think ye can play golf on that day and keep it holy? Na, laddie, na! Ye canna! Ye ken richt weel, laddie, that there ‘ill be no a body mair daft ower golf than masel’, but A ‘ill no reconcile it wi’ ma conscience tae play on Sunday. A am no unprogressive an’ though A be Scotch, A ‘ill

no be one tae think that the kirk iss the only place where God may be worshipped or that he may always be best worshipped there. For ma ain pairt A 'ill never be sae close tae God as when A 'ill be alone wi' the wonders o' his creations, the hills an' brooks, the birds an' the flowers, the wild life that iss dependent upon his bounty an' his care for a' that makes its existence possible. A think that A 'ill be doin' na wrang if, when ithers answer the call o' the kirk bell, A 'ill hark tae the whistle o' the quail an' the call o' the jay frae the great temple that God hae builded tae himsel', the wild wood. An' A 'ill think It na wrang for me tae stroll by masel' ower the hills. A would see na ill i' followin' the bit ball ower the hielands and, through the glens by yirsel'. But yir 'ill no be satisfied unless ye 'ill be on the links. An' if ye 'ill be there, ithers 'ill be there also. Then 'ill ye forget the day an' a' else but the game an' ye 'ill make the day like any ither day. Ye may walk or drive through the woodland an' the fields an' nature's grand harmony 'ill steal intae yir soul an' through it the divine presence 'ill be felt. Ye 'ill worship God as truly as the kirk goer. But ye canna worship God an' play golf at the same time. Yir heart an' soul 'ill be i' the game wi' no room for aught else i' yir mind but a thought o' the next drive an' mayhap a curse for the ill luck ye hae had at the bunker.

“An' ye sanction golf on Sunday, laddie, an' ye 'ill sanction baseball, horse racing an' the rinnin' o' business on Sunday. An' when that iss come, there iss no Sabbath. An' if ye canna play the game on a week day laddie, then hae ye no need tae play at a', for there 'ill be few o' the class o' fauk wha love golf wha dinna hae some time for it on ither days than Sunday. Na, na, laddie, dinna think that golf on Sunday 'ill be richt for yir conscience 'ill no alloo ye tae doobt but that ye hae cheated i' the hazard an' yir strokes are no clean. 'Remember the Sabbath day tae keep it holy.'”

Springfield Homestead. August 11, 1900. [scrapbook]

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

Upper State street is a splendid example of the beauties of our present watering system. A surface that a year ago afforded good wheeling on any part has been so flooded by drivers who appear lacking in ordinary common sense, that it has been reduced to a state of mud so that it is with difficulty that the narrowest kind of a cycle path is maintained. By all means let the city do its own watering. It can then at least discipline its drivers who fail to exercise such common sense as they may have.

The apple and the small boy and how to save the one from the other quite overshadows the Chinese war problem in the minds of many small fruit growers just now. It is disappointing to say the least, and trying to the temper to go to bed at night leaving a cherished apple or pear tree hanging full with golden promise, and to rise in the morning to find naught but leaves and mayhap broken limbs. From time immemorial and in all climes boyhood's morals have been elastic enough to cover fruit stealing without a single pang of conscience, more particularly if the victim be suspected of stinginess. Nothing is held in such utter contempt in Boyville as stinginess. The man who is stingy with his fruit is very apt to lose the best of it. On the other hand, once win the heart of a boy and you have a champion who will meet all comers. It is noticeable that the man who best understands the working of the boyish mind, has the least to say about the bad boy.

New York last night added to her notoriety if not to her fame, by allowing one man to punch another into insensibility, while the biggest hall the biggest city in America can muster was packed to the doors with yelling spectators. On the 30th she will repeat the brutal spectacle, after which she will virtually bar her gates to the pugilistic horde and renew her claims as the western center of art and literature. It is humiliating to think that a city whose splendid achievements in commerce and industry are the secret pride of every American east of Chicago, should so demean herself as to openly pose as the protector and patron of the prize fighter.

Anarchism is no respecter of persons. Italy's king has been finally done to death, an attempt made on the life of Persia's ruler, Queen Victoria threatened and now the latest breathings are against Tammany's boss. Mr Crocker does not appear to regard the matter seriously. With the ice trust agitation subsiding, the boss stood in need of new up-to-date advertising and this appears to fill the bill very well.

Springfield Homestead. August 11, 1900. [scrapbook]

A Peach.

T. W. B.

With eyes that glow with longing's fire,
With mouth that waters with desire
He gazes upward where there sways
Before his eager, burning gaze
 A peach.

“Art mine?” he cries, and will not see
The other fruit upon the tree,
But vainly seeks that peach alone
By vicious shake, by club, by stone
 To reach.

‘Tis thus, always, that which we spurn
Because for fairer fruit we yearn
Our every need will one day fill
Till we forget beyond us still
 The peach.

Springfield Homestead. August 11, 1900, p.13.

Untitled Poem.

No byline

Oh, what care we for humidity's reign!
Oh, what care we for the heat!
Though the mercury rise through the top of the glass,
And men may fall down in the street,
And a curse on the weather is all that they have
When one with another may meet.

For we are the nymphs of the wave, of the wave!
We dwell in the depth of the sea;
We sport all the day in the foam of the bay
And never o'erheated are we.

So what do we care though humanity wilt!
Though it swelter and blister and groan!
Though the babies may gasp for a breath of fresh air
And the mothers but look on and moan!
Old Neptune hath always a cool crested wave
Whereon he may sit as a throne.

And we are the nymphs of the wave, of the wave,
Who dwell in the depths of the sea;
We dash in the spray on a midsummer day
And never o'erheated are we.

Springfield Homestead. August 11, 1900, p.13.

The Vacation Problem. House Parties as a Solution.

No byline

RARE OPPORTUNITIES FOR MERRY MAKING – THE MOST SOCIAL FORM OF SUMMER LIFE – POSSIBILITIES FOR SUCH PARTIES AT CALLA SHASTA AND ELSEWHERE.

Within the last few years there has been a marked change in the life at Calla Shasta, once the jolly camp of the canoeists, now not less jolly but no longer solely a paddler's retreat, but of the nature of a summer resort. This is chargeable to the women for the advent of skirts has resulted in less of the camp, and more of the summer home. The transformation has been slow, but it has been sure until now Calla Shasta has come to figure seriously in the vacation plans of many. The single room cottages have grown to respectable proportions until in some of the them [sic] house parties are quite in order through the summer.

Not only is there this marked change in the camp itself, but there are indications that there is a rapidly growing interest in the possibility of summer homes elsewhere along the river bank and an appreciation of the advantages offered for rest and recreation within easy riding distance of the business office. Inquiries for cottage sites are being made all along the river below Calla Shasta, and with the putting through of the trolly in Agawam it is not improbable that house parties along the river will cut a material figure in many vacation plans of the future.

No merrier vacation can be devised than with a congenial house party. There is much of the fun of camping out without the inconveniences that life under canvas makes into hardships for many. When all turn in for a share of the work, mine host and hostess are afforded an opportunity to share in the general fun and hilarity reigns supreme. Calla Shasta is an ideal place for a house party, and there have been several of them there this summer. The pleasant oak grove back of the cottages is just the place to swing a hammock and with a good book laze away a summer morning. The river in front is forever wooing the dip of a paddle. The wild rice grows luxuriantly along its edge, the hiding place of many feathered folk whose acquaintance may be made with the canoe. Many a fair canoeist has received her first lesson in the old Indian art at Calla Shasta. There are sailing and launch parties and the daily bathing party. There is a delightful stretch of woodland across the road to be explored and occasional excursions to the metropolis of Agawam and across the river to quaint old Longmeadow. But it is in the evening that the fun waxes fast and furious with card parties, candy scrapes, impromptu dances at one of the larger cottages, concerts, musical or discordant, as suits the whim of the artists. Verily, Calla Shasta is a delightful place to spend one's vacation, and it is no wonder that many of the cottage owners prefer this picturesque camp to packing up for a two weeks' sojourn in possibly a less favored spot. The Barrett, Bailey and L. S. Wood cottages are now the largest on the grounds, having sleeping accommodations for good-sized parties. As a result they have been filled with guests much of the time and have been centers of much jollity and fun.

But not all of us can go to Calla Shasta. And for the matter of that, this, river camp is by no means the only spot that holds out inducements for house parties. There is no pleasanter way of going into the country than with a carefully selected house party. With a little inquiry it is not difficult to secure an old farmhouse for a month in the summer; sometimes ready furnished, and if not it is no great matter to take along cot beds, chairs and an old table or two, together with a gasolene stove and needed dishes. Often a recently abandoned house can be made to do for a month or so and right royal good times will you have. They are the civilized way of camping out, these sort of house parties. Steamer chairs and camp stools and plenty of sofa pillows, to say nothing of hammocks, will insure comfort at all times. It is a happy-go-lucky life that completely breaks the irksome bonds that at times make the constraint of daily home life almost unendurable. Always in a party of this kind there is some madcap with all sorts of ingenious ideas for speeding time. In the country there are berrying parties, straw rides, fishing excursions, hills to climb, neighboring farms to visit, photographing expeditions with charming still life subjects, or mayhap picturesque glimpses of children with their farm pets. And if you have a cottage by the sea there will be good times galore, clambakes, crabbing parties, the daily dip in the brine and long sails over summer seas.

In fact there is no end to the good times a house party may enjoy. Many folk of many minds are sure to hatch up all sorts of unique schemes. The grumblers can stay at home when they like, for there will be enough without them and they will furnish subjects for good-natured joke and banter. The well-ordered house party will contain some good singers and one or two notoriously bad, a mandolin or banjo artist, a good-natured man with an inexhaustible supply of good stories, a lively maid of an adventurous disposition, a croaker who has dismal forebodings, but is never left behind, a sketching enthusiast and a camera fiend, to say nothing of several good cooks.

House parties have long been one of the picturesque features of English social life and their popularity here is growing. Given a congenial crowd in which each will do his or her share in the work and the fun-making, and there is no form of summer outing quite so delightful as a house party.

Springfield Homestead. August 11, 1900. [scrapbook]

MacDougall's plea for animals.

Waldo

THE SCOT SCORES HEAVILY AGAINST THE THOUGHTLESSNESS THAT BECOMES INHUMANITY – IS A STOUT CHAMPION OF THE BEASTIES.

Willie MacDougall's temper is not easily roused. The even tenor of his way is seldom disturbed by the petty haps and mishaps of daily life that so try most of us and file our tempers to an edge. Therefore my surprise when I encountered Willie at the turning of the road at high noon of one of the hottest days we have had this summer. Therefore, my surprise, I of say, for the brown of his face had become a fiery red, and the heat was not from without. His huge frame fairly quivered and it was not from the effects of the sun. Far down the road I could see a carriage disappearing at a walk and on this were Willie's eyes glued with such a mingling of wrath, scorn and loathing as I had never before seen in their blue depths. Not a muscle of his face moved until the carriage had disappeared beyond a turn in the road. Then he turned abruptly and flinging himself down in the shade of an elm beckoned me to him, the while he mopped his face with his handkerchief. And studying his face, I knew that for once it was not peace.

"Sall, mon!" he exclaimed, "A 'ill be feelin' like A hae topped a ball at the bunker!"

"You do look warm, MacDougall," I ventured."

"Warm, laddie, warm! Ay, A 'ill be feelin' warm an' no wi' the heat o' the sun!" Willie could not sit still, but must needs get up to make a vicious swing at a mushroom with his driver. When he had regained control of himself I found the cause of his agitation.

"Laddie," said he, "did ye see yon carriage gang doon the road at a walk?" I nodded. "There 'ill be a brute an' a beastie there an' the beastie 'ill be better than the brute." Willie's indignation began to boil again.

"A 'ill be coomin' awa' frae the links tae ma bit hame for it iss no fit weather tae be playin' golf, when A 'ill be meetin' yon carriage," he continued. "The driver 'ill be a trifflin' young snapper wi' a red shirt an' a loud tie an' above it a face sae insignificant A 'ill no be seein' it but for the shirt an' tie." Oh, the scorn in MacDougall's voice.

"The beastie he 'ill be drivin' iss no bad, wi' a gude step an' gude speerit. But laddie, laddie, A 'ill be haevin' one look i' the beastie's een an' the sufferin' an' misery A 'ill be seein' 'ill wring ma heart. The beastie's head head wes checked up till the veins stood oot on his neck like the strands o' a rope. He wes drawin' his breath wi' a gasp, his nostrils wes red as the heart o' a fire an' there wes a wild look o' blood i' his een. Ye ken the heat iss terrible an' yet the red-shirted brute 'ill hae naethin' o' mercy, but 'ill be urg'in' on his beastie that he himsel' may be gettin' oot o' the sun. A steppit oot an' caught the beastie by the bit. Then A 'ill be reachin' up tae loose the check. The brute 'ill be reachin' for his whip. 'Here, you, drop that,' says he. A loosed the check an' 'ill

hae ma reward in the een o' the beastie. The driver wes sputterin' and fumin' like one o' the toy crackers o' the Fourth, an' he exploded A kent there would be naethin' mair harmfu' in him. 'A 'ill thrash ye wi' in an inch o' yir life,' says he. 'Laddie, A says, walkin' up tae the carriage, laddie, ye 'ill gie me the whip.' An' div ye ken laddie, noo A think it ower, it maun be that A rolled up ma sleeves." A quiet smile hovered about the corners of MacDougall's mouth.

"He gies me the whip an' A 'ill notice that he 'ill lookit frightened. 'What business iss this o' yours?' says he wi' great bluster. "It iss always ma business tae help the helpless,' A says, 'an' noo ye 'ill get doon an' wipe yir beastie off wi' a bunch o' grass." Div ye ken, he wes meek as a lamb. 'Noo ye 'ill leave yir bit whip wi' me lest ye be tempted tae make up lost time; ye 'ill climb i' an' ye 'ill drive yir beastie na faster than a walk for if ye div, laddie, ye 'ill find yirsel' in a hazard, ye 'ill wish ye wes weel oot o'. An' wi' that he went doon the road." Willie had been speaking softly to me and I could not but imagine the contrast between his voice as he talked to me and as his red-shirted brute must have heard it.

Then did the big Scot, for his is a gentle nature, discourse on a theme that lies very close to his heart the text whereof is "A merciful man is merciful to his beast." "A hae noticed," said MacDougall, "hoo little thocht the average mon 'ill be payin' tae the comfort o' the beasties i' the hot weather. If it 'ill be hard for himsel' tae bear wi' all the possibilities for coomfort which 'ill be his, hoo infinitely mair must the beasties suffer. An' yet the average mon iss as quick tae kick the pantin' dog oot o' his way, tae check up his horse an' tae leave him standin' by the hour i' the broilin' sun, an' tae shy a stane at the bit pussie wha peers oot for a breath o' air as he is at a season when the beasties hae no tae battle wi' nature for their verra lives. Laddie, A ken richt weel that many times it iss no doon-richt wanton cruelty but thochtlessness. But laddie, the bit beasties 'ill suffer not a whit the less. Thochtlessness iss a bunker ower which many a mon 'ill never drive. But, laddie, A 'ill be thinkin' that sic a fozzle that 'ill make the helpless tae suffer iss naethin' short o' criminal. Ay, criminal, laddie, criminal! Ye may laugh if ye will at the society wi' the lang name, but it iss a graund work that it 'ill be doin.' An' if it 'ill drive short o' its aim at times, that 'ill be naethin' against it. Havers, mon! Dinna we all miss oor aim at times an' fail tae make the green wi'oot another stroke? Hae always a thocht for the beasties when the heat 'ill make yir ain life meeserable. They 'ill be sufferin' the maist. Make yir ain business what iss every one's business an' still naebody's just as A hae done the day. Losh, but his verra teeth chattered." Willie's face was wreathed in a smile at the remembrance.

Gathering up his clubs MacDougall repeated the following, for he has a love of verse:

Wha shows no mercy tae his beast;
Wha hae for such na thocht;
Wha 'ill na see the misery
Wi' which their lives are fraught,
Iss no the man A care tae ken
He dinna love his fellow men.

For he wha gies the beastie pain,
Though thochtless it may be,
Hae no a heart that's great enough
His neighbor's want tae see;
The sympathy iss no wi' in
That makes the whole great world akin.

Noo laddie, coom oot wi' me the morn tae the links an' A 'ill show ye the richt
swing o' the club that 'ill win ye muckle satisfaction like time ye try it an' mayhap 'ill
win ye a cup before the season iss ower.

Springfield Homestead. August 18, 1900. p. 16.

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

In another column The Homestead gives in some detail the beneficial results that have attended the summer playground and vacation school for girls on Court street, conducted since July. The Homestead has long advocated such playgrounds for the use of the children to whom a summer outing whose is an unknown quantity and dooryard is the street. The success of this experiment and of the playground in Little Italy, given by Mr Barney, bear out The Homestead's contention that there is imperative need of playgrounds where the children of the lower sections can find healthful pastimes and in a measure be withdrawn from the contaminating influences of the street. Give the boys a place to play marbles, wrestle and tumble to their heart's content, spin tops and play at prisoner's base and a long step will be taken toward the solution of the bad boy problem. Give the girls big sand boxes for mud pies, swings and shady corners to play at housekeeping. It will relieve many an overworked mother of a load of anxiety. It will give the little maids a pure, wholesome atmosphere that cannot but prove of moral benefit. The large cities, as New York and Boston, have recognized the need of such playgrounds and the smaller cities are rapidly falling in line. Cambridge and Waltham have successfully established them. Springfield has always led in such matters; it is not to her credit that she is behind in this. Let us hope that another year will see a city playground that will not be dependent upon charity.

The unfortunate accident last Sunday by which the *Sylvia* ran down and wrecked the handsome sloop, *Vamoose*, calls renewed attention to the war that is forever waged between sailing men and the steamboat captains. In this case there appears to be some doubt as to who is actually to blame, but even if the *Sylvia*'s pilot was acting entirely within his regulations, had he held his boat off a few points the accident would have been averted. Had the *Vamoose* held to her original course it appears that the *Sylvia* would have passed uncomfortably close. Old steam boat captains appear to regard it as a huge joke to pass a small boat as close as possible regardless of the possibility of a drowning accident from the swamping of the latter. This charge can hardly be brought against Captain Smith, for he has always taken great care in his meetings with smaller craft, but the accident makes conspicuous the fact that too great care cannot be taken by power boat owners. Human life may be the price of a bit of carelessness.

Springfield Homestead. August 18, 1900. [scrapbook]

MacDougall on Dress.

Waldo

THE FUSS OVER THE SHIRTWAIST MAN STIRS HIM TO REMARKS – ADVICE TO LADS AND LASSIES.

Wille MacDougall is thoroughly and deeply disgusted with the present agitation over the shirt-waist man. I had not suspected MacDougall of paying the slightest attention to the senseless twaddle of the newspapers over the fact that certain men have chosen to exercise common sense and gain in comfort by the abandonment of a coat in hot weather, more especially as the papers have been so full of golf news of late. I suppose MacDougall would turn to the golf columns first though the first page contained a five-column scoop of the approaching end of the world. Therefore, I repeat, my surprise that Willie should even be aware that such foolishness is occupying the minds of staid and sober citizens. But I have begun to realize that there are few things which escape those shrewd blue eyes of the Scot.

I found Willie, his pipe and the day's paper on his porch while the evening was still young. "It is fine weather we are having, Willie," said I.

"Graund, laddie, graund! A 'ill be thinkin' that the clerk o' the weather iss a lover o' golf," was MacDougall's reply. And this is the nearest to an American joke that I have heard him venture. Wit he has in plenty, but it is of the dryness of the highland and the glen and the brighter for that. Then for long Willie smoked in silence and I, sitting somewhat back, watched the moods, like cloud and sunshine, pass across MacDougall's face, for when he is at peace his countenance is but a mirror for the thoughts within, though when he so wills, I know of no face that can become such an impenetrable mask. At length he spoke.

"Laddie," said he, "div ye no see something wrang wi' me?" I confessed my inability to do so.

"Losh, mon!" he continued, "ye hae no been brocht up tae observe. Ye maun gang oot on the links wi' a bit ball an' yir sticks for a few days; it 'ill teach ye the use o' yir een. Laddie, ye 'ill disappoint me sairly that ye dinna notice what iss wrang wi' me the day." I caught just the suggestion of a twinkle under his shaggy brows. Then he continued, "Laddie, A 'ill be shockin' this whole community; A hae forfeited all richt tae the claim A may o' had o' bein' a gentleman; A can no expect the leddies to recognize me mair; A maun expect the finger o' shame tae be pointed at me an' tae be withered by the glance o' scorn! Laddie, A 'ill be a shirt-waist mon." Then in truth did I notice that MacDougall was indeed minus a coat.

"Weel, what iss yir thocht?" he inquired.

"I am thinking that you are the picture of comfort, Willie," said I.

"Richt, mon, richt! An' A dinna lookit mair comfortable than A 'ill feel." Then did Willie lay aside his pipe and discourse earnestly and his subject was dress. "Losh, laddie! Dinna it make ye ill tae hear the fuss that iss bein' made ower the shirtwaist mon? Ye 'ill go tae a graund ball an' ye 'ill admire the costumes o' leddies who 'ill hae mair off than on above the waist, sae little on that the sleeveless jersey o' a racing mon 'ill be a robe i' comparison. Ye 'ill admire the leddies an' their costumes, and yet

ye ‘ill hae naethin’ tae do wi’ a mon wha ‘ill be goin’ doon the street wi’ - oot his coat, although ma leddy ‘ill hae na handsomer waist i’ a’ her collection than the shirt the mon ‘ill display. Laddie, there hae been muckle threshing aboot ower naethin’. An’ no a drive that hae been made iss gude. It iss simply the breakin’ o’ a custom, this goin’ wi’oot the coat, an’ ilka body wha hae naethin’ tae occupy themsel’s but tae loose the mainsprings o’ their tongues and hae little brain tae govern them once they ‘ill be goin’, ‘ill make a’ this fuss an’ furor. Laddie, the mon wha hae sound sense ‘ill no mind these fauk wha ‘ill be sae tormented wi’ the gift o’ speech for they ‘ill make a fozzle ilka time they ‘ill open their mouths. He ‘ill div as he kens iss richt. An’ he iss honest wi’ himsel’ he ‘ill no be far wrang.

“Losh mon!” Willie was warming to his subject and there was the same look in his eyes that I have seen when he is intent on a long drive. “Losh, mon! Div ye ken there iss muckle o’ life wasted on this matter o’ dress. It iss no richt an’ the world is no the better for it. Yon bit lassie hae just one thocht i’ her bonnie head an’ that ‘ill be o’ the bit ribbon and the new dress she iss tae wear come Sunday week. Yon laddie ‘ill no hae muckle o’ a salary but ilka cent he dinna hae to spend for food ‘ill be spent for a new tie or ‘ill gang intae his tailor’s pock. A dinna doobt he hae a tailor’s bill an’ a sair conscience wi’ him this verra meenut. Dress iss a hazard oot o’ which some fauk ill never drive an’ the maist o’ us ‘ill waste mair strokes than iss gude.

“Dinna A like tae see well dressed fauk? Ay, laddie, Ay. But I dinna like tae see fauk make dress the one grund aim i’ life. Their score canna be gude when they ‘ill hole oot. When ye ‘ill go ower the links an’ yer bit ball ‘ill drop in a bit o’ hollow wher the wild rose ‘ill blow an’ the bit birdie ‘ill hae her nest, though it be verra pleasant, ye ‘ill no spend the afternoon there. Na, ye ‘ill add the bit picture tae yir store house o’ memory an’ then ‘ill ye make yer drive wi’ care that ye may make the green on the hieland wher the view iss grund and ye may drink i’ the glory o’ the world, the settin’ sun, the purplin’ hills, the sil’er thread o’ the river. Sae i’ the matter o’ life an’ livin’. It may be mighty pleasin’ tae some tae hae a new vest or tae make an’ wear a new dress, but it iss naethin’ less than sinfu’ tae spend muckle time ower sic matters, when there ‘ill be sic grund problems for thocht, sae muckle that is high noble tae accomplish. Ye ken, I like richt weel tae see the leddies i’ pretty gowns an’ the mon o’ fashion iss gude tae look at, but it iss often that there ‘ill be naethin mair tae them. They hae reached a pleasant hazard and ‘ill no try tae get oot tae try for the grund bunkers o’ life.

It wes but yesterday that A ‘ill be haein’ a bit letter frae a bonny lassie i’ which she tells o’ lang hours at the dressmakers and other hours matchin’ ribbons an’ silks. An’ her plea ‘ill be that it iss the fault o’ the laddies for they ‘ill always be wantin’ a lassie tae look her nicest when the truth o’ the matter iss, it iss the lassies that ‘ill be for lookin’ their nicest in the laddies’ een. It iss no the scarlet ribbon that win’s a laddie’s heart. Na, na, it iss the flush o’ a rose i’ a lassie’s cheek, the wee bit o’ heaven i’ her een an’ the gold o’ the sunshine i’ her hair that a laddie loves tae see. Laddie dinna think tae muckle ower dress for it iss but the ooter coverin’. The reddest apple iss often ratten at the core. Dinna waste yir drives in sic way, but drive for the green o’ success in yir work and in yer thocht.

Springfield Homestead. August 25, 1900. p. 25.

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

That devoted lover of nature and charming teacher of her ways and mysteries, Adirondack Murray, has long deplored the tendency of the people to hive in the cities, constantly reiterating that the source of all knowledge is not to be found in books or the gloom of the cloister, but in close touch and communion with nature and her forces which make and unmake worlds. Slowly but surely the tide is changing. Year by year there is an increasing desire on the part of those cooped up in the cities to experience for themselves the pleasure of outdoor life so delightfully depicted by Murray, Van Dyke, W. C. Prime and others, who have found both bodily health, mental inspiration and a knowledge of the mystery of life, in frequent wanderings through forest and field. This desire for a return to a primeval state has manifested itself strongly here in Springfield this summer. There has been hardly a week since the summer opened that one or more cruising parties have not started north or south from the canoe club. And almost without an exception these parties have roughed it, sleeping under canvas and eschewing hotels. These camping parties have by no means been confined to the canoeists. There are few ponds within easy access of the city but have had their Springfield camps this year. More people than ever before will seek the Maine woods this fall, and added to these who "rough it" in the parlance of the woods, is an ever-increasing number seeking summer homes along the river, away from the city and yet within daily touch with it. These are signs of the times and they are good.

Springfield Homestead. August 25, 1900. [scrapbook]

All Depends on Success.

W. T. B.

The suckers are running said father, one morning.
"I met did Jim Starks with a mighty fine string."
"I wish," then he sighed, "that we had some for breakfast.
A prime river sucker's a mighty good thing "
"O father!" cried Johnnie. "mayn't I go a- fishing?"
"No, no." returned father; "there's too much to do.
To-morrow quite early I go to the city,
And things here at home must be all left to you."

Next morning at daylight when father departed. \

He said: "Now, my son, do the chores as you should,
Keep an eye onto things in the barnyard and stable,
And use your spare time in the shed splitting wood."
Now Johnnie intended to do as was bid him
He did up the chores when his breakfast he'd had.
Then thought of the river where suckers were running.
And wanted to fish for them, ever so bad.

He gazed at the river in golden light flashing.
And thought of the place where an eddy hole
Was gouged 'neath some willows: then quickly deciding,
He took from its brackets his hickory pole.
The way of temptation, once entered, was easy.
Of worms the rich garden a quart had to yield.
Then back of the pigpen, the corner and alley,
He sneaked to the river by thicket and field.

Three hours Johnnie sat by the river so rapid.
Fished with might and with main, though he got not a bite,
And trembled, well knowing that home without fishes
Would earn him a thrashing with coming of night.
During mid-afternoon the tide turned in his favor.
That suckers were running became a sure thing:
They hungrily bit, and he pulled them out humming.
Adding dozens of fish to his long, yellow string

When John staggered home at the coming of twilight,
He scarcely could work, he'd of fish such a weight,
Nor was he surprised when he neared the old homestead,
To find there awaiting him at the front gate,
His father, upbearing, a pair of birch switches,
His brow stern and haughty, resolve in his eye:

To thrash without mercy was his clear Intention—
His duty he'd do like a Christian, or die.

But when he descried his brave son with his burden,
His anger departed, his gads he flung down.
And hastened to meet his dear son—his young hopeful.
Crying. "You have done well, John, while I was in town."
And thus it is ever: our utmost endeavors
Fall short of applause that the efforts should bless.
We learn if we'd meet with the world's approbation,
To measure applause by the meed of success.

Springfield Homestead. September 8, 1900, p 14.

Crumbling Ticonderoga.

Waldo

HISTORIC FORTRESS NOW A MASS OF RUINS—CROWN POINT LIKEWISE NEGLECTED

Crumbling away in northern New York, in a setting of rock and woodland, mountain and lake, beautiful, picturesque, stand the remnants of two monuments to such valor, to such deeds of daring, to such precious blood spilled in battle and massacre, to such patriotism as must thrill every true American with immeasurable pride as he turns the pages of history. The one is the picturesque ruin of the Crown Point fortifications: the other is the disintegrating remnant of Fort Ticonderoga.

It was at Ticonderoga that France lost her grip on America, Quebec but ending what Ticonderoga began. It was the forced evacuation of Ticonderoga under Burgoyne's frowning guns on Mount Defiance that sent a thrill of despair through the ragged ranks of New York's and Vermont's battling farmers and again it was at Ticonderoga that England's grasp on the colonies was shaken by Ethan Allen and the 83 intrepid souls who went with him on that seemingly hopeless expedition. The most tragic incidents in American history center around Ticonderoga, Crown Point and the adjacent hill tops and waters, and yet to-day the mortar drops and the stones fall from the few bits of battered wall still standing. A single bronze tablet to the memory of Ethan Allen, placed there by the Sons of the Revolution, alone marks the spot as sacred. A rough sign warns relic hunters not to dig over the ruins, but there is none to enforce the warning.

Gradually the underground vault, presumably the old powder magazine, is filling with the debris of the crumbling masonry that supports the earth above. The three lines of great grass-grown embankments over which have taken place such bloody struggles still retain something of their former outline, but the woodbine and the sumac have crept up where once even the moccasin of the red man could find no footing. Their tops, from which in turn France, England and America have sent their peremptory challenge ringing against Mount Defiance, are being worn down and pounded away by the stomping of it great herd of horses and cattle.

Fort Ticonderoga, which shall stand emblazoned forth on history's page while records shall be kept, and which has been given fitting recognition in American literature by J. Fenimore Cooper, is surely and by no means slowly becoming obliterated. When it is gone there will be an awakening and sometime a monument to mark the site. To-day It is possible to preserve to future generations as a monument to itself, a portion of a fortress that changed the history of the world, every stone of which is pregnant with the history of the birth of a nation. Twenty years hence It will be but a memory. What grander national monument could there be than these ruins of a fort so often and so long the key to the whole situation in freedom's cause? And if the nation will not preserve it, then should the state of New York. Ticonderoga made possible the and stripes and over her battlements they should never cease to float. That they seldom float there at all is a national disgrace. The Constitution on the sea and Ticonderoga on land—why not? What nation could point to grander monuments?

Springfield Homestead. September 22, 1900, p 4.

Untitled Editorial.

No byline

The workings of the new game law which shuts out from the market woodcock and ruffed grouse, no matter when or where killed, will be watched with interest. It is a sportsmen's measure, fathered and pushed through the legislature by the sportsmen. Now will they live up to the letter of it themselves and will they enforce it in others? Already there has been a violation, either intentionally or in ignorance, in this city and the sportsmen who discovered it lacked the nerve to push the case. There must be vigorous action and instant prosecution of all violations or the law will soon become a dead letter and it will be many a year before the sportsmen and bird lovers will again be listened to by the great and general court of Massachusetts.

Springfield Homestead. September 22, 1900. [scrapbook]

Untitled Poem.

T. W. B

Bob White! Bob White! The challenge rings
Across the stubble brown.
Bob White! Bob White! The north wind brings
The challenge into town.
The littered pages on my desk
Do rustle in the wind
As if of crisp October leaves
They fain would me remind.
They whisper me of copse and wood;
Of sumacs flaming red;
Of field and meadow brown and sere
Since gentle summer fled;
They whisper me—Ah, who can fail
To take the challenge of the quail!

Bob White! Bob White! Thy whistle clear
Admits no more of rest.
Bob White! Bob White! Old Rover's ear
Doth hold thy challenge guest.
Come on, old dog; we may not stay
Within the town's confine!
The ruffed grouse hides with ready wing
Where splintered sunbeams shine,
And deep within the alder's depths
We know the woodcock lies!
Come on, old dog; your nose is old,
There's dimness in my eyes,
But while we can we ne'er will fail
To take the challenge of the quail.

Springfield Homestead. October 20, 1900. p 14.

“More, Grandpa!”

T. W. B.

In smoking slices deftly carved
The gobbler wastes away,
As Grandpa wields the carving knife
Upon Thanksgiving Day.
The heaping plates with goodly cheer
Around the board are sped.
And first of all, so Grandpa says,
The children must be fed.

“God bless the children!” Grandpa cries,
Upon Thanksgiving Day;
A wishbone there, a drumstick here,
Their stomachs’ needs to stay.
And when, all helped in bounteous wise,
He turns his own plate o’er,
He’s greeted with the pleading of
“More, Grandpa, please some more!”

Good Housekeeping. November, 1900. Frontispiece.

A Moral Tale.

Waldo

There was once a boy in Kalamazoo
Who used to insist that he never would do
The things he was told he had got to;
But of contrary mind would persistently fly
In authority's face, and was minded to try
The things that his mother said not to.

Now hold your ears hard, lest it happen you rue
(As once did the boy from Kalamazoo),
Such a high-handed way with the Mater!
And hark to the fate of this boy who'd rebel,
For his lachrymal glands had occasion to well
As he shouted in vain for his Pater.

His mother had told him, as mother tells you
(For mothers, though here or in Kalamazoo,
Are very much like one another).
That when it grew chill on a November morn
His thick winter overcoat had to be worn,
And the boy with a scowl said, "Oh, bother!"

And then, unobserved, the boy took his cue,
This bad boy I speak of from Kalamazoo,
And slipped out of doors quite uncoated;
And thought himself clever and shouted in glee;
His morals, alas! so elastic could be,
I regret that they have to be noted.

Now it chanced on that day, with much hullabaloo,
A bear had come down into Kalamazoo,
And the town in affright had stampeded.
But the boy knew it not, and when in the street
He met with Sir Bruin he couldn't retreat—
His legs weren't sufficiently speeded.

"My boy, you look cold! Your clothes are too few,"
Said this bear, with a wink, in Kalamazoo;
"Now isn't my coat better suited?
No overcoat on! Now I really opine
You'd find it more comfortable inside of mine;"
And this statement was never refuted.

And now I have told all that ever I knew
Of the boy and the bear and Kalamazoo,

For I never have heard how it ended.
So let us all hope that the boy disagreed.
And his Pater, who found him no worse off than treed,
Also found that his ways had been mended.

Good Housekeeping. November, 1900, p. 248.

Dogs for the Home.

T. W. Burgess

In some families the request for a dog is dismissed with a curt refusal; others meet it by installing the first available puppy in the warmest corner of the kitchen. Both make a mistake. I well remember an aunt of mine whose antagonism to anything of the canine order was notorious. By some miracle, perchance her desire to be neighborly, she was induced to care temporarily for a neighbor's dog, a fox terrier of uncertain temper at best. To-day she owns him and is his willing slave, and her eye looks kindly upon all dogdom. As for taking the first pup that you run across without regard to breed or breeding, you are quite likely to get an animal that when grown is not in the least suited for the house and yet you cannot brook the thought of parting with him.

Often am I asked the question: "If you were going to get a dog, what kind would you buy?" The home dog, who is to become a part of the household, who is to spend a large share of his time indoors, must fit into the peculiar niche in the household economy reserved for him. He must not be too large, else is he forever sprawling in the way. This bars out the setter, the pointer, the St Bernard, the mastiff, the collie and the big hounds—splendid dogs, any one of them, for the farm or for the stable. The greyhound, although one of fashion's pets, I bar in part for the same reason, but more particularly because of an uncertainty of temper, a high-strung, nervous organism that not infrequently results in snappishness. This brings us to the smaller class—the poodle, terrier, spaniel and their like. Here again the good housewife's horror of dirt eliminates another big class, the long and shaggy-haired, which includes some of the handsomest and most knowing of the little fellows, including the long, silky-haired skyes, the thick, curly-coated spaniels and those clowns of dogdom, the wooly poodles, so good-natured and wonderfully apt in mastering tricks. When they are clipped in the fantastic manner that fashion dictates, this disadvantage is in a measure overcome, but robbed of his heavy coat, Mr Poodle must needs be blanketed in winter and is altogether too great a care.

By preference, then, the home dog must be smooth-haired; he is easier to wash and keep in order; he brings less dirt into the house and when he sheds his coat there is less of it. Even of the smooth-hairs there are some not at all suitable, such as the diminutive black-and-tans and Italian grey-hounds, exquisite, dainty little creatures, but mere toys, too delicate and frail to run and romp with the children, too nervous and high-strung to be certain in temper, and while bright and full of life, not overstocked with intelligence. They are toys, pure and simple.

As in everything else, fashion rules in the matter of dogs. A few years ago, everything was pugs. Everywhere, city and country alike, these homely, cute, snub-nosed, black-faced, tawny little rascals reigned supreme. But they lacked the qualities that go to make the ideal home dog. They were cute, and that sums up their qualifications. When fashion dropped them, they very nearly disappeared. They were succeeded by the fox terrier, which is today one of the most popular breeds of small dogs.

The fox terrier has many qualifications. He is small and smooth-haired and therefore easily cared for. He is of a lively disposition and wonderfully intelligent. Quick as a flash in his movements, he is always of interest to watch. There is a whimsical, waggish look in his face as with half-cocked ears he listens to your commands, and when you have occasion to reprove him, he watches you from the corner of his eye with a gleam of mischief mingling with reproach, that quite upsets your dignity. He is easily taught to obey and his capacity for learning tricks is limited only by the patience of his teacher. He will romp and play for hours with the children and is of an affectionate disposition. A certain little fox terrier of my acquaintance, becoming old and feeble, was sent to a hospital for dogs, there to end his days in comfort and peace. From the moment he was put aboard the train he seemed to realize that he had bidden good-bye to his old home and friends forever. He would neither eat nor drink and when he reached his destination no delicacy would tempt him. Day by day he wasted away and made moan, watching the door with a great heart hunger in his eyes. Finally, his master was notified that it would be necessary to kill Foxy to put him out of his misery, or else he must be returned home. His master telegraphed for him at once. When he was taken to the train, he instantly ceased his moaning, and when his master tenderly lifted him out at the old home, absolute contentment dwelt in his beautiful eyes, and feebly he made effort to wag his stump of a tail. It took careful nursing to bring him back to life, and needless to say the faithful little animal will never again be sent away.

At all the great dog shows the fox terrier is one of the largest classes, showing how strong a hold this breed has. Yet it is not altogether a favorite of mine. High strung and nervous, the fox terrier easily acquires the habit of rushing and barking furiously at strangers, and he snaps unintentionally when there is no real viciousness behind the action. He is like a child, so excited sometimes that he knows not what he does. These faults can in a great measure be corrected in training: unless they are they constitute a serious drawback. The fox terrier was originally a hunting dog, as his name implies, and his love of the chase is still strong within him. He is an inveterate ratter, and once set him on pussy, all the whipping in the world will not break him of his love of chasing and killing cats.

In Boston, and to a large extent in New York, the dog of fashion is the Boston terrier, a comparatively new breed, an outgrowth of the bull terrier, a freak with the corkscrew tail of the old English bull and a face similar to the bull terrier's. He has been so closely inbred that his sense has been seriously impaired; while a good pet, he is not conspicuously intelligent. As an all-around home dog, he lacks in several ways.

The old-fashioned bull terrier, on the contrary, is in many respects the ideal home dog. Larger and heavier than the fox terrier he is still not too large for the house. Indeed, his size gives him a marked advantage over the smaller animal. He is better suited for a guardian of the home and protector of the children. He is quick, intelligent, faithful. The slower, heavier nature of the bull engrafted upon the nervous terrier, has resulted in a dog with all of the terrier's alertness and quick intelligence. Combined with all the good qualities of the terrier are the courage and tenacity of the bull. The bull terrier is good-natured, may be trusted to romp all day with the children, will

run, swim and hunt with the boys, may be taught to do almost anything but speak, is a splendid watch dog and still is not given to “yapping” and barking at everything he sees. His courage is second only to the bull’s.

Among other smooth-haired dogs I have always had a lurking fondness for the merry little beagles. They are small, clean and above all good-natured. These perhaps are their most salient points as home dogs. Slow by nature, they have not the bright ways and the ability to learn tricks characteristic of the other breeds mentioned, but they are lovable. I remember once being called out of doors by the deep, melodious voice of Flute, a beagle that I owned, vibrant with a note of pain. Poor Flute! He stood with a three-years-old child on either side, their chubby hands gripping his long silky ears and pulling with all their might in a tug of war. I don’t suppose anything under the sun would have induced him to harm either of those tots. The beagles are of course essentially hunting dogs. Another favorite of mine, with a nature as quick as the beagle’s is slow, is the long-bodied, short-legged dachshund.

Despite long, wavy hair, that must bring in more or less dirt, the cocker spaniel must be ranked with the home dogs. The cockers are becoming one of the leading classes at the dog shows. Merry-hearted little fellows are they, always ready for a romp, affectionate, sensitive, quick of action, easily taught and with a beauty that quite offsets the extra work their long silky coats may entail. They come in red, black and black and white. Their great liquid eyes and gentle ways win them instant favor with the women, and they are splendid little play-fellows for the children. Their hair is wavy and not curly, as is the case with some of the other spaniels, and for that reason they are more easily cared for. They are splendid little dogs for the home.

Whatever breed may be procured, much satisfaction will be found in a good pedigree. In training, make a dog understand early that it is not his business to bark at every stranger who enters the yard. The home dog must be a gentleman, else is he in no way suited to be a member of the household.

Good Housekeeping. November, 1900, p. 250-252.

A Colonial Evening.

W.T.B.

The occasion had been a most enjoyable grange function, to which I had been sent to assist in varying the exercises. "You will be entertained by Brother Bouck," said the master of ceremonies, when the affair was over. And Mr Bouck, to whom I had been previously introduced, warmly pressed the invitation. "I live on an island in the Schoharie river," he said. "There is no bridge, but there is a boat."

There were seven in the party that stepped out into the cold December night,— our host and hostess, two married couples from the northern part of the county, and myself. The boat was small, and our host ferried us over two at a time, using no oars, but a long pole instead, which he plied with the skill born of long practice. A few hundred yards from the landing, the grand old colonial mansion loomed up amid its surrounding elms, and once within its doors a delightful surprise awaited us. Our hostess had preceded us, and by the time our outer garments were removed, there was a roaring fire in the great open fire-place of the drawing room, big easy chairs were drawn within the circle of its warmth and light, and our delightful entertainment began.

Mr Bouck is a son of William C. Bouck, governor of New York from 1842 to 1844, a man once high in the councils of the state. Mr Bouck himself has represented his county in the assembly, and Mrs Bouck is a granddaughter of Timothy Murphy, the famous marksman and scout of revolutionary times, who, obeying the command of Gen Morgan, shot the British general, Frazer, at the battle of Bemus Heights.

The island home is the ancestral seat of the Boucks, the present mansion having been built in 1789. A knowledge of these facts, with the added knowledge that the whole region hereabout was, during the colonial and revolutionary periods, the scene of bloody Indian wars and fierce struggles with the British and tories, threw an old-time glamour over all seated there. Outside, the north wind roared through the branches of the great elms, hurling the sleet against the old-fashioned shutters, while to our ears was brought the low rippling of the historic stream. Inside, all was warm and light, a brimming pitcher of cider, a dish of rosy apples and the fragrance of good cigars giving zest to the lively conversation in which all took part.

The original deed of the island farm was shown us. It is a formidable-looking document, of parchment, perhaps two feet square, and completely covered with the quaint penmanship of colonial days. Attached to the parchment is a seal big as a small saucer, and the ink with which the deed was drawn is still apparently as fresh as when spread, early in the 18th century.

There are but few of Timothy Murphy's descendants still living, and that was the reason why we were shown but one of his snowshoes, the other precious relic being in the possession of Mrs Bouck's sister. It was Murphy's hand that fashioned the hickory frame of this old shoe; his the unerring bullet that slew the deer whose hide furnished the thongs for the mesh; his fingers that drew tight the fabric, and tied anew the ends, where time and use had broken the thongs. Up and down the snow-clad hills and

valleys of more than one of the 13 colonies these snowshoes must have supported the sturdy old patriot, and if they could speak, what stories they might tell!

Next we viewed Murphy's belt, with his powder horn attached. The latter was once beautifully carved, but many of the figures have been worn away. There is every reason to believe that this belt was around his waist, and from this horn was poured the powder, on that memorable occasion of Oct 7, 1777, when Gen Morgan, turning to Murphy and pointing to the British line, said, "That man on the gray horse is Gen Frazer. He is more dangerous than Burgoyne himself. I admire and respect him, but he must die—stand among those bushes and do your duty."

A chronicler of the battle says, "Murphy's first ball cut the crupper of the gray horse, the second passed through his mane, and the third brought the gallant Englishman to the ground mortally wounded." We handled the time-worn accouterments with reverence, almost with awe. The gallant scout sleeps in the valley he fought so well to defend, dying peacefully in his bed, having reached a good old age. Many the redskin, redcoat and tory his faithful rifle helped into another world, but bullet of an enemy never found his flesh.

When a brand in the fireplace breaks and falls, and the flames start up anew, causing fantastic shadows to dance along the walls and gather into somber corners, it requires no great stretch of the imagination to people these rooms once more with the courtly men and stately dames of Washington's administration, and, following along down through the decades to our own time, to mingle with these the most brilliant men and women in the political history of New York. The visits of many of the latter Mr Bouck well remembers, and his personal anecdotes of New York state's great politicians in ante-bellum days are well worth hearing.

The night wore on apace, and before we realized the lateness of the hour, the tall old clock chimed out, "One!" There were lighting of candles and a saying of kindly good-nights, as one by one the guests filed off to bed. But I lingered for another half hour beside the dying embers on the hearth, talking in subdued tones to this pair of fine old aristocrats, who seem to be so essentially of the past, but who, erect, handsome and vigorous, full of health and strength, unmistakably belong to the present. Then to the best and softest of modern couches, to be lulled into a refreshing sleep by the gentle lapping of the stream,—a fitting climax to one of the most enjoyable evenings of a lifetime.

American Agriculturist. November 17, 1900, p 24.

November.

T. W. B.

Some folks seems ter think November's
Saddest month of all the year;
Mourn for the departed summer.
Talk of days as dull and drear.
I don't! No sire-ee, sir, bob, sir!
Yer can bet yer don't hear me
Saying nothin' 'against November!
Me an' some folks don't agree.

Call November dull an' dreary?
Jes' yer cast yer eyes out where
Lies you pile o' yaller punkins. —
Concentrated sunshine there;
Jes' a shinin' golden promise
Yer can carry in yer eye.
O' the comin' o' Thanksgivin',
An' no limit on the pie.

Chestnuts droppin' in the woodland,
Burs a-openin' more an' more,
Barrels full o' red-cheeked apples,
Cider suckin' thro' a straw.
Quail a-whistlin' in the stubble,
Whir o' partridge in the wood.
An' to crown it all, Thanksgivin'!
Some folks don't know what is good.

Springfield Homestead. November 17, 1900, p. 14.

The Gobbler's Thanksgiving.

Waldo.

The grows weak! Its feeble rays
Linger along the leaf-strewn way
As good Samaritans who grieve
That their dull warmth may not relieve
 The dead.

The hills in purple, ere the breath
Of winter brings the shroud of death,
Lend of their royal color where
Else the dull landscape, drear and bare,
 Had lain.

The hoarded fruitage of the year
Alone hath elements to cheer
The bursting bin, the cellar's store,
The golden pumpkins heaped, and more
 Than these;

The certain knowledge that this spoil
Is his because of honest toil
Hath given man alone the voice
At this drear season to rejoice
 And praise.

None other is there who gives thanks
All nature mourns her wasted ranks!
And in the gloom of each dull day
I read my doom; I may not stay
 My fate.

Springfield Homestead. November 24, 1900, p. 9

“My Dad an’ Me.”

Waldo

Seems like everything I want ter do,
My dad, he jes’ don’t want me to;
Says football’s dang’rous, and that he
Can’t see why I should always be
A-thinkin’ of my bat an’ ball,
An’ runnin’ when the fellers call.
Dad says hill-dill an’ pris’ner’s base
Is foolishness, an’ that ter chase
An’ tear around an’ climb an’ yell
Has jes’ got ter be broke up a spell.
He got ter work, dad says, at ten,
An’ that’s the way ter train up men.
Things has changed some since those days,
‘Cept dad’s ideas, an’ they jest stays,
An’ so somehow we can’t agree,
 My dad an’ me.

Bob Hunter’s dad, he takes him out
Through woods an’ fields an’ all about,
An’ shows him how ter shoot an’ fish,
An’ how ter swim. By gol, I wish
That dad would take me that a-way
Jes’ kind o’ chummin’ fer a day.
Bob Hunter, he jes’ knows a pile
His dad has showed him; guess you’d smile
Ter hear him tell o’ birds and things;
Why tip-ups teeter an’ the robin sings,
Jes’ where to find the ole mushrat, An’ lots of queer things more’n that.
Bob Hunter’s father, he knows boys,
But dad, he don’t; won’t stand their noise.
I guess that’s why we can’t agree,
 My dad an’ me.

Bob’s father, he jes’ jumps right in;
Plays ball an’ slams ‘em in like sin,
An’ laughs at us when we get mad.
An’ jokes us till we wish we had
Jes’ held our tempers same as he.
When we smash back. He says that we
Are bound ter git knocked when we’re men,
An’ laughin’ now at bumps, why when
We all grow up we won’t mind much

What he calls the equalizin' touch
Of nature; Bob's dad says. Wish mine
Would fool an' talk that way; it's fine.
Yer git ter know yer dad, an he knows you,
An' ain't forgot he was young, too.
But dad don't, so we don't agree,
 My dad an' me.

Good Housekeeping. December, 1900, p. 331.

Reprinted in many newspapers, including *Buffalo News*, December 7, 1900.

An Old Aunt's Gift.

T. W. Burgess

Many long, long years ago
Upon a Christmas day,
Among a wealth of gifts received
A tiny package lay.

It was so very, very small
It scarce had caught my eye;
So modest that, the truth to tell,
I near had passed it by.

A scented pin-ball lay within
The wrapper coarse and brown;
And with it in a shaking script.
The lines a-running down,
A little, neatly folded note
This message had to tell:
“Dear laddie, tho’ the giftie’s small,
Ye ken I love ye well.”

Ah, that was long, long years ago,
I cannot now recall
A single costly gift that lay
Beside that scented ball.
The very givers, I must own,
Are gone from out my mind;
They gave to me that I return
The compliment in kind.

Good Housekeeping. December, 1900. p. 344.

Reprinted in newspapers including *Buffalo News*, December 7, 1900.

Rules of an Expert Candy-Maker.

Mrs Fannie C. Burgess

“Use your judgment, child, use your judgment,” was the sound but rather unsatisfactory advice of an old aunt of mine when besought for aid in the realms of pots and kettles. Since then, I have learned exactly how the dear old lady felt, and what she meant, and many a time I have been tempted to repeat it to perplexed young candy-makers. But judgment without experience is impossible, and for that reason the experience of others may save many a bitter disappointment.

I know of no greater uncertainty to the beginner than candy-making. Today your candy is all that it should be; tomorrow with a confidence born of today's success you use exactly the same rule in exactly the same way and lo! a total failure.

Many a disappointment did I suffer until I took into account the weather. Then I had found the source of the greater part of my trouble and the keynote of success. All French cream candy has as its foundation fondant, and it is in the making of this that the weather plays so important a part. It took repeated failures in damp days, muggy days, sticky days, to teach me that a bright, clear day, without wind (for a high wind is apt to make it grain), is essential for perfect fondant. Nothing is more easily affected by the atmosphere than sugar. Therefore, as Christmas approaches, I take advantage of the most favorable days to make up my fondant, for in glass jars it will keep indefinitely. Then when I want to make up my bonbons just before the holidays, I am sure that they will be just what they should be.

For the beginner it is easier to work with small quantities. To a pound of fine granulated sugar (be sure that it is pure) add a small cup of water and set to boil. When the first bubbles appear, add as much cream of tartar as you can take up on the point of a penknife, dissolved in a tea-spoonful of water saved from the cup. Better too little tartar than too much, for in the latter case you will not be able to bring your fondant at all. The fondant may be made without tartar, but a very little will be of great aid in making the cream smooth. Boil without stirring until upon dipping a fork into it and holding in the air a hair-like thread will hang from the tines. Then test a little in ice-cold water. If it gathers at the bottom in a soft ball, take from the fire, pour into a bowl and set to cool in a dry place away from water, out in the air if the day is fine.

It is at this stage that judgment is of so much importance. A fraction too much boiling will result in hardening. With too little boiling you will be unable to bring it to a cream stiff enough to handle. Be sure it is undisturbed while cooling. Do not allow a spoon to be dipped in it. When I can bear a finger in it, I begin to stir it with a large spoon. It soon thickens into a cream and when too thick to stir longer, I work it quickly and hard in my hands, like bread dough, until it is a smooth, stiff paste. There should be no grains whatever. If it granulates it probably has been boiled too long, and with a cup of boiling water added must be boiled over again with greater care. If not boiled enough, all the stirring and beating in the world will not bring it to a firm paste. Two tablespoonfuls of water should then be added and the whole reboiled until, when tested,

it forms a little firmer ball than before.

If in cooling the candy forms a thin crust on top, I remove it before working. The perfect fondant melts instantly in the mouth. My fondant made, I have done enough for one day and find I enjoy the work more if I put it away and leave the making up into the various bonbons until another day. Pressed into a glass jar and covered with waxed paper it will keep for weeks.

Fourteen years of candy-making has convinced me that all the world likes chocolate. Therefore, I find nothing more satisfactory than chocolate creams. The variety is limited only by the inventive genius of the maker. Sweetened chocolate may be bought of any confectioner or may be made by melting unsweetened chocolate in a cup with a teaspoonful of water and adding to this an equal quantity of fondant melted to cream and flavored with vanilla. Mix both together standing in boiling water. However, I never have found this altogether satisfactory, and use the regular confectioner's sweetened chocolate. Personally, I prefer, and I have found many others do also, my creams made with plain, unsweetened chocolate, the filling being so very sweet that the slight bitterness of the chocolate is just what is needed. Candy-making requires quickness; everything must be ready to hand. So, on chocolate day I first crack a number of English walnuts, taking care to retain the halves of the meat whole. Those that break are put aside and afterward chopped and used with the fondant. I have by me also a dish of almonds shelled and skinned, such flavoring extracts as I am to use, a deep colored orange, some candied cherries and a slice of candied pine-apple, both of which may be obtained at any confectioner's.

Orange and Nut Chocolates

Putting some of the fondant in a bowl, set in a pan of hot water on the stove, I grate enough orange peel into it to flavor it, adding just a speck of tartaric acid to give it tartness. If the fondant is very stiff it will stand a little juice from the orange, but if inclined to be soft it will not stand the extra moisture. As the fondant melts, I stir it constantly until the orange is thoroughly mixed in. If not stirred the fondant would go back to plain syrup. When thoroughly mixed remove from the stove, stirring it until stiff enough to work with the hands. Breaking off small bits I mold them into small balls the size of marbles, putting them on a sheet of waxed paper. A few I make of triple size. When this is used up, I treat another batch of fondant in like manner, save that this time I flavor with extract of vanilla instead of orange. When it cools so that I can work it with my hands I work into it the chopped nuts previously mentioned and then instead of molding into balls I roll it into the shape of nougatines.

They are now ready for dipping. The chocolate must be melted slowly in a cup or small bowl set in hot water on the back part of the stove or in the top of the tea-kettle. Turning a baking pan bottom up. I cover it with waxed paper. Taking a cream on the end of a fork I dip it into the melted chocolate, taking care that it is thoroughly covered, and then drop onto the pan, working as quickly as possible. On the top of each of the large creams place the half of a walnut or an almond after dipping. When all are dipped, I set away to cool in as cold a place as I can find, the pan making an easy way of handling the creams before they have hardened. If when hardened the chocolate be

found to have run down and spread slightly around the bottom of each cream. trim it off with a sharp knife. But this must be done before they get very hard. Lemon and coffee chocolates. and. in fact, all other flavors are made in the same manner.

Bonbons

I have found that a few delicately tinted bonbons add not a little to the attractiveness of a box of Christmas candies. When I first began, I was forced to make my own coloring matter, but now Burnett's coloring paste can be bought in tiny jars and is very convenient, not only in candy-making but in coloring cake icings and the like. For the inside of my bonbons, I proceed exactly as in making chocolate creams. The centers made, I am ready for dipping. Putting a piece of fondant in a bowl I melt it, stirring in just the least bit of color paste such as I can take up on the end of a toothpick. The novice is almost sure to use too much coloring. Delicate shades are far more attractive. Pale yellow, green, pink and violet are the prettiest. The fondant melted and colored, the balls are dipped in exactly the same way as were the chocolates. I dip each ball a second time, as it makes a smoother, prettier candy. Lemon creams are made exactly as are the orange, save in the matter of flavoring, the peel and juice of a lemon being substituted for orange. Coffee creams are great favorites with many and are made in like manner, using strong extract of coffee for the flavoring. A little of the extract added to the fondant in which the balls are to be dipped will give it just the color needed.

Raspberry Creams

The inside of these I sometimes make with confectioner's sugar because it is easier to handle with jam than is the fondant. To a dessertspoonful of raspberry jam, I add enough confectioner's sugar to form a stiff paste. This is then molded into balls and dipped in pink fondant. Fig creams are delicious and are made by scraping out the soft part of figs and with confectioner's sugar or stiff fondant working into a paste that can be handled. By way of variety, I usually mold into oblong shapes instead of balls, and then dip.

Dipped Nuts

Broken meats of English walnuts and almonds are very nice. As I said before all of these things will need to be dipped twice. The bowl of melted fondant should be kept standing in hot water, and even then will stiffen rapidly. As soon as too stiff to use, remelt, always remembering to stir. Dipping should be done swiftly, for continued remelting of fondant will cause it to granulate and become grainy.

Cherries and Pineapple

Candied cherries dipped are a pleasing variety and of course should be colored pink. The candied pineapple cut in tiny cubes and dipped in unflavored fondant is equally delicious. Stiff fondant flavored with vanilla and molded the size and shape of a queen olive with the half of an English walnut pressed firmly on either side is a highly popular candy.

The bulk of my Christmas candies made up, I utilize the remnants of fondant for

a few pretty novelties that add much to the appearance of a dish or box and amply repay the trouble involved. Into a bit of fondant the size and shape of a queen olive, flavored with bitter almond and colored green, press firmly, sidewise, a very white almond, holding the candy in the left hand, curved so that the pressure of the nut may not change the shape. The result is an excellent imitation of a green almond just burst at the side.

I have had a tin form made, six inches long, one inch wide and one inch deep. This I line with waxed paper and fill to a third of its depth with chocolate flavored and colored fondant, pressing it down firmly. Then I put in a layer of pink flavored with rose water, and for the final layer put in white flavored with vanilla, or green flavored with almond, or yellow flavored with orange or lemon. There is almost no limit to the combinations. Finely chopped nuts may be worked into one layer. The candy is pressed in firmly to take the shape of the tin form. When it is taken out it will be a cube six inches long by an inch square. With a sharp knife I slice it down, making my slice a quarter of an inch thick. These fancy squares scattered through a dish are not less attractive to the eye than to the taste.

Another novelty for which I use this same form is tutti frutti. Equal amounts of finely chopped citron, currants well washed and dried, sultana raisins and chopped nuts are worked into twice as much fondant, and the form is filled with this. It is afterward cut into slices, and because it is inclined to be a bit sticky each slice is neatly wrapped in waxed paper. It may be made in one, two or more colors if you like.

I might go on with many other suggestions, but the varieties mentioned I have found the easiest to make and perhaps more satisfactory than some more elaborate. Candy-making is an art, but once acquired it is fascinating. Don't be discouraged with the first failure or the second, for the final success will be ample compensation, and the handsome box of Christmas candies will be a source of pride for yourself and enjoyment for your friends.

[ghostwritten by TWB under direction of his mother]

Good Housekeeping. December, 1900. p. 374.

What the Old Clock Says.

T. W. Burgess

Tick-tock-tick-tock,

It is eight o' the clock!

Tick-tock-tick-tock,

Come hang up your sock

And scamper away to bed!

Flit to the borderland o' dreams,
To the slumberland o' nod,
Where mischievous elves are ruled, I trow,
By the witch with a golden rod;
Where goblins stray and fairies play
Till night and the stars have fled.

Tick-tock-tick-tock,

It is twelve o' the clock!

Tick-tock-tick-tock;

Did Santa Claus knock?—

And even the mice asleep!

Sure, 'tis the jolly old saint himself,
To the very identical wink!
And he's just as jolly and just as fat,
Though the chimneys all may shrink!
Upon his back the same old pack,
I know to be just as deep.

Tick-tock-tick-tock,

It is five o' the clock!

Tick-tock-tick-tock,

Come, look at your sock,

And say if I said not true!

Look for yourself at the funny thing,
At the shapeless form and fat!
Did ever a self-respecting sock
Get into a form like that—
Unless Saint Nick at midnight tick,
Had slipped down the chimney flue?

American Agriculturist. December 22, 1900, p. 29; *Springfield Homestead.* January 12, 1901.

Billy's Resolutions.

Waldo

I, on this first day of the year,
Resolve, in my handwriting here,
That I won't answer mother back;
That never more will I hook-jack;
I won't call names at Bobby Lowe;
That I'll say no'm 'stead of no;
I won't fergit the golden rule;
I'll never whisper more in school;
I'll do whatever I am told,
And not give dad a chance ter scold;
I'll never sic old Towser at
Old Mis' Perry's tabby cat;
I'll do my chores before I play,
Instead of in the usual way;
I won't go stamping on the stair;
I'll brush my clo'es and comb my hair;
I'll wipe my feet and wash my hands
Without waiting for commands,
So cross my throat and may I die,
To keep these through the year I'll try.
Billy.

American Agriculturist. December 29, 1900, p. 29.

1901

Thornton Burgess continued to contribute verse, articles, and short stories to the *American Agriculturist*, *Springfield Homestead*, and *Good Housekeeping* during this year, several of which were animal-oriented: “Cats I have known” and “Birds I have known,” both containing autobiographical details; the poem “Sir Cotton tail;” and “Love notes of spring,” about black-capped chickadee and eastern bluebird song. In September, following the death of William McKinley, Burgess contributed a poem in memorial, “It is God’s Way,” printed on the front page of the *Springfield Homestead* [due to transcription errors, this poem is incomplete in this volume]. And Burgess wrote another poem about ideal father-son relationships, “Dad’s Way,” that was reprinted in many newspapers.

MacDougall's New Year Wish.

Waldo

I had come down from the armory where I had seen five of Uncle Sam's brass pieces belch forth a salute over the dead century and the birth of the new, and I had stopped for a moment at the cathedral to hear the solemn music of the high mass. Standing beneath, the half-open windows, listening to the deep reverberating tones of the organ, I became aware of a familiar figure near me. It was tall, broad-shouldered, angular, and the moonlight threw a fantastic shadow of it on the ivy-covered wall of the church. There was no mistaking it—there is but one such figure—it was Willie MacDougall. His features were indistinct, but his whole attitude was that of a man whose soul has for the time being risen to other spheres. When the music ceased, MacDougall came back to his surroundings with something very like a sigh. Then I ventured to speak with him.” “I wish you a happy New Year, Willie said I.

He turned sharply and a horny hand squeezed mine in a ruthless grip. “Laddie a'ill gie ye muckle o' thanks for yir weesh. For yirsel', may ye hae a pairfect course wi' na hazard ye need be fearin', na bunker ower which ye canna make a clean drive. May there be muckle sunshine wi' noo and again a dash a rain drops that 'ill make the landscape fairer when the cloud hae passed. May many a bit posie bloom for ye i' the grass and frae every bush the song of a wee bit birdie greet ye. May yir een be gude and ye drives be clean wi' never a fozzle, and when the first round o' the new century 'ill hae been completed may ye find yir score Is muckle better than the boggy and as ye make the last hole, pick ye bit ball up wi' the knowledge that ye has done yir best. Then will ye look back over the course and the word 'll be peace.”

'Tis no the one wi' skill sae great
He dinna need be fearin'
When e'er along the course it hap
The bunker he be nearin';
But he wha often tops his ball
Yet grips his club the tighter,
Wha gets the maist frae golf and life
And finds the world the brighter.

Springfield Homestead. January 5, 1901, p 8.

Some cats I have Known.

T. W. Burgess

When a cat deserts a home, then is the home deserted indeed. Man himself has not this home attachment stronger than pussy, and I have known her to work her way back, guided by an instinct as sure as that of a homing pigeon, over many weary miles to the place that had been home. Not even the dog is so closely associated with the household ties.

My first four-footed friend was a wee, frolicking bunch of gray fur as fine and soft as my lady's cloak of seal. He was a blue-eyed baby, a pure Maltese save for a tiny white spot on his breast, and with huge double paws that at first made him appear as clumsy as a puppy. We named him Clover. To this day I have never been able to convince myself that Kitty Clover did not understand the English language quite as fully as the discordant vernacular of his own tribe. Not without the strong disapproval of my mother, Clover and I became bedfellows, and as sure as the clock struck 8, Clover sat on the foot of my trundle bed waiting for his master. Then when the light was out, he would steal up with a purr of content, cuddle just under the bedclothes as close to my neck as possible, there to sleep until morning.

But the maternal disapproval increased and found vent one afternoon about 4 o'clock in a positive statement that such nonsense had got to end; that no more should Clover and I slip into the land of dreams together. Now Clover sat by at the time, grooming his spotless coat. Ten minutes later he had disappeared, and no amount of calling brought him to his supper. Bedtime came, the light was put out, the mater came for her good-night kiss, and the swish of her skirts was lost on the stairs. Then suddenly there was "thump" under the bed as of something that had dropped, a light spring close to my face, and with a triumphant purr Clover had cuddled down in the usual place. Thereafter, regularly with the waning of the afternoon, he hid himself in the springs of the bed, and not until he was sure my mother had departed would he slip out to join his bedfellow.

At command Clover would stretch himself on the floor stiff and rigid as in death, save that the tip of the tail would always protest, and I never was able to teach him that in death even the tail was still. Poor Clover, his end was tragic. It was months before we knew what had become of him, and then, jammed between two timbers, we found a skeleton and a faded bit of blue ribbon, telling a tale that gives me a moment of sadness even now.

Prince is a handsome cat of ordinary type but extraordinary sense. It has been the habit of Master Prince when thirsty to go to the bathroom and there to sit on the edge of the basin until his mistress could draw the water for him. When he had finished drinking, his mistress would pull the stopper and Prince would take a grave delight in watching the water run out. One day, before she had a chance to pull the stopper, he slipped his paw under the chain and lifted it sharply, of course freeing the stopper. His mistress, to convince herself that it was by design and not accident, refilled the bowl.

Prince immediately repeated the trick, and with manifest pleasure watched the running water. Since then he has always done this after drinking.

Bess, one of the beautiful Angoras of our frontispiece, takes as keen delight in retrieving a ball as did ever a spaniel. She has a ball of her own, and if this is thrown, she will bound after it like a dog and, returning, daintily place it in the hand of the thrower, unless there be several persons present, when she will carry it to each in turn, taking care that all have received it once before any have a second throw. Bess is pure white, with great eyes as blue as the sky and airs that bespeak her aristocratic breeding. Her value is in the hundreds of dollars.

Near Long Island sound I know of a furry mother who understands and appreciates the use of an elevator, and who, moreover, imparts, the knowledge to her children. She is owned by a family whose home is an upper tenement. As it was a nuisance to run down stairs to let puss in or out, a pulley was rigged from a window and puss was lowered in a basket. This was left on the ground and puss soon learned to come and shake the string when she would come in. Then she became a mother, and when her firstborn was big enough, he was taken to the basket and taught the signal that would get him into the house.

Ruskin and Thomas are two gold and white cats of my acquaintance. Ruskin is the smaller, but he holds his place in the household by birthright and he is aware of it. Tom was a newcomer and an interloper, and to this day, though he is half again as big as Ruskin, he must give way to the latter's will. If Ruskin so chooses, he eats first, and if Tom be overpetted, Ruskin promptly drives him out. I fear Tom is something of a coward.

An oldtime feline friend of mine was an expert hunter, and the larder was seldom empty of rabbits and squirrels. Still another would dine at will upon the finny tribe, and old Izaak Walton was not more skillful in the gentle art than she. Puss is a creature with fine tastes, quite susceptible to education. I know one with an extravagant taste for olives, and still another whose favorite dish is tomato, raw or cooked.

The cat of today is the Angora, and the creature of blue blood is pure white, with blue eyes. Three of the beauties here—with exhibited to Good Housekeeping readers are the bluest of the blue bloods, and are owned by a woman who has been remarkably successful in raising these delicate animals. Unlike other cats, the Angora is delicate and susceptible to drafts and cold. Until they are three months of age, they are difficult to raise. Worms are one of their most direful enemies. A few drops of vermifuge in the milk occasionally will tend to keep these in check. A breeder of my acquaintance never gives her cats raw meat. She buys a cheap piece of beef, boils it until it is almost ready to fall apart, chops it fine, mixes it with the water it was boiled in and sets it away to jelly. This is then fed the cats twice a day, mixed with bits of bread. Their noon meal is always of bread and milk, and she takes care never to overfeed them, consequently they are never sick. She does not let the kittens have even this cooked meat until they are of good size. A bit of catnip occasionally acts as a tonic. Above all, these high-bred kitties must be kept warm.

Good Housekeeping. February, 1901.,p. 111-113.

Love Notes of Spring.

T. W. Burgess

Good morrow, Mistress Chickadee,
My Quakeress in sober gray,
I hear Tom Titmouse calling thee,
Softly calling far away,
“Phoebe! See me! Phoebe Gray!
See me Phoebe! See me, pray!”
Ah, Tom, you black-capped rogue, didst guess
My heart would also fain confess
To softly calling all the day,
“Phoebe! Phoebe! Phoebe Gray?”

And thou, Sir Bluebird, debonair!
Thou hidden herald of the spring!
We joy once more to faintly hear
Thy sweet, soft love note plaintive ring:
“I love, my love! I love thee!
My love, I love! My love see!”
Ah, loyal knight, in heaven’s blue,
How couldst thou know that beating true
My heart doth plead and call with thee,
“My love, I love! My love see!”

Good Housekeeping. April, 1901. Frontispiece.
Reprinted in newspapers including *Kansas City Star*, March 9, 1902.

Sir Cotton Tail.

T.W.B.

Sir Cotton Tail of Hazlewood
I met upon the way.
His loosely fitting coat and vest
Were all of sober gray.
And I had thought him quite the swell,
But that he would not stay.

And then, Oh, my! I laughed aloud.
'Twas such a funny sight,—
Sir Cotton Tail and dignity
Together taking flight!
His trousers by his wife had been
Reseated pure white.

American Agriculturist. May 4, 1901, p. 637.

The Honest Miller.

T. W. Burgess.

Beside his open door he stands
And sees the world go by;
A ruddy glow is in his cheek,
And laughter in his eye,
As if he found a golden key
In every bag o' rye.

The dripping wheel below him chants.
The melody it caught
From limpid waters, brown and clear,
In nature's temple taught;
And in the miller's very soul
Its harmony is wrought.

His honest laugh is good to hear;
His hand is good to grip;
Within his soul there is no room
For aught of guile to slip;
Content is he to take his toll,
And watch his old wheel drip.

God bless the miller and his wheel!
God bless the merry rill!
As long ago, in unison,
I hear them singing still.
And he who learns that melody
May think or do no ill!

American Agriculturist. July 27, 1901. p.17; *Springfield Homestead.* August 10, 1901.

It is God's Way.

T.W. Burgess

“It is God's way. His will be done.”
Even as when
From [...] hill from plain and from the homes of men
The shuddering forces of the night withdraw at dawn
Before the advancing splendor of the perfect morn
So in this hour of gloom, grief weighted and profound
Our cloistered ears, sore stricken and in sorrow bound,
Refusing to be comforted and making men
For him who we so loved, whose death [...] can atone
He speaks and lo! A ray divine of purest light
Pierces the curtains of the enveloping night
“It is God's way. His will be done.”

“It is God's way.” We cannot question it when he,
Before the gates ajar with single faith could see
The fullness of the Master's plan, and mindful still
Of his great charge, make clear to us the higher will
So would he comfort us and [...] the way
Seeing beyond the crushing gloom the break of day
And we above our noble and illustrious dead,
Mourning the great spirit that was so foully sped.
And fearful of the future and affairs of state,
In growing faith still hear his voice without the gate,
“It is God's way. His will be done.”

Springfield Homestead. September 21, 1901, p. 16.

Birds I Have Known.

T. W. Burgess

Dick! I never hear the name but it conjures up a vision of a fluffy little golden ball, a feathered sprite whose happy nature seemed to absorb the sunshine which he loved so well, that he might give of it again in cheery melodies when the shadows fell or the gloom of a cloudy day shrouded the room. Dick was buried under the sweet brier at the turn of the old garden walk twenty years ago. He was my first feathered friend, singing his way into my boyish heart when I had but lately shed kilts. He was a canary, as yellow as molten gold, and with a disposition as bright as the carefully dressed feathers of his coat. The soul of good fellowship dwelt in him, and he must needs salute everyone with a quick sweet note, nor was he content until it had been answered. Never was he so happy as when someone would talk to him. Then he would pour out his heart in quick replies and little snatches of song, hopping from perch to perch until finally he would burst into the full melody of his tuneful little throat and sing until it seemed that it would burst for very joy.

Dick was a gentleman. He never took advantage of or abused the privileges granted him. For an hour or so he was daily allowed the freedom of the room. When it was time to return to the cage it was always without protest. Never was he too sleepy to reply softly, albeit drowsily, to one who spoke to him.

After Dick had lain under the rose leaves for a month or so, came Jake. A surly rogue was Jake, with dark feathers in his tail and wing coverts and a temperament the reverse of Dick's. Jake pecked spitefully at the hands which fed him, and when the freedom of the room was given him, he fought viciously against a return to the cage. A rich, rare melody he had when he was minded to be tuneful, but that was not often. One day the window was inadvertently left open when Jake was allowed his liberty. There was one quick note, a hurried flitting of wings and he passed out of our lives.

Later years brought me many friends from different feathered tribes. One whose memory I cherish was a purple finch, transported when a mere fledgling from his airy home in the tiptop of a cedar to my home. On a mixed diet of the yolks of hard-boiled eggs and worms he thrived and grew plump. Before he had attained the royal coat of his tribe, he commenced to rehearse the song of his fathers. These rehearsals were strictly private. With the knowledge that anyone was in the room he, was merely a bright-eyed little bird in sober brown, always ready with a cheerful chirp for all who spoke to him. But, when he thought himself alone, he would settle on the topmost perch and softly, oh, so softly, under his breath, run through the trills of his roundelay. Then cocking his head to one side he appeared to sit in critical reverie until presently he tried again. Bob was doomed never to attain the full glory of his royal coat and sweet song. King, my cat, getting into the room alone with him, sprang for the little songster, and though he succeeded in merely striking the cage, I found Bob beneath his perch, lifeless. He was simply frightened to death.

Since then I have learned what perhaps would have saved Bob had I known it,

namely, that birds faint, dying unless revived. A friend of mine owned a canary of such a timid nature that if startled it would drop in a dead faint, reviving when water was thrown upon it.

Imp was black, as black as the imps of mischief that sometimes hid themselves in his cunning brain. He was of the genus *Corvus*, otherwise crow. He first learned to clamor noisily and to become a gourmand in the top of a tall, lone pine. Later he exercised both accomplishments to an extent that caused him to acknowledge seven knickerbockered masters in as many days. He would gorge himself with pellets of bread moistened with milk or water until he could hold no more. Then, disgorging like the ancient Romans, he would yell lustily for more, and keep it up the livelong day. I have always thought that seasickness would have been no inconvenience whatever to Imp.

As he grew older, he ceased his foolish clamor as being beneath his dignity, for he was a stately bird and as careful of his glossy coat as any dandy. He became the household pet. At first his wings were clipped, but later they were allowed to grow, for it was plainly evident that he considered himself one of the most important members of the family, and on no account would desert it. His tongue was split and he became a very fair talker. One could never encounter that keen eye of his, as seated on the back of a chair he watched the housework progress, without wondering what thoughts were passing through his black head. Every noon at 12 o'clock Imp, flying high, started for the schoolhouse a mile away. As the boys came trooping out his eye instantly picked out his master, onto whose shoulder he would drop, maintaining his seat until home was reached.

Imp's bump of humor was abnormal, and it led him into all sorts of difficulties. Slipping out to the hen pen he would secrete himself behind a post and call the hens, for he was a rare mimic. With keen enjoyment he would watch them race madly for the expected food, then he would demurely walk out and poke a few bits of stick and pebbles through the wire netting, while chanticleer and his harem walked about disconsolately. He knew when washday arrived. Very early he would disappear, nor would there be a trace of him until all the washing was on the line to dry. But he never was far distant, for the instant the washerwoman entered the house, Imp would pass swiftly down the line, pulling the clothespins as he went, and then in a paroxysm of glee walk back and forth along the ridgepole of the house as he watched the havoc below and the wrath of his victims. He was very careful to allow sufficient time for the abatement of wrath ere he joined the family circle. It finally became necessary to shut him up every Sunday night, keeping him a prisoner until the wash was in the house. He possessed a crow's love of hiding small articles and a satanic ingenuity in devising secret treasure vaults for their receipt. He had a strong prejudice against umbrellas, and of a stormy Sunday would sit on the gatepost and address uncomplimentary remarks to all who passed under the protection of an umbrella.

This sense of humor in birds is not uncommon. I remember an old friend of my boyhood, a great green parrot who would always whistle to passersby. He was a good talker, but alas, his education began on the ship which brought him over. No grizzled veteran of the fo'castle was possessed of a choicer or more complete vocabulary of

profanity. Yet he never used it save at the most inopportune times. So sure as there were guests to dinner, he would wait until his white-haired master had begun to say grace, when he would break in with the most shocking oaths. Even when the precaution to put him in another room had been taken, his keen ear would detect the right moment and he would scream out his curses.

One of the oddest pets I ever owned was a red-tailed hawk, one of the largest of the so-called hen hawks. I got him from a nest when he was but partly feathered out and brought him up on a diet of frogs, raw meat, fish and my neighbor's chickens. He grew into a handsome great bird, but it was beauty with little wit. I kept him in a shed nights, taking him out each morning to a post in the yard, to which he was tied by a stout string fastened to a leather thong about one leg. I used to transfer him from shed to post by means of a short stick on which he would perch while I carried him out. Occasionally he would choose my wrist instead of the stick, and then there was nothing for it but to walk very straight and hold the arm very steady, for his huge talons were capable of tearing my wrist to shreds, and if my arm was a bit unsteady, for he was a heavy fellow, he had an uncomfortable way of tightening his grip to retain his balance. A neighbor's henyard was a source of perpetual interest. Several times before he was old enough for extended flight, he broke his tether and dined at my neighbor's expense. Later, as he attained maturity, he would sit for hours gazing off into space until I was moved to pity his captive wild heart. But as I have said, he was witless, and though he obtained his liberty he knew not what to do with it. Coming home one noon it was to find a broken cord and no hawk. Presently I discovered him silhouetted against the sky over the ridgepole of a distant barn. With no real hope of capturing him I started for the barn. He saw me and recognized me before I reached the barn and cursed me vigorously in the shrill screaming vernacular of the hawk tribe. As I worked my way up the roof he did a side step along the ridgepole, the small feathers on the top of his head raised in an angry pompadour, screaming fiercely meantime. As I approached he struck viciously with his huge talons, his curved beak and strong wings, but made no attempt to fly away. So I gathered him up, slid down the roof and carried him home. Once again I found him gone. This time he had chosen a high tower, climbing which was out of the question. Searching the neighborhood I got a bit of raw meat and then sought a field near the tower. No sooner did I hold the meat up than his keen eye saw it and he launched himself from the tower like a feathered thunderbolt. Quite needless to say I was content to drop the meat on the ground. A second later he pounced upon it. Then, as before, he fought vigorously against being retaken, but made no effort to fly away.

Other feathered friends I have had: pigeons so timid when I got them that they would taste no food while anyone was near, but later would sit on my hand and take the corn from between my lips; wild sea folk brought home wounded to be nursed; shy little people who came to love the hand which fed them. Speaking of these wild birds recalls a domestic tragedy of which I knew. In a tree close to the chamber window of a friend of mine a pair of robins built their home, and before long four eggs of greenish-blue gave added joy to the vesper song. About this time appeared another Sir Redbreast, openly and shamelessly paying court to my lady of the nest. She, when her lord was away, coquetted most outrageously with the handsome stranger. At length four gaping little mouths demanded food and four little naked bodies demanded warmth

and mothering. The father labored diligently to feed the hungry mouths, but the mother more and more neglected them to flirt with the interloper. After a day or two she deliberately eloped. For a day the deserted father labored with redoubled efforts, but he could not feed his young and keep them warm, too, and finally with many a mournful cry he gave it up, and four birdlings perished. An attempt was made to bring them up by hand, but they were too young.

For those who will make friends with the birds there is rare pleasure in store, for their very nature is social. I never see a canary swinging by a window but I have the certain knowledge that there is some happiness in that home else had the sweet singer lost his song. No home can be other than brighter for a bird within its confines.

Good Housekeeping. October, 1901, pp. 286-289.

Halloween.

T. W. Burgess.

It is the weird and witching night
When owls are out and ghouls about.
And eerie spirits seek to fright;
While fate is told to him, so bold
As fain to know his future plight!

Who peers into the blackness may,
If bold he be, behold and see
What is in store along his way,
And who it is that, to be his,
Will share with him his wedding day.

So shoo the witches! Hang dull care!
Hobnob with fate and bob with Kate,
And steal the rose that's in her hair!
The light is low;-'tis right 'tis so
When fate is what you will or dare!

American Agriculturist. October 26, 1901, p.24.

Annette, Practising.

T. W. Burgess.

When dear Annette is practicing
(Dum-dee-dum, dum-dee-dee!)
I wish I were a thousand miles
Away across the sea,
Or high upon some towering height,
Beyond the soaring eagle's flight,
Where chance and wind could bring to me
No echo of dum-dee, dum-dee.

When dear Annette is practicing
(Dum-dee-dum, dum-dee-dee!)
I wish upon this mundane sphere
I might no longer be,
But in some quiet nook in space
Find there a temporary place
To let, with this trifling guarantee—
I'd never hear dum-dee, dum-dee.

When dear Annette is practicing
(Dum-dee-dum, dum-dee-dee!)
God bless the bonny winsomeness
Of her who fain would be
A Paderewski feminine,
High priestess of the art divine;
And that this thing in truth may be
We submit to dum-dee, dum-dee.

When dear Annette is practicing
(Dum-dee-dum, dum-dee-dee!)
'Tis but an hour ere her task
Will wholly ended be.
But I, alas, the livelong day
May never tear myself away,
But walk and talk and think and see
In measure with dum-dee, dum-dee.

American Agriculturist. November 2, 1901, p.27.

Dad's Way.

T. W. Burgess.

Just because he says, "God bless 'em,
They were made to make a noise!"

People say that dad's peculiar
In his bringing up of boys.

"They don't understand boy nature,
That's the trouble!"—dad, says he.

"Reckon that they've quite forgotten
All about the used-to-be.

"When my boys break loose and holler,
I break loose and holler, too,
Just to show they do no different
From the way we used to do.

When they want to go a-swimming,
I find time to go along;
Show 'em how to dive and side-stroke,
What is right and what is wrong.

"Take 'em fishing and out hunting,
Join 'em in a game of ball,
Teach 'em how to find the muskrat
And to know the plover's call.
Laugh at all their trifling mishaps,
Let them laugh in turn at me;
Take their 'dares'—from jumping fences
Round to shinning up a tree.

"So we're jolly boon companions,
Best of chums, —my boys and me.
Bond between us can't be broken;
Triple-woven!"—dad, says he.

"Better lead a boy than drive him;
It's by far the better plan.
Then you need not fear the future
When he grows to be a man."

American Agriculturist. November 9, 1901, p.25.

Reprinted in many newspapers including *Daily Republican*, January 1, 1902.

My Old Maid Aunt.

T. W. Burgess.

What's wrong with old maids? Fer's I see
They're jes' as nice as others be!
There's Aunt Jennette—folks kind o' smile
At her. I 'low her shawl ain't style;
She's sort o' prim an' fond o' ways
That don't go somehow nowadays.
Old-fashioned, p'rhaps, an' kind o' slow,
But jes' as good as gold, you know!

Ain't never married, so I s'pose
Old maid she is. But say, she knows
The way to get a feller's heart!
Will scold, you know, but takes his part
When other folks is down on him;
Jes' whispers soft, "Come upstairs, Jim";
Jes' tells him how she understands,
An' slips some pep'mints in his hands.

An' Aunt Jennette, she has a way
O' smiling when a chap's at play;
An' when he hollers, don't get mad,
But 'stead o' this, she says she's glad,
Explaining that she likes to hear
Exuberance of spirits near.
Say, I'll do anything, you bet,
Fer old maids like my Aunt Jennette!

American Agriculturist. November 16, 1901. p.20.

Reprinted in many newspapers including *Canton Independent-Sentinel*, January 10, 1902.

A Night Camp at Fort Ty.

Waldo

The last red shaft of the sun had shot up and faded out from behind old Mt Defiance an hour before. Through the dense blackness of the heavy shadows our little open canoe slipped silently under the shapeless mass of Grenadier battery, and turning the point grated gently on the narrow strip of beach directly opposite Mt Defiance. "Ticonderoga," said Pete softly, with a queer little touch of awe in his voice. "Ticonderoga!" said I, And we both looked up in awe at the shadowy outline of the bluff above us.

But vigorous appetites of healthy, growing youngsters not yet out of school, for the time being dispelled sentiment, and while Pete unloaded our canoe and pitched our little dog tent, I got our bacon to sputtering and sizzling merrily over a cheerful little fire, prepared the apples for frying and made a potful of steaming, fragrant coffee. Afterwards, with blankets unrolled and everything prepared for the night, we sat on the edge of the bluff in front of our little canvas house, and lapsed once more into the spell of the place.

Ever since we had begun our cruise at the northern end of Lake Champlain, we had looked forward to this night by the ruins of the old fort so intimately associated with the history of the American continent. We were expert canoeists, despite our years, and thus far there had been nothing more exciting than occasionally catching the crest of a big wave. We were roughing it like veterans, for only in roughing it is the real pleasure of camp life to be obtained. Our little tent was but 7 1/2 ft long by 4 ft wide and 3 1/2 ft high. Nothing not absolutely necessary found room in our little craft. We had been out a week and felt that we were indeed veteran explorers.

There was no moon, and the black shadows of the hills made blacker still the lake stretching before us. Save for the shunting of a freight train on the far side, there was absolutely nothing to suggest civilization or the neighborhood of man. The soft west wind brought us the murmur of a distant waterfall. From below us rose the gentle lap of tiny wavelets on the beach. "Know the meaning of Ticonderoga?" inquired Pete abruptly. "Yes," said I, "it is the old Indian name meaning 'the place of many mellow sounds.' 'Knew how to name things, didn't they!'" he exclaimed and lapsed into silence. Finally he spoke again: "Must have been pretty much like this when Ethan Allen surprised the British. Seems as if we might most likely hear a war whoop way off there or see a canoe sneaking along in those shadows, don't it?"

Then we fell to peopling all the place with the shadowy heroes of the bloody past, Montcalm and his gallant Frenchmen, General Amherst, Ethan Allen and his intrepid Green Mountain boys, the fierce Hurons, and the vindictive Mohawks. Indeed, it required no very great effort of imagination to make ourselves members of the garrison in this wilderness where liberty so often sought to break the tyrant's power. So vividly did we conjure up the ghosts of the past, that when the lantern was out and, rolled in our blankets, we wooed sleep, it e'en seemed a bit eerie out there under the old fort.

I had been asleep perhaps an hour, dreaming that I was a sentinel on the outer works, when I awoke with a start to find Pete sitting bolt upright, and staring out into the night, his left hand gripping my wrist and his right holding a revolver. Before I could speak a sound, a wall that to my half dormant senses was indescribably terrible, brought me upright also, the cold sweat breaking out on my forehead. "Did you hear that?" whispered Pete, and his hand shook. "Yes," said I, and then with straining ears and bated breaths we waited. Again it rose, a wailing cry from over beyond the furthest line of the grass grown earthworks. It was as if the spirit of some forgotten guardian of the fort, stricken down ere he could challenge or sound the alarm, had returned to make moan for the dead. Once again it rose and I am ashamed to say that my hair rose with it. Pete was crawling out of the tent. The next time, though weird enough, it did not sound quite so blood curdling. "Get a club," commanded Pete. Reaching in I got a paddle. Then we went to investigate.

What was it? One of those comical little ring-tailed chaps who make footprints in the sand so like a baby's—a coon. Weird enough is the cry of these little forest folk in the stillness of the night, even when you are expecting it, but to our overwrought imaginations it was magnified a hundred-fold. So we are not like to forget the night spent on the ruins of Fort Ticonderoga.

American Agriculturist. November 16, 1901, p.22.

Thanksgiving at Grandpa's.

T. W. Burgess.

Oh, the good old-fashioned dinner
Of the good old-fashioned days,
Served as only grandma served it
With her quaint old-fashioned ways!
When the uncles, aunts and cousins,
Gathered 'round the festive board
Loaded with the wealth of autumn—
With the garnered harvest hoard;
When the waning sun, in sinking,
Through the western windows crept,
And upon that scene of plenty
In a golden splendor slept!

Gobbler in the place of honor,
Flanked by ducks and chicken pie;
Sucking pig, with jaws distended
By a polished Northern Spy;
Mashed potatoes, squash and turnip;
Onions lending of their strength;
Stately plumes of snowy celery
All along the table's length;
At one side the dessert standing—
Shining pyramids of fruit,
Apple pie and mince and pumpkin,
Raisins, nuts and sweets to boot!

Grandpa beaming o'er the turkey,
As he deftly wields the knife,
Keeping for himself the wishbone,
That it sow no seeds of strife;
Grandma, sweet, serene and placid,
Ever with a watchful eye
Lest the good things in their circuit
Pass some bashful midget by;
Uncle Ned, with endless stories;
Laughter ringing 'round the board!
In the good old-time Thanksgiving
Least of all the harvest hoard.

American Agriculturist. November 23, 1901, p.23.

A Christmas by the Sea.

T. W. Burgess.

It was the day before Christmas. No one in the Nye household had forgotten it. Some would have liked to forget it and some wouldn't have forgotten it for worlds. It was mainly a difference in point of view and years; the difference of intimate knowledge of the true identity of Santa Claus with the exceedingly narrow limitations of his powers in the Nye home, and absolute faith in the legend of beautiful deer and a wonderful pack.

Therefore, Mother Nye and Grandpa Nye glanced at each other furtively from time to time, and forebore to mention the coming holiday, while the three little Nyes hilariously proclaimed it at least once in every five minutes.

It had been a desperately bad year for the Nyes. Early in the spring had come word of the finding of a portion of the wreck of the Arctic whaler Nancy Ellen (Captain Anson Nye) and no trace of the crew. And Nancy Ellen, for whom the ship was named, had straightway pulled out a little blue covered bank book, made careful estimate as to how long the precious little hoard it represented could be made to last by extreme frugality, and forthwith set herself to the task of feeding and clothing the three little Nyes without drawing on this reserve fund.

Sympathy and condolence, heartfelt and earnest, for the story with many variations, but ever with its burden of sorrow, has come to very many of the homes of Cape Cod fisher and sailor folk, had poured in upon her. But Nancy Ellen had refused these well-meant ministrations pointedly, and it was said, with somewhat of brusqueness in some cases. Moreover, she would not wear mourning. Nancy Ellen had refused to believe that Cap'n Anson's voyages were over. "The finding of a ship's stern is no proof that the crew ain't alive and hearty," she stoutly averred. If ever a doubt crept into her heart, it never got beyond. So while the village mourned for her, it could not mourn with her and its admiration of her pluck was unstinted.

Despite her unshaken faith that Cap'n Anson would turn up safely in due time, she went ahead as if his death was an accepted fact, practicing the most rigid economy, patching and darning Ted's trousers, making over her own clothes for the twins, Nan and Betsy, and steadfastly refusing to touch the money in the bank. It was hard work. It was harder than she had thought it would be, for Cap'n Anson had always been a liberal provider.

"But," said Nancy Ellen, Ellen, "though I don't believe the cap'n is dead, and won't believe it without proof positive, still if I'm wrong I'll need every penny I've got."

But even this was to be denied. One morning the town was shaken by the news that the Barnstable bank had failed. That day was "Black Friday" of Cape Cod.

The greeting of every man to his neighbor was not "Did you lose anything?" but, "How much did you lose?" The crash hardly made a momentary stir in the New

York and Boston money markets, but it shook Cape Cod. Its vibrations crept into the far north and were felt aboard ice-bound whalers. They were felt on Provincetown trawlers, on the Grand banks, and on African coasters. Every dollar lost had been wrung from the sea by toil which has no equal. And more than one of the now valueless little blue bank books had been bought at the cost of precious human life. With the rest was swept away Mrs Nye's little reserve against the day of need.

She said nothing when told the news. It was not her way to make useless lamentation. But the firm little mouth was set tighter and the square, decided chin of the Crowells became a trifle more decided.

She called Grandpa Nye and told him gently of her loss and his own, for the old man's all had gone with the rest. They still had the modest little home, taxes paid for a year. This was in Mrs Nye's name. Grandpa Nye also owned a five-acre cranberry bog, which promised a heavy yield that year. Therefore, with the optimism that is all that makes life possible for those who dwell by the sea, they regarded the outlook with a measure of cheerfulness.

The cranberry crop began to color early that fall, and was estimated a barrel to the rod. The market was firm, with a tendency to high prices. Grandpa Nye came in for honest and hearty congratulations on all sides. It seemed that there need be little worry in the Nye household that winter.

But, as grandpa said, he was never a man to "bone a cod before he caught it." Though secretly elated at the prospects for a record crop, he was at the same time uneasy. His bog was what is known as a dry bog. That is, it could not be flowed or covered with water in a few hours, as most of the other bogs in town could be, often the only means of saving the crop in case of sudden frost.

All through September the weather was unseasonably warm, and the first days of October brought no change. Grandpa Nye had postponed picking as long as he dared, in order that his crop might color up as highly as possible. Then he put on a large force.

Perhaps a third of the crop was picked when the dreaded happened. The white frost stealing down, ghost-like, in the night, spread itself over the lowlands, and the merry pickers, coming in the morning, found 400 barreis of frost-bitten, worthless berries clinging to the vines, and a broken old man reeling in the marking lines.

Poor old grandpa! This was the bitterest blow of all. His pride in the feeling that he was once more the head of a family, that Nancy Ellen and the three little Nyes would look up to him as a protector, had gone far to mitigate the sense of loss when the bank account was wiped out. But now—now he realized of how little avail would be his feeble efforts as a bread winner.

This, then, was the situation of the day before Christmas. Nancy Ellen had always believed in making much of Christmas. She had kept up the pleasant fable of Santa Claus, and five-year-old Ted no more doubted the existence of the children's patron saint and the wonderful deer, than he did his own. A dozen times a day in the past week, he had told the round-eyed three-year-old twins of the wonders of a Christmas stocking. Alas! how little there would be in them this year!

“Ted is old enough to be told how things are!” declared Nancy Ellen, decisively.

“Mebbe, mebbe, but the twins ain’t,” quoth Grandpa Nye.

“Well, I’ll tell Ted anyway; he’ll be less disappointed,” declared his mother.

“No, ye won’t either, Nancy Ellen! No, ye won’t either! The laddie will find out for himself before another year. When he quits believing in Santa Claus, he’s lost something he ain’t ever going to get back again. When he’s told there isn’t a old Saint Nick, he’s jes’ got to take an observation and chart out his course all over again. And Doubt is a-going to come aboard ship right then, and he’s going to be shipmate all through life. You can iron him and put him in the hold, but he’s aboard ship jes’ the same, and some day he’s bound to git them irons off. Faith may be at the wheel, but Doubt is purty sure to monkey with the compass, and git the ship off her course sooner or later. Nancy Ellen, ye ain’t ready to believe yet that Anson is lost. No more am I. No more am I. But if we’d the faith of them little children, we’d sleep better nights. Ted’s got an anchor fast to Santa Claus—don’t cut him adrift jes’ yet. Let him git all the pleasure he can out of it this year.”

It was a long speech for Grandpa Nye, but it was effective. Nancy Ellen agreed to say nothing, and at bedtime three stockings hung from the mantel. Though there were few of the things for which the hangers had expressed ardent longing, grandpa had brought forth a number of small gifts long hidden away, and there was little doubt but that Christmas would be a merry one for the children.

But for Nancy Ellen it promised to be harder than she had anticipated. As she sat in the glow of the driftwood fire that Christmas eve, Doubt slipped his irons in spite of her, and in spite of herself her spirits sank. Nor did the steady boom of the heavy waves crashing on the shore tend to raise them.

There had been a two days’ storm, and the sea was running high. Occasionally, as a louder crash than usual jarred the little cottage, she shuddered involuntarily. The fierce, merciless sea, which gave so much and took so much in return! What a menace in its roar! Oh, that it would tell its secrets, —and yet would she listen if she could? Had it torn from her the husband she loved so well? Were the three little dreamers in the next room father-less? Already had the sea begun to grave lines on her face, as it has done on so many faces on Cape Cod’s shifting sands.

It was two years and a little more since Cap’n Anson had sailed for the Arctic ocean. She had thought to have him at home this holiday, and now—now!

What could the sea tell her if it would?

The entrance of Grandpa Nye, stamping the snow from his feet, broke her reveries.

“Two schooners ashore off the light, and breaking up! All hands saved,” he announced, in the matter-of-fact tone of one long accustomed to such incidents. “Boston train was stuck yesterday between Sandwich and Barnstable, but they reckon she’ll git through t’night,” he added.

And she did. It was 11 o’clock when they heard her whistle. It was perhaps 20

minutes later that impatient pounding on the door brought Grandpa Nye out of a doze before the fire. Neither he nor Nancy Ellen had yet gone to bed. A minute after, Nancy Ellen was in the arms of Cap'n Anson!

No one went to bed in the Nye household that night, for there was so much to tell and so much to hear. Cap'n Anson's own tale was soon told. His good ship, the Nancy Ellen, had been crushed on an ice floe and he and his crew had been taken aboard the more fortunate ships of the little fleet wintering in the Arctic zone. When the fishing season began again, the ships scattered, and there had been no chance to send home word.

Cap'n Anson had worked by choice as a common sailor, but the first mate being killed in a fight with a whale, the captain had asked if he would accept the berth. This he had gladly done. On the home-ward voyage the skipper had died, and thus it chanced that Cap'n Anson had sailed into New Bedford, still in command of a ship.

Ted, stealing out for his stocking Christmas morning, paused and caught his breath. There sat his mother, and surely that could be none other than Santa Claus himself with his arm around her!

Grandpa Nye was at the eastern window where the first red rays of the sun were coloring Jack Frost's wonderful designs. And the dull monotone of the sea beat up steadily from the distant shore.

"Merry Christmas!" shouted grandpa, turning suddenly.

And so it was, the merriest Christmas on old Cape Cod.

American Agriculturist. December 21, 1901. p.28; *Springfield Homestead*. December 21, 1901.

Thornton Burgess continued to contribute verse, articles and short stories to the *American Agriculturist*, increasingly nature-study themed, during this year, but his contributions to the *Springfield Homestead* and *Good Housekeeping* were sharply curtailed.

This year was dominated by his work for the newly established, prestigious monthly publication, *Country Life in America*, writing primarily under his pseudonym, "W. B. Thornton." Starting in March and continuing until January of the following year, Burgess compiled monthly calendars, including information on farm and garden schedules, recreation and nature study opportunities, and hunting advice. [source: HathiTrust *Country Life in America* collection.] Sprinkled throughout were pieces of light verse and the reappearance of Willie MacDougall, and in December the calendar format was abandoned in favor of separate articles. The hunting-related pieces are of perhaps the most interest. In the March calendar, Burgess wrote about shooting hawks from the cover of horse and carriage. (This passage would be criticized in *Bird-Lore* (March-April, 1902, p. 69)). In October, Burgess included a section from his 1900 poem about hunting bob-white quail, which was in turn reprinted in a number of newspapers. In November, he wrote about hunting "Br'er Coon," praised in newspaper reviews of the issue.

Of biographical note are two articles in the *American Agriculturist* that talk about Burgess's thoughts about children's books ("Good Reading") and his practice of systematic reading ("A Matter of Reading"). He returned to the ideal father-son relationship theme in "Between Father and Son," in an article credited to "W. McDonald" in the *American Agriculturist*, but "Waldo" in the *New England Homestead* edition.

In September 1902 were the first contributions by that can be clearly said have been written by Burgess in his role as "Young Folks Editor" for the *American Agriculturist*. These may be found in a later section of this volume.

Finally, some comments should be made about "Eva" which appears at the beginning of the section. [Source of text: DigitalCommons at UMaine] These were lyrics to a published song, with music by J.B. Mullen. According to a December 14, 1940 profile of Burgess in the *Saturday Review*,

[Burgess] began supplying verses for topical songs to the vaudeville singers who played the Gilmore Theater in Springfield. He teamed up with a composer, and presently a song called "Eva" was heard on every barrel-organ in the country. (p. 12)

A close look at the lyrics will reveal that "Eva" is a Minstrel song, and thus one of Burgess's more regrettable legacies. A greater sense of Burgess's "topical" work can be found in the "Undated Scrapbook Material" section later in this volume.

“Eva.”

Words by T.W. Burgess. Music by J.B. Mullen

For a little Southern cabin hid away among the pines
Mah heart am burning
Forever yearning
Where the rose ‘mid honeysuckle and the jessamine entwines
For there’s mah Eva
Mah dusky maid

Ev’ry evening when the mocking bird am brooding on her nest,
And stars a gleaming
The world a dreaming
To that cabin with mah banjo and arrayed in all mah best
I goes to give her
this serenade

CHORUS

Eva! Eva!
You’re the sweetest yaller gal I ever did see
Sweeter to me than honey from the bee
Eva! Eva!
Mah heart am palpitatin’
all the time that I’s e a waitin’
for mah Eva!

As I softly comes a stealing to that little cabin door,
I hear her singing
Her laughter ringing
And mah footstep brings an echo tripping swift across the floor
To give a greeting
For me alone

That this gent have got the heart complaint I’s e very much afraid
Beyond all curing
I am enduring
Tho’ a waking or a sleeping I’s e a dreaming of that maid
For she has promised
to be mah own

CHORUS

Sheet Music. Copyright 1902 by Harry Von Tilzen Music

Tom and Phebe.

T. W. Burgess.

There are some little friends of mine with whom I wish everyone would become acquainted. I write "would" instead of "could," because almost anyone with the inclination can if they will make the first advances. These little friends of mine are very social and will meet you halfway. They are demure little people in black and gray, with grayish white vests, and wear black caps. Learned men of science have a funny way of often saddling the smallest creatures with the longest names, as if to make amends for their lack of stature. So to science these little people are known as *Parus Atricapillus*, but I, being familiar with them, know them as Tom and Phebe, while you probably know of them as black-capped titmouse or chickadee.

Now it is out. and doubtless you are saying, "Pooh! I know the chickadees!" Do you? Very likely some of you do, but I think I am safe in asserting that more do not. Have you ever conversed with them? Have you ever talked to them or let them talk to you?

Of all the feathered folk who spend the winter in the north, these little roly-poly, downy gymnasts are the happiest, brightest and most social. Always busy, they are always merry. Every twig and branch must be thoroughly inspected by those tiny, bright, beadlike eyes for the minute eggs and larvae which help to constitute their diet.

How rapidly they flit, now in the weeds and now hanging head downward and taking a sip of water from the drop on the tip of the tiny icicle pendent from a twig! And all the time their cheerful "chicadee-dee-dee" greets you. Now they are too busy to more than chirp, and anon one stops long enough to catch his breath and chirrup just the suggestion of a lay, a little throaty apology for a song which somehow always seems to me like the bubbling over of joyousness from a full heart. But if you would know more of Tom Titmouse, whistle softly two notes high pitched, with the first note rising: "Phe-be" or "pee-wee." Instantly Tom will reply, and if it be toward the mating season, he will become so much in earnest that you will not be able to keep up with him, and he will come so close that you can almost put your hand on him. By calling him regularly every day and putting out a few cracked nuts or a bit of suet or a bone with a little meat left on, he will soon admit you to good fellowship and will unhesitatingly feed from your hand.

Of all the birds who gladden our long winters there is none of so cheery a disposition as the chickadee. No matter how cold the day, he will come out to greet you as you walk and chase away the bugbear of depression. I am never lonely when one of these feathered sprites is within calling distance

American Agriculturist. February 17, 1902. p. 29; *Springfield Homestead.* March 1, 1902.

Bright Enjoyers of Winter.

Waldo

Why is it that when the snows and the ice hold all the earth in fetters, everyone speaks of the desolation and regretfully of “the days of the birds?” If they would but go abroad through copse and meadow, thicket and woodland, they would find the fields very far from desolate. Indeed, if they would but use their eyes, it is likely that they would meet with quite as much of bird life as the casual observer notes in the days of the flowers and warm sunshine.

There are very many little feathered folk who seem to rejoice in the rigor of our cold northern winters quite as much as the dainty little warblers do in the fragrant spring blossoms. One cannot but wonder how it is that their little bare feet are not frozen, but they seldom are, and the colder and more blustering the day, the livelier rings the merry “chick-a-dee-dee” of the black-capped titmouse and the happy twittering of the tree sparrows. The latter comes down from the north as far south as southern New England, and are to be found along the rivers and swampy places in the tangles of the thicket, where they are of the most social disposition and will admit of many advances on a friendly footing.

The goldfinches may be found in sober coats in almost any field of weeds where seeds are plentiful. Occasionally a flock of snow buntings sweeps down like a cloud of the snow, for which they seem to have so great a liking, and so far from appearing to suffer, these little folks of brown and white seem to revel in the soft, cold covering of the ground, and often may be seen wading from weed to weed, with the snow up to their breasts.

The downy woodpecker, the demure little brown creeper, the yellow-bellied and white-bellied nut hatches, and the hairy wood-pecker make the rounds of the trees as regularly and carefully as if no such things as zero weather existed. The tiny little kinglets with their bright crowns (such feathered mites, one cannot but wonder how life can be sustained in such atoms, when animals, unprotected, freeze to death) appear to take just as much pleasure in the frosty morning as “does the small boy with his sled.

The blue jay and the crow become neighborly. The siskin, and the funny parrot-like crossbills, and the pine finches appear irregularly, but for the most part linger where the winter is longest. All these little neighbors of the woodland are covered with thick layers of fat laid on during the harvest season of the seeds in the late fall, and so little do they mind the cold that, if the tree sparrows can find the open brook or pool in midwinter, they will plunge in for a bath with all the enthusiasm and apparent enjoyment of the brown-skinned truant of June.

American Agriculturist. February 22, 1902, p. 30.

How the Birds Walk.

T.W. Burgess

In these days when there has been such an awakening to the pleasure and advantages of nature study, it sometimes strikes one very forcibly how many people have eyes, yet see not. I have taken many a walk through field and woodland with friends who have either never had the opportunity for observing, or have not cultivated their powers of observation. On all sides bird life has been abundant, yet until I would point out the little feathered folk, these friends would never so much as get a glimpse of them, and often it has been a difficult matter for them to see the birds when exact location has been shown them. Such people miss a great enjoyment which might be and should be theirs.

There is a lamentable ignorance on some of the smallest facts in natural history; facts which are interesting and often times entertaining. It is amusing to find how many cannot say whether some of our commonest birds walk, hop or run. Indeed, almost nine out of 10 are not aware that there is any difference in the method of traveling on the ground of these little feathered folk. For instance, the robin hops, jumping both feet together. The English sparrow travels in the same method. But watch the crow or the grackle and see with what a stately method they put one foot before the other, walking after the same method as the human being! Little beach birds, such as the sandpipers, are runners, progressing in a series of short rapid runs.

So, too, in the trees, there is a marked difference in the habits of the various species in our little feathered friends. Did you ever stop to think how wonderful it is that the little humming bird can fly backward? When he enters a long coral cylinder of the trumpet flower he deftly balances himself on his wings, and then when he has finished his repast he backs out as rapidly as he shot in. It is a power peculiarly his own. So, too, the nut hatches have a way of running head down the trunk of the tree, maintaining their position with the ease and skill of born gymnasts. The woodpecker and the creepers make use of their tails in bracing themselves on the trunks of trees, the stiff, bristly tail feathers supplementing the peculiarly constructed feet which hold them in position. In this they differ from the nut hatches, who depend on their feet alone.

So it is that nature cares for her child, fitting it for the peculiar conditions and environments for which it is designed. Who has eyes to see will find countless pleasures in tramps abroad at all seasons of the year, for new facts leading to new thoughts and keener appreciation of the wonders that surround us are constantly coming before him.

American Agriculturist. February 22, 1902. p. 32; *Springfield Homestead*. March 8, 1902.

The Coming of Spring.

W.B. Thornton.

NOTES ON THINGS TO SEE AND THINGS TO DO—SUGGESTIONS FOR THOSE WHO WOULD BE FOREHANDED AND WHO WOULD GET THE MOST FROM THE SUMMER

This calendar has a distinct and definite purpose—to suggest what to do out-of-doors and when to do it for the best results. Its special mission is to that great and constantly increasing class for whom Nature has but just thrown wide her doors, and who, entering her wonderful domain with eager eyes, know not where to look or what to look for; longing to hear, know not when and for what to listen; seeking knowledge, do not possess the key which will enable them to read understandingly. It is also intended for those who, having taken up one or more branches of outdoor life, desire some record which will enable them to pursue their hobbies month by month intelligently. It is to furnish suggestions for the nature student, the sportsman, the farmer, the suburban homesteader, and city folk dropping for a day the strenuous rush of the business world for the life-giving breath of woodland and fields. It is to be suggestive rather than specific; to tell when, what and where to do, rather than how to do.

So varied are the topography and climate of this great country that it must be apparent how futile would be the endeavor to crowd within the limits of these columns a complete record of outdoor pursuits for each distinct locality. There is no such attempt; but in the belief that the interests of the greatest number will be best served thus, the latitude of New York is taken as a basis for the suggestions, except when otherwise specifically stated. It has been found that the onward march of the seasons is at a uniform average rate of about twenty miles a day. Bearing this in mind, the application of the hints and suggestions herein to specified localities north or south of the latitude of New York resolves itself into a proposition in addition or subtraction, as the case may be. The reader must also determine what are the game laws of his State before following the suggestions given here.

MARCH

PART I. WORK

March 1-10. News of Spring

The first bluebird whistles softly, albeit a bit tremulously, in the naked orchard and the hopeful challenge of the early robin draws all eyes to the top of the stark bare elm. From all sides comes the music of newborn rivulets. Above the swelling stream in gentle bravery the pussy willow flaunts her gray banner in triumph over the retreating forces of the winter. By these signs know all men of the approach of spring. The rest months are over and the challenge of labor rings from every side. This is the beginning of activities. Farmer, orchardist, poultryman, the man with a small place beyond the turmoil of the city, aye, and the city man himself, feel it in every breath of the south

wind. Though frost still has Mother Earth in fetters of iron, emancipation is not far distant; it may be no farther away than the middle of the month. Busy indeed these first ten days for him who would be prepared!

Forced Vegetables. – In greenhouse or forcing house, large or small, the season is already on. This is the month of highest prices for lettuce and in the large houses of the market-gardeners the crop is being harvested. The radishes and beets sown now will be at their best when in greatest demand. Growers of cucumbers under glass are planting that this luscious spring vegetable may come into market when the fresh crispness of the hot-house crop will command double the price of the product from the South. Many often sow another crop of lettuce at this time. A corner of the house is also given up to the starting of plants, both vegetable and flower, for transplanting out-of-doors when the weather permits.

Hotbeds, Coldframes and Window-boxes. – For the man who has no greenhouse, this is the time, if ever, to build a hotbed that it may be in condition for planting by the middle of the month. It is the common custom for the owner of a small garden to buy his cabbage, cauliflower, pepper and tomato plants when he is ready to set them out. Alas! that he should so cheat himself of a great pleasure which might be his at no very great outlay of time or money. There is a delight in seeing the first green things break the brown mold and in feeling that a garden is your own from its very inception. A hotbed, be it ever so tiny, should be an adjunct of every garden, large or small. The possessor of a coldframe may at this time sow cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce and radish.

This, too, is the time to prepare window-boxes if neither hotbed nor coldframe is to be available. One having but a small garden plot can easily raise in these boxes as many plants as he will require and at the same time get a vast amount of pleasure in watching the fresh tender green life while yet the dreariness of winter reigns without.

Farm Work. – Labor is the burden of the spring song, and there is no lack of it these early March days. In this time of preparation, often unsuspected, lies the balance between profit and loss. The overhauling of the farm machinery and the wagons, the oiling and mending of the harnesses and the repairing of the garden tools before the season of rush, when time and tools can ill be spared, will save vexation of spirit. The hours so spent may well be entered on the credit side of the ledger, whereas later the entry would be under loss. The good general makes careful preparation for the battle. There will never be so good a time to haul out manure to convenient places and build compost heaps for later distribution. Those who believe in the practice will spread it ready for plowing in and will credit their accounts with a clear gain of time. The hoarse croak of yon crow from his lookout on the pasture fence carries with it a suggestion. Why not a day or two of fence viewing and making repairs before the frost is out, against the not distant turning of the cattle to the fields? There will be no better time to engage the season's help. Later the best men will have found employment.

Maple Sugar. – Down in the sugar orchards with every warm sunny day there is a drip of silver drops from the tips of squirrel-bitten branches, which warns that the buckets should be in place and the evaporator ready, for no man may say when the run will begin or how long it will last.

Floriculture. —Year by year, there is greater interest in flowers. The attractive seed catalogues have had their effect. These catalogues should now be studied diligently. Seeds should be ordered, for some of them may be started indoors. Professional florists, or growers of flowers and plants for pleasure, find a great deal to keep them busy in green-house and hotbed. Though cuttings of many plants are best propagated in the late fall and through the winter, there are many which can be started now with a view to summer bloom in beds and borders. Hydrangeas for early bloom should be in the cutting bed during the fore part of March. Hydrangeas kept dormant until March or April will come in bloom in May or June. That beautiful gift of Japan, the chrysanthemum, has so firmly established itself in this country that year by year its hold upon all classes increases and it easily reigns queen of the autumn. Cuttings to be grown in large pots for exhibition or decoration purposes should be started the first week in March. That beautiful and general favorite, the carnation, is usually propagated from cuttings as early as November, but cuttings struck as late as March will produce strong, healthy plants by the latter part of August. Young plants to be removed to the coldframe early in April for hardening off should be established in boxes by the first of this month. This is also the time to start gloxinias and tuberous begonias. Caladiums may be potted off, and the cyclamen started in September will be demanding attention and repotting. It is not too late to plant smilax, which will be ready to transplant in July. Cuttings of the old-fashioned cytiscus started now can be set in the open in May.

The Lawn and Meadow. —This is the time for top-dressing the lawn. Those who have not spread manure on the meadows, as made through the winter, can do so now to advantage. Not a few consider this the most opportune time of the whole year for sowing clover seed, even sowing on the snow if such chance to linger.

Animal Industry. —Those who have extremely early or so-called “hothouse” lambs of course prepared for them early in the winter, but on the majority of farms the lambing season will begin the latter part of this month. Now is the time to make preparations, to see that warm, comfortable quarters are provided for the ewes and to build a “creep” for the lambs. Comfortable quarters should also be provided for the sows to farrow this month. Inattention to matters of this kind now may mean the loss of a litter of pigs. This is the beginning of the active season for poultrymen who are raising early chicks. Brooders should be in readiness, and it is also a good time to go over the outside runs and stop all holes which may appear. Those who still stick to Mother Nature’s good old method will have their hands full in setting hens. Comparatively few breeders of Belgian hares and pet stock want the care involved by winter litters, but now with the advent of spring and the approach of warm weather, the breeding season opens and preparations should be made accordingly. Not a few take this time to break young colts to harness. Dairymen are still following the winter routine, as the change to pasture can hardly be made for a month yet.

March 11-20. Mid-March

Hotbed and window-boxes are ready for sowing. Tomatoes, peppers and lettuce started now will make good stocky plants for transplanting out of doors in due season. It is time to harden off early cabbage and cauliflower wintered over in coldframes. Early started lettuce plants can be taken in flats from the hotbed to the coldframe and

there hardened off. These vegetables properly hardened can be set in the open much earlier than the amateur is inclined to think possible. In many of the warmer sheltered spots the frost is out and the earth fairly dry. In such places beds of sea kale, asparagus, artichokes and rhubarb may safely be prepared. Doubtless some of the old beds are already showing a suspicious stirring of the soil. These may be top-dressed to advantage at this time.

Flowers. – Asters for early blooming should be sown in coldframe or window boxes. Pansies for summer bloom should also be sown. The scarlet or horseshoe geranium, more properly the pelargonium, so much used for bedding, started under glass at this time will show flowers in August and September, supplementing the winter-started plants, which bloom in June and July. A corner should be found to sow ageratum, cosmos, morning-glory, mignonette, pink, salvia, stocks, snapdragon and verbena, or such of them as are desired for the beds and borders. If you are in a hurry for early bloom, nasturtiums can be started and also the Chinese primrose for the fall or early winter. In fact, most of the tender annuals will give earlier bloom and make stronger, healthier plants if sown under glass now or in window-boxes and given a good start before transplanting to the open. Dahlias can be started to good advantage, although they cannot go in the open ground until May.

Care of Trees. – Some but not all of the shade trees should come in for a share of attention. The elm, oak, ash and similar trees can be trimmed and the work done now will be clear gain of time. A last round of the trees and careful inspection for the tussock moth and other insects will go far to save the trees later on.

March 21-31. Spring Work Begins

Outdoor work has fairly begun, and on dry land plow and harrow are busy. On warm dry soils such hardy vegetables as lettuce, radishes, onions, horse-radish, cabbage, spinach, turnips, can often be planted or sown. Peas also can be planted. Sweet peas, which of late years have found a corner in almost every garden, should be planted now, for they will stand a surprising amount of cold. This, too, is the time to top-dress the lawn and the meadows, if not already done, and to prepare the flower beds against the time when they may safely be planted.

Fruit-Growing. – Orchards demand attention all through the month of March. Pruning and cutting out of all dead wood should be done as early as possible. While the trees are thoroughly dormant is the time to spray with Bordeaux mixture in peach orchards for the control of leaf-curl, monilia or rot, and other fungous diseases. Trees may be scraped and the trunks treated to a coat of whitewash or lye made from hardwood ashes. By the latter part of the month preparations for early cultivating should be made. Thorough inspection and proper care and treatment of the orchard [178] in March will quite likely prove the most potent factor in the fall crop. The value of early and thorough spraying is becoming more and more recognized by fruit-growers. Time was when the fruit trees received the least attention of any crop on the farm, but even those who have but a few trees are coming to realize how much greater the returns will be when proper care and treatment are administered.

PART II. RECREATION

March 1-10 . When the spring stirs my blood “

Even as deep in the earth, far below the line of the fettering frost , the life pulse of the maple begins to quicken in each tiny rootlet and to mount upward in defiance of winter’s failing grip , so in man there is born an unrest, a fever of impatience, a desire to break the bars, to escape from the office and the counting-room and to feel within himself the recreation with which all nature is athrill. Yet what does March offer of inducements to be abroad? Not as much as other months, perhaps, but rough-and-bluff and give-and-take fellow that he is, he will still afford many a day of sport and recreation which are his alone to give.

Ducks are flying! From the far south the great web-footed hosts are steadily moving north, actuated by the same irresistible impulse which drives the sap upward in the maple and sets man to longing to be out of doors. Already the guns of the spring shooters are busy and the slaughter of the innocents has begun. In the vanguard come the black or dusky duck, keeping just below the ice line and dropping into the small ponds and the setbacks as fast as they are freed of ice and into the open waters of the marshes. Swift of wing and wary, he circles against the fading orange of the western sky and as the black shadows creep out from the shores drops into the feeding grounds. Rare sport where wit and skill are matched against a quickened instinct and alertness is afforded by the spring hunting of this early duck. A few weeks later the great body of ducks will be along and sport will be at its height.

Spring Shooting. – Often the spring shooting is better than the fall shooting, and the desire for a day or two with the birds is hard to deny. Yet there is a growing sentiment among true sportsmen that the practice must be stopped. The rapid decrease in the number of migrating water-fowl has become alarming. In most of the states where duck shooting amounts to anything movements are afoot to secure legislation which shall stop spring shooting or at least so shorten the open season that the same end will be attained. Spring shooting still finds plenty of strenuous advocates, but the consensus of opinion among careful observers appears to be that the birds must be allowed to wend their ways undisturbed to the breeding grounds if the present supply is to be maintained. Therefore, while spring duck shooting may be calendared now it is not to be commended , and it probably is only a matter of a few years when in most states it will be stricken from the list of spring sports.

Snow-shoeing. – On the mountains the snow is still deep, and in the northern sections a last outing on the snow-shoes may be enjoyed . There is a wonderful fascination in mountain climbing at this season of the year and noting how clear and well defined is the dividing line between winter and spring on the mountain side.

March 11-20 . When the Sap Rises

“Pray for a night with nip in the air;
Pray for a day that’s warm and fair;
Pray that a northwest wind may blow
And be on hand with a pail of snow!
Sing hi-diddy-day!
Sing hi-diddy do !

And be on hand with a pail of snow!”

In the Sugar-Bush. – And have you never heard the song of the sugar-makers to the wood-smothered accompaniment of swollen rushing brooks and the silver tinkle of dripping sap? Then indeed have you something for which to live. A more delightful outing than a day or two in a sugar camp can hardly be imagined. Usually by this time good runs of sap are assured and there is almost a certainty of finding the sugar-makers in every orchard. In northern New York, Vermont and New Hampshire, deep snows are likely to prevail still in the deep woods, and preparations must be made accordingly. But in the southern sections of the maple sugar belt the snow remains in patches only. It is usually an easy matter to secure permission from the owner of a sugar-bush to spend a day and night in camp, and not a few city folk take a run into the country for this express purpose. It affords an outing at once novel and delightful and the experience will not soon be forgotten. It is in truth getting in touch with Mother Nature, and prosaic indeed must be the temperament of him whose imagination will not be quickened by the simple charm of his unusual surroundings.

Novel Sport. – The bird student and collector will find much of interest in the migrating bird life, particularly the birds of prey. In this connection the knowledge of a peculiar fact in natural history will furnish the basis of a rather novel sport – namely, hawk-shooting. Hawks at this season congregate on the meadows where food is plentiful, and whoever has tried to stalk one in the open appreciates fully the depth of meaning in the saying “as farsighted as a hawk.” Afoot it is well-nigh impossible to get within gunshot of these feathered sharks. But it is not in hawk nature to suspect any animal other than of the genus homo. And it appears that a horse is a horse and the fact that a carriage is attached to him may be puzzling, but it is not a cause for serious suspicion. Therefore hawks can be stalked by means of a horse and buggy with a reasonable certainty of success. So long as you do not drive directly towards the bird but rather as if you would merely pass near him, he will maintain his perch and the chances are that you will drive to within easy gunshot. There is an excitement of anticipation in the stalking and a satisfaction in the bagging of the prize coupled with the novelty of shooting over a horse, which lends a fascination to the hunt.

Foxes have not yet lost their good coats, so that a day with gun and the hounds still offers sport to lovers of this method of circumventing Sir Reynard.

March 21-31. The Time of Spring Freshets

Behold the floods! The brook has become a river; the river has become a lake. Sorry days have fallen upon the muskrat or, as Eben Holden would have called him, the “mushrat.” The waters backing up have filled all his burrows and he has need of his robe of fur, for now is his eviction certain, and he may not even sleep upon his own doorstep. On floating logs, on lower branches of half-submerged trees or on some tussock not yet covered, he is to be seen along the setbacks or on the flooded meadows. A 22- caliber rifle, a boat, or better still, a well-handled canoe, and an afternoon of leisure are all that are essential to a sport afforded in no other month of the whole year. And if the eye be true and the hand steady it will not be unprofitable, for these little chaps in brown are in good fur.

Fish-Shooting. On waters frequented by pickerel, pike and muskallonge, canoe and rifle will be of service in another novel sport – fish-shooting . In the shallows of the meadows and in the setbacks the big fish are often to be found near the surface. Stalking them in a canoe is by no means devoid of excitement. In the brooks the suckers are beginning to run up to the spawning grounds and the spearsmen are busy.

Hunting for Arrowheads. – Within recent years interest in archeology, particularly as relating to the North American Indian, has shown a marked growth. There are now many private collections of Indian relics, some of them of considerable value. Wherever the red man dwelt, there he left a record of his ways, his prosperity and his position in the scale of development. It is recorded in the stone implements of the chase, war, and the peaceful pursuits of village life which he has left behind him. All through the East these implements are to be found. It requires a trained eye to detect them among littered stones of the field, but once the eye has become trained the hobby, if you please to call it such, is likely to be ridden hard. The latter part of March is, perhaps, the most favorable time in the year to prosecute the search. The action of the frost has thrown many deeply buried pieces to the surface, and the farmer's plow turns up many more. Often a field picked clean in the fall will yield many a rare prize in the spring.

The Fisherman Prepares. – Oh , ye true brothers of the angle! Is not this the sweet season of preparation and dreaming? Of overhauling and rewinding the precious rods? Of testing the old line and selecting the new? Of refilling the fly-book and in the incense of the pipe living again through each battle of the victorious, scarred old warriors which have found a final resting place of honor in the back of the book? Of [179] dreaming of old days and days to come on running brooks? Of wondering which pool will hold the biggest trout for you this season? In many states the hand of the law is lifted on All-fools ' day; and who to his folly so surely wed as the angler? So in these latter days of March will the preparations be made.

PART III. NATURE STUDY

“Phœbe! See me! “ pleads Tom Titmouse so softly and so tenderly that if Phoebe will not, she is indeed hard of heart, or mayhap she but exercises those privileges and artifices which are hers by virtue of her sex. At all events, when the companionable little chickadee begins to rehearse his sweet, plaintive little love song of two notes, it is time the bird student was afield to note the spring arrivals . All of the old friends of the winter are still with us the crow; bluejay; that cheerful little fellow who comes down from the north in the late fall, the tree sparrow; that busy hail-fellow-well-met little chap , the chickadee; the downy and hairy woodpeckers, whose persistent rapping has echoed through woodland and orchard since winter's door first closed; the brown creeper, the white-bellied nuthatch and his red-bellied brother; that fine gentleman of the summer, the goldfinch, who has exchanged his brilliant coat of black and gold for one of very sober hue; the rough-leg and red-shouldered hawks and the short-eared owl on the meadows; in the stubble that cheery whistler, Bob White, and in the thickets, the ruffed grouse .

But the first of March is almost sure to bring three or four other old friends. In the

apple orchard there flashes a glimpse of heaven's own blue, and even the busy farmer stops for a moment to hearken to the bluebird's gentle, rather plaintive greeting. From the thickets and the tangle above the brooks rises the sweetest of all the early songs, the joyous out-pouring of the song sparrow. This, too, is the time to watch out for that handsome fellow of color who sharpens his saw with a rusty file in the tops of the evergreen trees and walks about the meadow with such ridiculous stateliness and self-importance, the grackle or crow-blackbird. In the open country the marsh hawk is due to arrive. But a few days behind these, if indeed he has not been a fellow traveler with the grackle and bluebird, comes the robin, who from the topmost twig of the tallest elm heralds his arrival to all the world. In warm, sheltered swamps that fine fellow of good voice, the red-shouldered blackbird, may be found any time from March 1st to 15th. From the 5th to the 15th he of the white tail feathers and splendid vest, the meadow-lark, is due to arrive. In the early morning of a clear day he delights to pour forth the joy that is within him in glorious melody, which rings far across the meadows to the as yet almost silent uplands. From the 10th to the 20th the fox sparrow arrives, and his cousin, the savanna sparrow, is but five days to a week behind him. Both seek the seclusion and warmth of the least exposed thickets. With the floods of the latter part of March, the broad-winged fisherman, the osprey, puts in his appearance, for living is good on the flooded lowlands.

These are the more common birds the student is likely to find, all of them easily distinguished by their conspicuous characteristics. Other birds the careful observer is almost sure to see, especially some of those who, being irregular visitors, are forever unexpectedly greeting the ornithologist. The meeting with these is one of the most delightful surprises which makes bird life the fascinating study that it is. Among these uncertain visitors are the shore lark, the snow bunting, the pine grosbeak, those funny little northern parrots the American and white-winged crossbills, the redpoll and the siskin.

Perhaps you will find squirrels in woods and fields. You may see the gray squirrel eyeing you as he nibbles a nut. He's a charming little fellow. It is an excellent plan to make a round of copse and thicket in March to make note of the deserted nests, for many a hint as to the habits of the birds and likely neighborhoods for bird homes in the approaching nesting season may be thus obtained. The old hawks' nests should be noted with especial care, for in not a few cases the builders will return. If they have been undisturbed in the past they are almost sure to set up housekeeping at the old stand. In an old crow's nest, especially in a thick pine, it is not unusual to find a squatter, the long-eared owl, who sets up housekeeping in the latter part of March.

March brings little to the botanist beyond pleasant anticipations of the active season close at hand. However, there is a fascination in tramping through woodland and meadow, watching for some impatient sturdy bloom which shall have taken the challenge of the spring and bravely burst into a dreary world long before others of its kind. The finding of such an unexpected treasure is one of those delightful incidents which memory treasures through all the changing years, while matters of greater weight slip past unrecorded. The pussy willow has donned her gown of gray velvet, for this is her reception month. In the swamps the skunk cabbage is marshaling its hosts

in the brave array of Robin Hood's true green. It is the first flower of the year, but its spotted hood is now decaying. In New Jersey and farther south the pyxie or flowering moss is in bloom in the sandy pine woods. In the latter end of March an over valiant spice-bush will occasionally unfurl his banner of yellow in some warm, sheltered spot of moist woodland. Hepatica (the liver-wort or liver-leaf) will also sometimes reward the patient searcher, while spray of arbutus, the mayflower of New England, is worth a whole day's tramp. These are about all the flower folk whose advent may be hoped for to brighten March days. Perhaps in some favored region you will find the graceful sweet-birch hanging out her slender catkins.

Country Life in America. March, 1902. p. 176-179.

The Queer Ways of a Queer Chap.

Waldo

There is no accounting for tastes. A lively acquaintance of mine who reappears every year about the first of May, and who, from his liveliness and gay appearance, one would expect to find altogether in the airiest places that the trees afford, builds his home in damp places and usually on the ground or close to it. This little fellow has the brightest of yellow vests, and is altogether so trim and neat in appearance that one instinctively expects his tastes to be of the most esthetic.

He is known as the Maryland yellow throat, and is possessed of an amount of curiosity which, although he is of a retiring disposition, will nevertheless bring him out of his retreats to peep at visitors and find out what they are doing. But to return to his choice of a nesting place. He not unfrequently chooses a site which none but carrion loving insects and lizards will have aught to do with. This is the skunk cabbage, the fetid odor and broad green leaves of which are familiar to every country boy and girl.

Just why the little yellow throat should build its nest in the heart of one of these ill smelling swamp growths is hard to understand, unless it is he has no sense of smell himself or appreciates that the plant is shunned by all his enemies. Possibly he thinks that he himself can stand its disagreeable features for the sake of the security it affords. At all events, he not unfrequently nests there and his home with its speckled eggs or its little downy young, cradled among the great green leaves of the cabbage, are one of the delightful and surprising treasures the swamp sometimes offers.

American Agriculturist. March 8, 1902, p. 35.

John Ainsworth's Easter Flower.

Thornton W. Burgess

John Ainsworth flung himself down and confessed being tired. He had tramped all of 18 miles over sharply pitched hills, through the close clutching tangle of scrub oak thickets, under whispering pines, across brush-grown old pastures and around the boggy shores of secluded peaceful little woodland ponds.

Now he was back to his favorite retreat on Telegraph hill. It was a little open spot on the very brow of the hill. Back and on two sides an oak forest stood guard, and below was a dense thicket of saplings, too young to cut off his view. Away across the now greening pastures and lower meadows he could see the spires of the village thrust through the great overhanging elms which hid the houses. Beyond, the level brown marshes stretched away to the irregular line of sand dunes, the outer line of defense against the besieging waters of the bay.

Beyond these in turn the horizon became a quiet, hazy blending of the deep, almost purple blue of the water with the soft light blue of the April sky. The sun glinted from the white, foaming curl of a wave and the distance made dazzling white the dingy sail of a mackerel fisher.

To John Ainsworth, the scene was so familiar that he was wont to call it his "own." Yet to-day, as he looked upon it, it was with the same catch of the breath and thrill of pleasure that had been his when years before he had first penetrated to that spot.

Presently he stretched himself at full length on the luxuriant couch. of sun-warmed moss. The gentle sigh of a white pine, the warmth of the afternoon sun and the woody odor so peculiar to the spring soothed the troubled spirit which had been driving him over the hills since early morning.

It was Easter, a rarely perfect Easter in the very opening of April. It had given to the church bells that morning an unwonted joyousness. The whole world had seemed athrill with hope and the promise of life and joy. John had heard it in the clear, sweet, piercing notes of the meadow-lark, and later in the soft "phoebe" and throaty little song of a titmouse setting up housekeeping.

This day the superabundance of life and hope but intensified his own hopelessness. He had plunged into the woods to do battle with himself, for alone in the great temple of nature a man may learn somewhat of himself.

It was just a year ago, on Easter Sunday, that he had asked Beth Somers to be his wife, and she had refused. He could see now the pain in the clear hazel eyes as she hushed his passionate pleadings. "Don't, John, don't!" she had begged. "Don't you see how hard it is for me? We have been such good friends for so long, John, and—and it mustn't all end now. John, I hold you as the first and best of all my friends. There is no one to whom I would turn so quickly for aid or advice, to whom I would appeal so promptly in the hour of trouble as to you. And I would be as true a friend to you, John. More than that I cannot promise. John, you would not have me marry you unless I love

you as a woman should. It would be unjust to you; it would be unjust to myself. So let us be just the good chums we have always been, the better for the new understanding we have of each other.”

So they had made their agreement, he promising not to build false hopes on any little kindnesses she might claim as the privilege of friendship. He had lived up to his pledges faithfully.

But when was hope ever bound by pledges? He had hoped. How much he had hoped he had never confessed to himself until this, anniversary day. Now he realized how absolutely impossible it was to go on so, indefinitely. In the long tramp he had fought it all over again and again, till his mind was made up.

He had an invitation to join a government scientific expedition, which would take him away for a year, perhaps more. He would accept and in the pursuit of his studies he would have less time to think of the ache in his heart. John Ainsworth was not of the stuff to allow a disappointment in love to wreck his life. He had long since resolved that Beth should be proud of him, even though she could not love him.

Thinking back through the years, John could not remember when he had not loved Beth. Even in the days of valentines and May baskets Beth had always been the sole recipient of his youthful admiration. Vividly there came back to him the early April days when together they had searched the woodlands and old pastures for the first bit of arbutus. With what boyish ardor and bashfulness he had pressed upon her that first frail blossom when fortune had favored him! For those were the days of much learning in the meaning of flowers, and the arbutus means “I love you.” The thought of that flower brought him back to the present, for in all his long tramp he had searched carefully, but in vain, for the first arbutus of the year.

The last long slanting rays of the setting sun still lingered in the little opening on the brow of the hill. A breeze with the chill of eventide stirred the white pine. A blue-jay screamed harshly and followed almost immediately with its flutelike love note. John awoke with a start. As he did so, a tiny, fragile blossom with the soft pink of the wave-kissed sea shells fell close by his cheek. He caught a whiff of its fragrant breath. It was the first arbutus!

Bewildered, he rose quickly and turned to meet the clear eyes and flushed face of Beth. “I thought I should find you here, John,” she said.

He stooped to pick up the little flower at his feet. “And this—” he stammered.

“Is the first arbutus of the year!” she cried.

“And it means?” he questioned.

“I love you,” she said softly.

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Work and Play in April.

W. B. Thornton.

SPRING HAS COME AT LAST – WHAT WE SHOULD SEE AND WHERE WE SHOULD LOOK – WHAT TO DO IN THE GARDEN, ORCHARD AND FARM-YARD

PART I. WORK

April! Month of showers, of sudden bursts of golden sunshine, of swelling buds, of the sound of many running waters, of the joyous carolings of the birds returning to their own, of the shrill peeping of frogs! Winter throws a snowball and summer throws a kiss. We go about drawing deep invigorating breaths. Dwelling in cities we develop an unexpected, sudden and altogether inexplicable interest in the housekeeping perplexities of that insufferable little mischief-maker and interloper, the English sparrow. With heads thrown back, we go about watching for a glimpse of a cloud-ship crossing the narrow little strip of blue which is still left to us. And altogether without volition of our own we find our thoughts turning to the country. Vainly we sniff for just a suggestion of newly turned furrows, of things smelling of the earth earthy. Dwelling in the country – ah, you who have never seen Mistress April trip in through the door of spring over the hillsides and the meadows, through the bare woodlands and across the brown fields, betake you to the country when the robin and the bluebird call, and the matins of the meadow-lark and the vespers of the song sparrow make sweet melodies where erstwhile lay the drifted snow!

April 1-10. Spring Plowing Begins

Through all the countryside the burden of the spring song is the joy of seed-time. The days are all too short, for the demands upon farmer and gardener are legion and imperative. The hotbed, the greenhouse, the coldframe and forcing-pit demand constant and careful attention. The climbing sun is forcing vegetation under glass at a rate which is almost visible. Very tender is this lush luxuriant growth, and air it must have in abundance, lest it be scorched and shriveled by overheating. Water also must it have often, and liberally, for the heat soon dries out the soil. An hour or two of neglect in these balmy days may result in the loss of the entire crop, or at least in serious damage. At night a new danger threatens. With the setting of the sun comes a rapid fall of temperature.

Hotbeds and Coldframes. – March is not yet so far gone but that stinging frosts will follow a day of almost summer warmth and loveliness. Then short work is made of the hotbeds not carefully and thoroughly protected. April 1 is a good time to plant cucumber seed in a corner of the greenhouse or pit kept closer and warmer than that for lettuce. By May, when the last hothouse crop of lettuce is marketed, the cucumber plants will be large, strong, and vigorous, ready to be set out. They will give a crop in June, a month earlier than from the open ground. The lettuce maturing at this time comes into market just when the desire for greens is strongest and therefore brings

a high price. Radishes will be maturing and during the month will be pulled and marketed to make way for early forcing beets which were planted at the same time. Some of the larger market-gardens will have a second crop of tomatoes planted about December 1 ripening for the fancy trade, but tomatoes are not as extensively grown under glass as some other crops. Cauliflower is another crop grown under glass to some extent, and good marketable plants should now be ready from November planting. Peppers, melons and cucumbers for early transplanting may be started in hotbeds and will probably be the last vegetable sown under glass except eggplants. Parsley can be sown in cold frames between the rows of growing lettuce, for, being slow of germination, the lettuce will be out of the way by the time the room is needed by the parsley.

Floriculture. – Florists find the first week in April a good time for transferring carnations to coldframes for hardening off. Other plants, both vegetable and flower, which it is desired to harden off before setting out in the open, should go into the coldframes. Tuberous begonias should be started from tubers either in the latter part of March or early in April in small pots or shallow boxes filled with sphagnum. A few of these beautiful plants should be in every garden and can easily be started on window shelves. Hydrangeas kept dormant through the winter can be started during the early part of April for June flowering. For the most part greenhouses, hotbeds and coldframes are already filled with “green things growing” and the principal work is the care and watchfulness essential to keep them growing, the regulation of the air and moisture, and the repotting and transplanting where demanded. Not a few of the bulbs intended for lawn beds and borders, as cannas, dahlias, etc., will need to be potted off.

Outdoor Vegetables. – But it is the outdoor world which most strongly feels the leaping pulse and the spur to activity. By April 1, frost is all out of the ground in the latitude of New York, and plow and harrow and manure spreader are busy from the break of day until the shadows fall. Asparagus and rhubarb beds not attended to last month should receive prompt attention now. Plants set out later will not make as vigorous a growth. The hardier vegetables should be planted as rapidly as possible. Early beets sown from April 1 to April 10 will be ready for the table in June. Early cabbage plants can go out from March 15 to April 15, and the same rule applies to early cauliflower. These will come in in June and July. Celery seed-beds should be ready for sowing and the seed put in by the first week in April. The earlier onion seed can be put in the better, whether to be grown for sets or for a field crop. Lettuce plants taken from the hotbeds and coldframes, or from the window boxes, can go out between the rows of cabbage and cauliflower. Seed of lettuce, endive and radishes can be safely sown in the open. Spinach can go in as an auxiliary crop between cabbage and cauliflower. Mustard and cress or pepper grass and corn salad should go in early. Corn salad sown in September and wintered under straw or hay should be uncovered. Carrots, parsnips, salsify and early turnips can also go in.

Farm Work. – Oats go in as early as the land can be prepared, which should be by the first week in this month. Spring wheat and barley follow. Take a few spare hours to work over and prepare the flower beds, and to plan for the summer flowers.

Annual Flowers. – In hotbed or greenhouse , or in a warm window , sow in shallow boxes such hardy annuals as are desired and such hardy biennials and perennials as were not sown in the open borders in the fall . The aster has of recent years become second only to the chrysanthemum in popularity as a fall flower. By sowing now in coldframe or window box asters may be brought into bloom in July, and by means of a succession of sowings will lend of their beauty and gay colors well into fall. Mignonette , that long-time favorite , can be sown in the open as early as the first [223] of April. Sowings should be repeated regularly every three weeks until August. Plants started under glass in February and March can safely be set out by April 15. Stocks, snapdragon, salvia, petunia, cosmos, and ageratum are among the general favorites which can be started now to advantage in the house. If sweet pea planting was delayed in March these beautiful flowers, which have come to play so important a part in the flower world, should surely go in as early in April as possible.

April 11-20. No Time to Lose!

Where sweet potatoes can be grown, start them in hotbeds about the middle of the month. This will advance them sufficiently for setting out in early June. As the sun creeps higher and the days grow warmer, it becomes safe to set out tomato plants. About April 20, not earlier, according to Peter Henderson, seeds of eggplants should be started in hotbeds or window boxes where a high temperature can be maintained. One of the delights of the old-fashioned garden, – alas! now too rare, with its trim stiff rows of box, its hollyhocks and sweet williams and bright-faced little lady delights, – was the tiny plot of sweet-smelling garden herbs. Some little corner for them should be found in every garden plot , however small , for they are easily grown. This is the month to sow them, –thyme, summer savory, sage and sweet marjoram. In June or

July they will be ready to set out. Leeks can go in seed-bed. Preparations for and planting of the potato crop will take no little time and attention now. If a few spare days can be found, go over the pasture and mend the fences. Post holes can be dug now that frost is out, and fences should be in order before the cattle are turned out.

After the 15th start half-hardy annuals, biennials and perennials in the window boxes. In extra warm sunny spots, where the soil has become dry and warm, nearly all kinds of hardy and half-hardy flower seeds may be sown with a reasonable certainty of success. Candytuft, nasturtium, zinnia, old-fashioned pink, Phlox Drummondii, godetia, foxglove, forget-me-not , clarkia, California poppy, annual chrysanthemum, and calendula are a few of those to be started in a warm seed-bed for later transplanting to their permanent beds .

April 21-30. The Weeds Make their Annual Appearance

Sow a succession of beans, peas, lettuce, radishes, turnips, onions, etc., to follow those put in early. Get out the hoe and cultivator and fight the weeds in earnest. Good work with these tools now will save uphill labor later. Get and read Bulletins 27 and 29 issued by the Forestry Division, United States Department of Agriculture. They contain valuable information on the planting of forest trees. Wide-awake farmers and land-owners are beginning to see the necessity for tree-planting. In the latter part of April many forest tree seeds can be started in seed-beds. Bulletin 29 gives a table of

these, with localities to which they are adapted. Give some attention to the shade tree, destroying such beetles and moths as may appear. Cut out wood infested by borers, and brick and cement up the cavity. The life of a tree can be prolonged many years in this way.

Fruit- growing – Orchards demand thorough attention. The great peach orchards in Georgia and the Carolinas are in full foliage and cultivation is in order. In the North the first sprayings should be given as the buds begin to swell. Before apple buds swell, spray for scab, codlin moth, bud moth, tent caterpillar, canker worm and plum curculio. Spray again just before the blossoms open. As buds are swelling spray pear and plum, the former for leaf-blight, scab, psylla, codlin moth and blister mite and the latter for curculio, black knot, leaf-blight and brown rot. With small fruits, as currants, raspberries, black-berries, etc., pruning, tying up and transplanting of young vines can be done. If they have not already been fertilized this should be attended to.

The strawberry bed demands attention as soon as the weather has settled and danger of freezing weather has passed. If protected with evergreens these should be removed entirely. If the covering has been of straw and leaves, rake off and leave between the rows for a mulch and to keep the berries off the ground. Plow and harrow new beds in preparation for setting in June. Go over the vineyard when the buds are burst so far as to show which are likely to be the most suitable shoots for training or to be left for fruiting. Rub off all the buds not wanted. This work done now will save much labor in summer pruning.

Animal Industry. – April work for the dairyman is not radically different from the winter routine. Cows which calved in the fall need careful attention to keep the milk pails full. They are shedding the winter coat and growing a new one and they are sensitive to sudden climatic changes. Give them a good big barnyard and all the sunshine and fresh air possible. At your approach the cows will look at you reproachfully as if to inquire “Who said ‘pastures’?” In spite of their appeal, do not turn to pasture too early, before the tender young grass has grown sufficiently to have become nourishing.

April is the month of lambs. Prepare good quarters for the ewes about to lamb and separate them from the remainder of the flock. In the latter part of the month the fleeces should come off and then the sheep will need to be protected from cold rains. Turn out to pasture for a few hours each day, gradually increasing the length of time. Tagging of sheep should be done before turning out.

In the apiary the warm days infuse the little honey makers with the first symptoms of returning animation. Watch the bees carefully to prevent spring dwindling. See that water of a higher temperature than the ice-cold brook and pond is available for them. Examine the hives frequently to see that they do not become queenless. Bees are particularly sensitive to cold winds in the early spring, and the hives should be protected with a wind-break of some sort. And for you who have no bees and have never thought of keeping bees, now, just now, is the time for you to decide to buy a swarm or two at once, not alone for the sweets with which they will furnish your table but for the pleasure you will get in watching and studying these wonderful little toilers

of the insect world .

Poultry. – The routine for the poultryman is little different from that of [224] March. Hens are to be set and brooders and young chicks taken care of. For one having a small pond available, considerable pleasure is to be derived from a flock of those stately honkers, the Canada geese. The wild spirit is strong within them, yet if the wings be clipped they are easily domesticated and there is no prettier sight than a flock of these splendid game birds as contented dwellers on the farm save when the migrating instinct strong within them, and the call of their free brethren floating down from the clouds, makes them for the time being uneasy. During March and April they will nest, usually on the bank of the pond or in the bushes not far distant, pairing off and selecting their nesting grounds. These geese can easily be trained to make excellent decoys.

PART II. RECREATION

I seem to hear the calling
Of a merry mountain brook
As it tumbles into gorges
Where the sunbeams seldom look;
And I dream of rods and fishes,
Reels and dainty flies,
Lines and hooks and leaders
Till I have to rub my eyes,
For I know that I am wishing
For the time to go a-fishing,
When the wily trout will rise.

O ye brothers of the angle, of the gentle art of fishing, to whom All-fool's day brings a materialization of the dream, envied are ye of the unfortunate in whom the fever must needs burn yet a little while ere opportunity affords means of relief! In Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Virginia, Nevada, Oregon, Rhode Island, Washington, and Maryland, the open season for trout begins on April 1. Cold sport it is, especially in the northern states, but there is a fascination in tramping through the thickets where the alders have hung out their signal tassels, listening to the long roll of the drumming grouse, noting new arrivals in the bird world and now and again taking a plump, firm fleshed-speckled jewel from the icy waters of the swollen brook. Early April has its own peculiar and charming setting for this gentle-pastime. Many fly fishermen are inclined to sneer at the bait angler, but these are not true to the teachings of dear old Izaak Walton and they cheat themselves of rare pleasure, for the fish will not rise readily to the fly at this season. In the latter part of the month flies may be used with better success. In New York, Wisconsin and Minnesota the open season does not begin until April 15. Long Island, however, is excepted in the New York law and the season opens March 30.

No sport in America has had a steadier or healthier growth than yachting. Each year has seen a marked increase in the number of boats under sail and in the power and interest in pleasure yachting, racing and cruising. This year promises to see more

boats afloat than ever before. Two factors of supreme importance in bringing about this development of a healthful, delightful sport have been the advent of the skimming-dish type of small sailboats, especially adapted to rivers and shallow inland waters, and the perfecting of the gasoline motor. April sees but few boats in commission, but it is one of the busiest months of the twelve for the amateur sailor – the time for painting and repairing hulls, overhauling sails, rigging and engines and preparing for the active season so close at hand. Canoeists and oarsmen also find their hands full in making craft ready for May waters .

Golfing has done much to awaken an appreciation of walking, particularly country walking as a cure for dyspepsia, a restorer of lost appetite, a renovator of wasted tissues and general tonic for the system. The clear bracing air and the countless charms which nature is unfolding on every side make April one of the pleasantest months of the whole year for cross-country walking. Bicycling as a fad has had its day, and has settled down to its normal and proper place in American life. For those who ride for the mere enjoyment of riding, the latter part of April will practically open the season. However, even then country roads are likely to be unsettled and the riding rough. Automobiling is to play an important part in recreation, and the warm days of April will bring the horseless vehicles out by the thousands . However alluring as must be the call from the countryside, the automobilist will find scant pleasure in riding over April roads.

“ Gie me ma cleek an ‘ putter!
Gie me ma wee bit ball!
A’m awa for glen an ‘ hieland
An ‘ the bonniest game o ‘ all! “

So sings MacDougall, for the canny Scotsman knows from many years of playing how much of deep enjoyment is to be gotten from golf in the month of showers. The greens are a bit soft mayhap and the swampy spots are full of water, but he has the links almost to himself. From every side Spring whispers that she is here; he becomes intimate with the bird folk, and modest little field flowers thrust themselves upon his notice by the very hardihood of their helplessness. Now comes a burst of sunshine: verily it is good to be on the links in April. [225]

PART III. NATURE STUDY

But if April is less generous to the sportsman than some of her sister months, to the nature student she beckons from every side and cries, “Come!” Copse and meadow cry “Come ,” and the rocky wooded hill-side cries “Come” From April 1 to 10, watching for the returning sparrows , we find the alder thickets decked in gold and purple tassels to welcome the feathered guests seeking the protection of their secluded tangles, that quiet little red capped fellow and good neighbor, the chipping sparrow, and the myrtle warbler who stops over on his way farther north to his chosen breeding grounds. The swamp maples are robed in scarlet, the first warm color of the year. The swamps must be visited to mark the arrival of our awkward long-legged but beautiful friends the herons. The black-crowned night heron is due to bring his dismal “quork quork” into the swamps, and not far behind will come his smaller cousin, the green heron. Where the swamp borders a river, with all the wariness born of being much hunted, the great

blue heron sojourns on his way north.

Leaving the swamps, we go up across the pasture where the woodland is throwing out an advance guard of scattered scrub oaks, beeches and birches. The latter are tasseled out. Look sharp for those small ground lovers, the savanna, field and vesper sparrows, for they are due to arrive. In the old apple orchard hark to the lively twitter of that white-vested little gentleman, the tree or white-bellied swallow. Along the pasture fence and by the roadside the spice bush has gowned herself in yellow. From the forest depths comes the beautiful song of the transient hermit thrush. Absurd as it seems to look for nests in these bare woods, it behooves you to scan all possible bird homes closely. Any time from April 1 to 15 the red-shouldered and red-tailed hawk, the long-eared and screech owls, the crow, bluebird and the woodcock will set up housekeeping.

As the month advances birds and flowers come in an unending procession. Any day from April 10 to 20 the bittern's pump is likely to begin its "chug chug" in the swamp and the clapper-rail to show himself. The yellow-bellied woodpecker, the ruby-crowned kinglet, the yellow palm warbler and the Louisiana water thrush pause for greeting ere they continue on their journey. The pine warbler installs himself and the barn swallow is hailed with pleasure by every farmer because of his social disposition. In wooded dells, on sunny southern pine-crowned slopes, in old bush-grown pastures, under the brown carpet of oak groves and on the mossy edge of mountain swamps the rare fragrance of the pure white and delicate pink blossoms of the sweetest of all spring flowers, the trailing arbutus, rises like incense to the Giver of all life. Over the brook the shadbush begins to fling out its white clusters. Along sheltered banks look for the beautiful little bloodroot. It is time for the Dutchman's breeches or white-hearts to appear along rocky ledges, and in the seams of rocky cliffs and hillsides the early saxifrage fills most unpromising crannies. With the bloodroot appears the slender anemone, while at the same time in moist hollows of the wood we look for the yellow adder's-tongue or dog's-tooth violet. The little blue flowers of the liverwort shyly solicit attention.

A tramp afield in these warm April days is likely to afford an introduction to many lowly folk who have just thrown off the long slumber of the winter. The woodchuck scurries off as you appear, or in some warm and sunny spot the harmless snake eyes your approach silently, intently.

As May-day approaches, meadow and woodland grow lavish of their floral offerings. In this latter part of April go forth for the greetings of the wake-robin in the woods where the soil is richer and less rocky, the beautiful white and painted trilliums, the wild ginger, along the meadow brooks the marsh marigolds, in damp places the clenched fists of expanding ferns, on the overhanging cliff the brilliant columbine, in rocky woods the foam flower or false mitrewort, the downy yellow violet, the wild phlox, the bluebells, and many another old or new friend to make glad the heart of the amateur botanist.

April 20 to 30, watch for the spotted sandpiper and the semi-palmated sandpiper along the edges of the rivers and in the salt marshes. The former has come to stay; the latter has engagements farther north. Those aerial artists, the chimney-swift, purple

martin, cliff swallow, bank swallow, and rough-winged swallow now find the stage set to their liking. The black-throated green warbler and the black-and-white warbler should be watched for, and that trim, handsome gentleman in light brown, the brown thrasher, is likely to be found inspecting low bushes for a suitable site for a home. The least flycatcher, that quiet little unassuming fellow, is likely to install himself in the apple or pear tree close by the house any day now, and hail you familiarly whenever you appear. The blue-headed vireo is also due. Just in the edge of the wood the towhee or chewink may be heard rustling among dead leaves, while as the shadows fall the mournful plaint, "Whippoorwill," will ring out from the somber solitudes.

Several of the early arrivals have begun to nest. The robin hardly waits for the first green leaves. Look underneath the bridges and under the eaves of buildings for the shallow mossy home of the phebe. The white-breasted nuthatch has completed his home. In low bushes and occasionally on the ground the song sparrow has builded well, and high up in the evergreens the purple grackle is very busy preparing for maternal cares. So April runs to May.

Country Life in America. April, 1902, p 222-225.

The Little Skirt Dancer.

Thornton W. Burgess

Snapping eyes as dark as night,
Sparkling with mischievous light;
Twinkling feet the sunbeams kiss,
Dancing through a realm of bliss.
Flitting hither, flitting yon,—
Come, confess your heart is won,
Caught in Cupid's silken net
By our winsome wee soubrette!

Short her skirt! Now tell me, pray,
Wilt thou turn the other way?
Shocking that her legs are bare!
The grasses do not seem to care.
Flitting hither, flitting yon,—
Come, confess your heart is won!
See her laugh! Was ever yet
Half so sweet a wee soubrette?

American Agriculturist. April 26, 1902, p. 24.

Out-of-Doors in May.

W. B. Thornton.

A CALENDAR OF SPRING WORK AND EVENTS , WITH DATES BASED UPON THE LATITUDE OF NEW YORK CITY

Exhaling a perfume sweeter than the rarest attar from the voluptuous East, decked with garlands of a hundred hues and attended by clear-throated minstrels, May trips through the forest aisles, and over the smiling uplands and the broad lowlands casts the enchantment of her magic spell, which is the renewal of life. Joy attends upon her and Hope and Promise are her heralds. Everywhere, in the lush meadows, on the rocky hillsides, in the newly planted gardens, by the brook and even in the city where a tiny plot of green shines like a gem in an ugly setting, is felt this fresh, vigorous life with which all nature is teeming. May is the time to live, but there is also work to do.

PART I. WORK

May 1-10 . After the Plow, the Cultivator

Not yet is all danger of a killing frost past, and it is hardly safe to plant some of the tender est vegetables. The hardier vegetables were sown last month and now demand constant attention with cultivator and hoe. Bear in mind that it is a saving of time, money and labor to eradicate the weeds while they are small. In a wet May, a few days of neglect may mean the loss of a crop. In ten days' time weeds can so effectually take possession of a plot as to make it well nigh useless to attempt to subdue them. The clean garden is the sign of the good gardener. The destruction of weeds is not the only function of cultivation. Shallow tillage is an important factor in the conservation of moisture and the maintenance of the soil in the best condition for vigorous growth of plant life. Go over and replant beds which have not come up well from first sowing. It is not too late to plant the succession crops named last month if deemed desirable. Lettuce and radishes planted in cold frames in March are beginning to mature . Attend to asparagus and rhubarb beds, keeping them clear of weeds. In spare moments go over harvesting machinery and see that everything is in perfect running order against the day of need. Danger of scorching plants under glass increases with the climbing of the sun. Give the lawn attention; do not let the grass get too long before the first mowing. Set the boys at work digging out the dandelions and other weeds. Let none go to seed. Sow broccoli for plants to transplant in July. Plant horseradish sets between the rows of early cabbage to grow in the fall after cabbage is harvested. Plant out carnations which have been thoroughly hardened. You for whom fortune seconds inclination, start a grapery, even though it be a small one, under glass. Now is a good time to set out the vines if the buds have begun to swell but have not yet burst.

May 11-20. Corn Planting Time

Vegetables. – Sow or plant bush beans, early accordingly. Spraying may be done all through corn, melons, okra, peppers, squashes and tomatoes. This is a good time to start cucumbers in exhausted hotbeds or coldframes, taking care not to scorch them

after germination. They will be ready to set in the open early in June.

Greenhouse Floriculture. – The man with a small greenhouse who intends to grow in beds that most delightful of all winter flowers, the violet, should have his plants in place by the middle of May if not before. Danger of frost being over chrysanthemums properly hardened off may now be set out. Azaleas do best if kept in a partially shaded house until the latter half of this month. They may then be set out where partially sheltered but unshaded. Fall-started cyclamens should be removed to a frame about the middle of May and will then be ready for six-inch pots by July. Cytisus can safely go into the open ground to remain until September. Chinese primroses or primulas can be grown from seed planted in well drained seed pans any time now. Make cuttings of ornamental asparagus and root under a hand case or in a propagating case. This fairy-like green is one of the most charming decorative plants grown.

May 21-30. The Warm-Season Crops are Planted Out

The Vegetable Garden. – Plant lima beans, peppers, egg plants and sweet potatoes. Rhubarb, asparagus and radishes, lettuce and turnips planted in warm sheltered places in March are now fit for the table.

Fruit and Shade Trees. – Give the orchards and small fruits careful attention . This is the great spraying month. Watch your fruit carefully; be sure what pests you have to deal with and treat accordingly. Spraying may be done all through the month but do not spray trees while in bloom. Follow up first treatment with second, third and even fourth treatments when needed. During the early part of the month make new strawberry beds. If old beds have not already been mulched see that this is done at once. Set out young fruit trees and other small fruits early in the month while they are still dormant if possible. This applies also to young shade trees and shrubs. From the middle to the latter part of the month maples may be safely trimmed and should be given attention. The elm beetle which has been playing such havoc with the elms in parts of New Jersey, New York and southern New England should be looked after sharply. By the latter part of May the leaves will afford good feed for these pests, and thorough spraying at this time and in the northern sections early in June will be the only salvation of the trees. [38]

Animal Industry. — Cows, young stock and sheep go to pasture the first week in May. Angora goats, if not already out, will get good browsing in brushy pastures. Pigs farrowed early in March should be weaned by the middle or latter part of May. Before this is done castrate the young boars that are to be fattened. Watch the chickens and see that they get plenty of green food. Look after the bees carefully. See that the hives are in good condition and that there are no queenless colonies. Watch that none of the stronger colonies rob the weaker ones. Horses which are to be campaigned on the circuit should be in training and worked out daily on a track if possible. How the cattle rejoice in the new found liberty of the pastures, even staid and sober old milch cows attesting by sudden flings and clumsy gambols the joy which seeks expression! The young cattle running with the sheep in the back pastures are speedily on the best of terms with their woolly neighbors. If there is neither brook nor pond in the pastures, see to it that a tub is kept always full from the nearest spring.

PART II. IN NATURE'S GARDEN

May 1-10. Season of Migrating Birds

The birds, great Nature's happy commoners
That haunt in woods, in meads and flow'ry gardens,
Rifle the sweets and taste the choicest fruits
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave.

"Laddie, the man wha hae the power o'sicht i' his een hae wealth sic as gold canna measure," quoth Willie MacDougall. But the canny Scot is a lover of life. He rejoices in the flowers, he joys in the birds, the little garter snake is a friend of his and the smallest insect is not beneath his notice. For such, May throws wide the doors which April did but set ajar. Botanist, ornithologist, entomologist and the tyro eager to see life in its multitudinous forms, find the hours afield all too short in these beautiful May days.

In the first ten or fifteen days the tide of immigrant bird life is at its height and at no other time of year is such life so abundant. In these early days it is not necessary to go beyond the orchard or the shrubbery about the house to make the acquaintance of many of these feathered sprites. The fruit trees are huge fragrant bouquets, hidden in which a great choir invisible pours forth a ceaseless and mighty chorus of praise whereof the theme is joy. O ye blind who will not see and deaf who will not hear!

From May 1 to 10 a host of warblers traveling in company will fill the treetops with tiny flitting forms and melody. The Nashville warbler, the black-throated blue warbler, and the magnolia warbler pause on their way farther north. Going as suddenly as they come, they leave behind them the diminutive and retiring little yellow and black prairie warbler, who makes his home in briery retreats in open country; the chestnut-sided warbler, that incessant little hunter of insects, who at this time may be found in the orchard but will shortly retreat to the close-grown thickets on the edges of the woodland; the yellow warbler, an animated nugget of gleaming gold who delights in roadside thickets; the parula warbler of more quiet dress; the blue-winged warbler with cap and vest of molten sunshine who shortly deserts the orchard for Nature's great temple, the forest; and the hooded warbler, a gentleman in black and yellow with a liking for wet woodland. The pert and inquisitive little house wren becomes a welcome neighbor, the Baltimore oriole, to country folk known as the golden robin, begins his swinging cradle in the elms, the black-billed and yellow-billed cuckoos take up their abode in the orchard, and that vocal contortionist, the catbird, comes to dwell in the garden shrubbery or wayside thickets.

How rapidly the notebook fills with the record of new arrivals! It is the orchard oriole and the kingbird and the rose-breasted grosbeak to-day, and to-morrow a whole tribe of vireos, the warbling, red-eyed, white-eyed and yellow-throated. By the tenth that living jewel, the ruby throated humming bird, the bobolink, great-crested fly catcher, grasshopper sparrow, indigo bunting, red-start, wood thrush, veery or Wilson's thrush, oven-bird, nighthawk, yellow-breasted chat, Maryland yellow throat, that glorious bit of living flame, the scarlet tanager, and along the sea-coast the common tern, will be here. Within the next ten days the long-billed marsh-wren and his cousin of

shorter bill, the wood pewee, worm-eating warbler and Acadian fly catcher will come prospecting for homes; while a host of warblers, the Cape May, Tennessee, golden-winged, bay-breasted, Blackburnian, mourning, black-poll, Wilson's and Canadian pass farther north. With them may be noted the olive-backed, gray-cheeked and Bicknell's thrushes, yellow-bellied and Trail's flycatchers and the white-crowned sparrow.

May 11-20. Jack-in-the-pulpit and his Congregation

By mid-May there is so much to seek and see that notebook and vasculum become filled to overflowing. Who has eyes to see all that the swamp holds? Jack-in-the-pulpit has arisen to preach of the infinite wonders of creation, and standing beside him and looking up you may be fortunate enough to discover the rough disreputable platform of sticks which the black crowned night-heron, or mayhap it is the little green heron, calls home. Through its loose construction you may count the greenish blue eggs it holds. The white blossoms of the swamp laurel or sassafras may be found not far distant, and the American white hellebore or Indian-poke, or perchance the bright purple-pink of the *Arethusa* or Indian pink, will catch the eye. A bit of down on the edge of the hole in yonder tall dead stub raises the hope of a rare find, the home of the most beautiful of web-feet, the wood-duck. Under the broad shining leaves of the skunk cabbage the lizard lurks. The impatient "chit chit" of the Maryland yellow-throat leads to eager search for the home he is building, not improbably in the hollow of this same foul-smelling cabbage. Where the swamp grows spongy and mossy look for the carnivorous and always interesting pitcher-plant and note its insect victims. The little hole in yonder birch stub is the entrance to the daintiest of homes, wherein Mrs. Chickadee covers her speckled treasures, dreaming the mother dreams which have been the same since time was. The vasculum may also become the richer for the purple or water avens and the golden ragwort or squaw-weed.

Beyond the thick grown swamp a stream crawls lazily towards the meadow through cool peat bogs, swamp grass, rushes, and here and there a tangle of swamp huckleberry bushes. The hoarse "ker chug" of the bull-frog challenges exploration. A water-snake slips swiftly and silently into the stream. Among the rushes the beautiful banner of the larger blue flag is unfurling, and from somewhere amid them sounds the "pump-er-hunk, pump-er-hunk," as it is admirably written by Mr. Chapman, of the stake driver or American bittern. Rare possibilities these well-nigh inaccessible marshy tracts contain. Who knows but hidden there may be a colony of least bitterns, the king, Virginia, sora or some other member of the rail family, possibly a gallinule or a coot? The tra-la-la-lee of the red-winged blackbird cheers his brooding mate, and busy little marsh wrens are building their quaint globular nests among the rushes. On cool, mossy bogs the tiny fragile white blossoms of the gold-thread or canker-root are to be found and also the white- or pink-tinted flowers of the wild rosemary and the white arum or marsh calla.

May 21-30-Nesting Season

In proportion as the month wanes the tide of life rises. From the 20th to the end of the month it is difficult to tear oneself from field and woodland lest something be lost. In the clear translucent dawn a meadow-lark pours forth his orisons in wonderfully

sweet melody, while hovering above mid-meadow bobolink gurgles his liquid notes from a reservoir ever full. Somewhere, well hidden in the green and gold below, are two homes worth the finding, but naught of aid may you expect from the two singers.

And other treasures the pastures hold. Bob White's home is there on the ground. The deep sunk print of a cow's foot holds the nest of a vesper sparrow, whence the little mother bird speeds swiftly at your approach, running along the ground to lead you astray. The field or bush sparrow of Thoreau has built just above the ground. If fortune favors you, you may chance upon the ground homes of the Savanna and grasshopper sparrows. Look in thick bushes and low trees for the nests of the brown thrasher and the wood thrush.

If there chance to be an old abandoned orchard near inspect it carefully. By the last week in May it is likely to have many tenants. Amid its lichen-covered branches may be hidden the exquisite little nest of the ruby-throated humming bird. The king-bird is sure to have a home there, and the chipping-sparrow looks with favor upon such a retreat for her little horse-hair-lined domicile. If woods be near you may even find a blue-jay nesting there. The dead or decaying branches are almost certain to have been hollowed out by some of the woodpecker tribe, and the flicker, red-headed, downy and hairy woodpeckers, the tree or white-bellied swallow or the great-crested flycatcher, lining its nest with cast off snakeskins, are not unlikely to be at home there.

Birds and Buds. – The wild flowers are but half the secret treasures of the thickets and woodlands. Many a home of feathered folk is built on the ground itself, so artfully hidden and blended with its surroundings that one is in danger of stepping on it all unseeing. The towhee and oven-bird have chosen some dry bit of ground in the undergrowth of the woodlands by the second week in May. Three little warblers, the blue-winged, worm-eating and black-and-white, are nesting also on the ground in thick undergrowth on the edges of the woodland by the third week. In low bushes in damp woodland look for the home of the hooded warbler and on the ground for the veery's nest. The ruffed grouse nesting close to the foot of tree, or in the dense forest the little vireo-like cradle of the Acadian flycatcher may be among mid-May finds. In the latter part of May the chestnut-sided warbler is at home in brush near a brook or scrubby second growth, the chat has built in a thick briery tangle and the prairie warbler in low scrubby underbrush or a low cedar. By this time, too, the beautiful little indigo bunting has a nest hidden within a foot of the ground in brush or stout weeds. In the oaks and maples the red-eyed, white-eyed, warbling, and yellow-throated vireos have hidden their beautiful little nests. In cedars or other evergreens look for the purple finch. The brilliant coated cardinal nests early, choosing a tangle of thick bushes, while the handsome rose breasted grosbeak often delights in a tangle of blackberry bushes, nesting about the middle of the month.

More Birds. – In deeper woods Cooper's hawk nests early in the month, the sharp-shinned hawk setting up house-keeping a week or two later. The sparrow hawk nests early in hollow trees, usually the deserted home of the flickers or one of the larger woodpeckers. In gravelly river banks the kingfisher tunnels out a retreat from May 1 to 10, and is joined by whole colonies of bank swallows by May 10 to 20. Among the stones and scant weeds of sandy river bars the spotted sandpiper lays her

disproportionately large eggs during the last two weeks of the month. The chimney swift, cliff swallow, rough-winged swallow and purple martin also nest at this time. In the orchards the yellow- and black-billed cuckoos, the least fly-catcher and the orchard oriole build May 20 to 30. In any of the smaller nests at any time you are likely to find the cow-bunting's egg. In the sedges of the salt marshes the clapper-rail nests May 1 to 10 and the fish crow of the seacoast builds about the same time. The marsh hawks, more plentiful than inland, nest on the ground after May 15.

Wild Flowers of the end of May. – In the meadows the shy blue-eyed grass and the long stemmed meadow violets fringe with blue the cloth of gold the buttercups are weaving. Down near the edge of the brook the shy little white violets cluster in family groups. The gravelly hillsides of the pastures are here blue with the bird's-foot violet and there carpeted with bluets, so appropriately called "innocents." There, too, look for the wild strawberry and the little yellow-flowered dry or barren strawberry. The well named "shooting star" is one of our choicest wild flowers; its pose is full of spirit. Perchance the yellow star-grass smiles a greeting. Look also for the common speedwell and in waste places for the self-heal or heal-all, and not far distant you are pretty sure to catch the blue of the old-maids-bonnets or wild pea, while equally conspicuous is the wild potato vine or man-of-the-earth. In the tangles of the thickets the blackberry, raspberry and barberry are coming into bloom.

In rich moist woodlands the dogwoods and the hobblebush are robed in white. The showy orchis in purple-pink, the spiderwort, whose blue blossoms so soon melt in tears, and the little yellow clintonia are near neighbors. The modest little perfoliate bellwort or straw-bell, the inconspicuous blossoms of the cucumber-root, the smoother sweet-cicely beloved of the children for its anise-scented roots, the delicate pinkish blossoms of the true wood sorrel, the greenish white florets of the sanicle or black snakeroot, the fairy-like little white star-flower or star anemone, the bright purplish rose little gay-wings or polygala, the sweet wild honeysuckle, the false and true Solomon's seal, the green umbrellas of the May apple, and in the near-by damp thicket the graceful blue or purple blossoms of the nightshade or blue bindweed are to be sought. Where the woodland becomes hilly but boggy, look for whippoorwill's shoe or the yellow lady's-slipper, and where the ground becomes rocky though still moist, for red-robin or dragon's blood. In deep rocky or sandy woods one may find the violet wood sorrel and that exquisite member of the orchid tribe, the aptly named moccasin flower or lady's-slipper. On dry rocky hillsides the bush honeysuckle or gravel weed and the rare purple virgin's bower are to be searched for. By roadsides and in open thickets the wild geranium or crane's bill is also putting forth. The botanist of the seacoast wandering over the sand dunes will find the seaside or everlasting pea beginning to bloom in May and cannot but wonder whence its beauty is drawn.

Insect life and Animals. – Nor are birds and flowers alone to be sought. With them appear a multitude of insects, each with a fascinating life history. Butterflies, moths and around the ponds strange forms of life draw the attention. Now a lizard slips under a leaf and again you cross the trail of a serpent. Perchance you find a field mouse in the midst of her maternal duties or investigating a woodpecker's hole you disturb the housekeeping arrangements of a flying squirrel. Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit have paternal

cares and the gray and red squirrels are housekeeping. Mushrooms in themselves offer a wide field for research and investigation. Of subjects it would seem there is no end.

PART III. SPORT

But after the nature student it is to the angler (and in truth he is the simplest hearted of worshipers at Nature's shrine) that May means the most. Now are the trout rising to the fly and this gentle pastime is never more thoroughly enjoyable. The ice goes out of the northern lakes, which is the signal for trolling for lake trout and landlocked salmon. The privileged anglers with rights, or with friends who have rights in a salmon stream are dreaming of days to come and discussing the respective merits of a Jock Scot and some later creation. Verily these are the days of the angler and the fish rod supplants the gun.

May will start bicycling and automobiling in earnest. Tennis will also begin. There are indications that this game will have a strong revival this year. Now that the first craze for golf has passed, many who enjoy a more vigorous game are turning again to tennis as the ideal game for quick and vigorous action, in which skill of the highest order and splendid physical exercise combine. The success of the Ward brothers in England last season will undoubtedly have its effect on the game here this year. The golf season fairly opens in May. Except in the fall there is no other time quite so delightful for this fine game. This month will also open the yachting, canoeing and boating season.

Save in the autumn, there is no month wherein riding and driving are so thoroughly enjoyable as in the latter part of May. Horseback riding is essentially a western and southern sport. Indeed, it may be safely classed as the most distinctive recreation of these localities. In the north and east it has been very largely confined to a certain class of wealth and leisure. Of late, however, it has been making steady growth in popularity, and riding and driving clubs are springing up in all directions.

The hunt clubs in various sections are doing much to promote this delightful, invigorating and healthful exercise. There is an exhilaration in a brisk canter or a gallop across country of a May morning such as few sports can afford. To glorious exercise is added the delightful sense of comradeship with, yet mastery over, a noble animal. Who can sit a sensitive, high-strung thoroughbred and not love his mount!

Country Life in America. May, 1902, p.37-40.

Treasures in the Old Swamp.

T. W. B.

Probably the least visited place on the farm is the swamp. Possibly this is because of the unpleasantness and difficulty in getting about, or again possibly it is that many have not ventured within its somewhat somber depths to become acquainted with its denizens and to find the treasures which it holds. Be that as it may, the swamp is comparatively seldom visited, and yet therein dwell some of the most interesting of our feathered neighbors, and bloom some of the rarest wild flowers of nature's garden.

It is worthwhile to pull on a pair of long-legged rubber boots and explore its depths in this merry month of May. Quaint little Jack-in-the-pulpit has a congregation which increases with every day of sunshine. The swamp laurel or sassafras, the Indian pink and the American white hellebore or Indian-poke are his near neighbors. The wonderful little pitcher plant with its marvelous fly trap is not far distant. Wild rosemary, the marsh calla, the tiny little white blossoms of the goldthread, the golden ragwort, and along the edges the blue flag, lend of their beauty to what from the outside had appeared a dismal tangle.

In yonder old birch stub is a contented little home wherein Mr and Mrs Chickadee are keeping house. In contrast with their cozy, soft moss and feather lined domicile is the nest of the black crowned night heron, who from his dismal call it commonly called "quork." A shift-less fellow he, in his building of his home, which is no more than a rough little platform of sticks, so carelessly put together that, standing on the ground below, you may look up through its bottom and count the big, greenish blue eggs deposited there. Indeed, if you are not acquainted with the ways of this handsome indolent fellow, you are likely to pass the nest as a remnant of a home of years ago. Fortune favoring you, you will find the most beautiful of all American ducks, the graceful, wonderfully colored wood duck, nesting like Tom Tit-mouse in the hollow of a tree. Among the rushes the contented "chiree" of the red-winged blackbird leads you to the beautifully marked treasures above which he is keeping watch and ward. There too you may hear the queer "pump-er-hunk" of the American bittern, commonly called the stake driver or pump bird. The little green heron also makes his home in the swamp. You may find there the impatient, ever busy Maryland yellow throat, and perhaps on the swamp's edge the compact nest of the swamp sparrow.

These are but a few of the dwellers in the old swamp, nor are these always to be found, for according to latitude will the treasures of the swamp vary. But east or west, or north or south, its damp, dark retreats are full of interest. Dismal enough it looks as we pass it knowing it not, but once its acquaintance is made it becomes one of the most fascinating spots on all the farm for the strangeness of the life that is therein

American Agriculturist. May 10, 1902, p. 27.

What the Apple Tree Held.

T. W. B.

A gnarled, broken-down, dilapidated old vagabond of an apple tree stood on the very edge of the woodland. It may be that in long gone days it had borne as choice fruit as its well-trimmed, carefully cared for brethren of a distant orchard. Be that as it may, it was now an impoverished old hanger-on on the very edge of civilization. And yet, as is often the case with such happy-go-lucky old reprobates, the old tree was beloved by many.

Generations of woodpeckers had girdled its trunk from base to the topmost limb. Every spring for years Mr and Mrs Screech Owl had reared a funny little family in the warm shelter of its hollow heart. During its life, yards and yards of cast-off snake skins had been carried into the old flicker's hole in the crooked west limb by Great-crested Flycatcher and his wife. Bluebirds, white-bellied swallows, and that brilliant blue-coated dandy of the woodland, Sir Blue Jay, had made their home there in turn, but on the early June morning when I last visited the old tree for a final good- by, it was to find there the rarest bit of bird architecture to which it had ever loaned a foundation.

Pausing in the grateful shade of the old tree, I aroused the ire of one of those living jewels of the bird world, the ruby-throated humming bird. With a bravery out of all proportion to its tiny size, it dashed almost in my face. Then like a fleeting shadow it was gone, only to return a moment later, darting at me angrily as before. That was its mistake. Instantly I knew that somewhere in the old tree was the little mosslike cup which he had built for his home. Carefully I began the search. Foot by foot each branch of the old apple tree was gone over, but in vain. Sir Ruby Throat had now been joined by his more soberly clad helpmate. How artfully they had hidden their precious home! Over and over again the tree was examined, and yet never a glimpse of the nest. Finally, near the top, my eye caught a tiny bunch of moss. Possibly, thought I, this is the object of my search. Immediately I started to climb the tree, but I had not gone beyond the first low branches, when in looking across to the opposite side of the tree, away out on the tip of one of the big branches, my eye caught a little lichen covered knot. I felt sure that was the nest, and sure enough, my calculation proved correct.

Carefully I worked out to inspect it, while the humming birds redoubled their efforts to frighten me away. A rarely perfect specimen it proved to be, made entirely of fern cotton, and covered so closely with lichens on the outside that it was a difficult matter to detect it from sundry old knots with which the tree was covered. Hardly two inches across, it still held two pearly white eggs, hardly as big as ordinary peas. A week later it would have held two little atoms of bird life not bigger than bumblebees, and yet, when the fall frosts turned the old apple tree into a dull russet and yellow vagabond, these wee little bird folk were thousands of miles away, carried on their own swift wings—wings that move so swiftly the eye cannot detect them. The accompanying picture is of the nest after it was deserted.

American Agriculturist. May 17, 1902. p.24; Springfield Homestead. June 7, 1902.

At the Old Antietam Mill.

T. W. Burgess

Gray and picturesque and ruined
Stands Antietam's ancient mill,
On the field of consecration
To the cause of Freedom's will.
Time alone, the busy miller,
Grinds within the shattered wall,
Where, in history's tragic annals,
Deep and somber shadows fall.

Once within the old mill's shadow
Liberty lay making moan;
Earth ran red with dreadful carnage,
Heedless of the dying groan;
Shot and shell shrieked hate, defiance;
Death ran riot for a day;
Man forgot he slew his brother
Hidden 'neath the blue or gray.

Now their children's children, playing,
Set the echoes ringing true.
White-haired men, as comrades, meet where
Once they met in gray or blue.
Time, the busy miller, grinding,
Heeds the universal will,—
Love the grist, where once was hatred,
At the old Antietam mill.

American Agriculturist. May 24, 1902, p. 21.

Country Life in June.

W. B. Thornton

WORK AND PLAY OUTDOORS – WHERE TO SEEK FOR BIRD HOMES AND WHERE TO FIND THE WILD FLOWERS – A CALENDAR OF MANIFOLD SUGGESTIVENESS

Verily, now is the fulness of life. Treading in the footsteps of the merry hoyden, May, comes her queenly sister June, fairest daughter of the year. Soft winds wandering over flower-strewn meads and through sylvan groves are heavy with the perfume from innumerable floral altars and ring with sweet melodies of countless happy choristers. With what inspiration the matins of the meadow-lark float in at the open window with the first red rays of the rising sun; and with what a sense of ineffable peace and calm and unutterable rest the vespers of the wood-thrush and the veery, ringing through the gloaming of the long twilight, fall on the grateful ear! In no other month does the setting sun paint the western sky in such a glory of color nor the darkening hills wrap themselves in such robes of royal purple to wait the coming of the night.

It is the month of color, of soft perfumed airs, of song and happy laughter, of joy in life. Yet, withal, it is a month with a wonderful inspiration for work. The busy bird folk singing through the long hours are happy because of the labor to provide for lusty families. Every straying wind brings the hum of bees working the harder because of the greater wealth of flower spoil. So the farmer and the gardener, seeing the approach of the harvest, find new incentive for each day's labor and go forth rejoicing in their strength and in the work which their hands find to do.

PART I. FARM WORK AND GARDEN PLEASURE

June 1-10. Succession Crops are Sown

Asparagus, beets, cauliflower, rhubarb, lettuce, early cabbage, onions and spinach are coming along rapidly. Succession crops of most of these can be sown to advantage, and also bush beans, peas and cucumbers, unless the land be wanted for something else. Corn must be thoroughly cultivated, and the onion bed and the garden demand close and constant attention to keep the weeds in check. Potatoes are so far advanced that a persistent, unrelenting war against the Colorado beetle must be maintained. Sweet corn for a succession should be put in. The strawberry patch begins to demand attention. Crates and baskets should be in readiness and pickers engaged, so that as the season attains its height in the middle of the month the crop can be handled to the best advantage. Have a final look at the mower and harvesting machinery.

June 11-20. Season of Home-grown Strawberries

Succession crops of garden vegetables may still go in. Cut clover and other grasses for soiling. Strawberries are at their best. Plant out broccoli sown in April. Give orchards thorough attention. Continue spraying. Thin out fruit where trees are heavily loaded, especially peaches and plums. Harvest cherries. Provide a mulch for tomatoes

if the plants are not to be tied up. If they are to be grown to stakes, see that these are in place. Sow late cucumbers, radishes, late cabbage, etc.

June 21-30. Haying Begins

The sound of the mower is heard in the land. Haying has fairly begun, and other work must give way to this. Cut as soon as the grass is ready and the weather permits. Failure to take advantage of the first fair day may mean the spoiling or partial loss of the crop through inclement weather. Wheat and rye are ready to be cut and corn can be laid by. Plant late potatoes. Sow rutabagas for sheep. Sow Hungarian grass and rape. Cucumbers planted in coldframes and forcing pits are marketable. Watch them that they get water enough. Evening is the best time for watering. Raspberries are beginning to ripen, while by the last week of the month the strawberry crop is out of the way.

The Live Stock. – Give cattle and stock careful attention. As the pastures begin to burn up in the latter part of the month, see that green food is available for cattle. Provide a shelter from the sun if there be no large trees in the pasture lot. Such a shelter is easily made and can be so arranged by means of brush that the cows can make use of it in brushing off the flies. See that the hogs have good pasturage. When the horses can be spared, give them an opportunity to run in the pasture. Inspect the cattle at pasture at frequent intervals, and at least once a week see that they are salted.

“Just to walk among the roses,
That is all.
Just to see them nodding, bending,
Of their fragile beauty lending,
Of their scented treasure giving;
I can ask no more of living!
Just to walk among the roses,
That is all.”

Floriculture. – In the greenhouses carnations come in for attention. By the first of June plants should be placed in beds. Early June is not too late to take cuttings of chrysanthemums for growing single flowers to single stalks. Early-made cuttings should be ready to go on the benches by the first week in June. Gloxinias started in February should come in bloom this month and will fill in the interval until the showy chrysanthemums reign supreme. Late cuttings of hydrangeas can also be made in June, and are then best grown in a coolhouse. A growing appreciation of calceolarias as spring-blooming pot-plants is leading to a much more general growing of them. For March bloom seed should be sown in shallow pans and placed in a coolhouse or well-ventilated and shaded frame by the middle of June. Practically the same thing applies to cinerarias. Asparagus should be dried off from June to August. In the out-of-door beds an earnest warfare against the weeds must be waged. Watch the beds carefully that they get sufficient water. Watch for the rose bug, and spray or powder the bushes thoroughly.

PART II. THE PAGEANT OF WILD FLOWERS

Knee-deep in June. – Now, indeed, is the heart of the botanist full. Especially is this true of the beginner, to whom the commonest flower viewed for the first time from

a botanical standpoint has suddenly become imbued with an interest and charm hitherto all unsuspected. Thus each becomes a golden nugget to be stored away in the treasure vault of knowledge. So the expert botanist, whose scientific soul hungers for the rare and therefore unfamiliar forms of plant life, tramps over field and bog and through woodland and swamp, taking a deep and earnest pleasure in the greetings of long-time friends, now in a nodding bit of color or again in a fragrant breath wafted to him by a careless breeze, and bringing home but a single plant therewith counts himself rich beyond measure. But the tyro fills his vasculum and goes no farther than the boundary wall of yon waste pasture. The waste land is waste to him no longer. Behold, it is the garden of nature, and he, now having eyes to see, wonders at the blindness of the multitude!

The Joy of Making a Herbarium. – In the early part of the month the great body of the flowers of May still lend of their beauty to Mother Earth. Many that had but just begun to appear as May drew to a close are now at the height of bloom. But a few weeks since, these flowers had been seized upon as treasures, precious because just arrived, little strangers all unknown. Now have they become familiar friends to remain so, steadfast and unflinching, ever ready with sympathy or cheer through all the years [78] which shall measure the span of life. This loyalty of the flower folk is something that will often touch the hardest nature. It takes years of intimate acquaintance fully to appreciate it, but the amateur botanist begins to feel it when, in June, he is greeted on every side by friendly nodding blossoms that erstwhile were strangers. June adds daily to the host of wild flowers, until by the end of the month the note-book contains a long list and the herbarium has already become something of a source of pride.

Wild Gardens in days of June. – But if there is pleasure in adding to the herbarium, how much greater is the delight of transporting bodily to your own dooryard these beautiful flower folk of forest and field! Think of a colony of the shy pink lady's slipper at home near your own doorstep! Yet, not only the lady's slipper but a whole host of wild flowers may be established in your yard by careful study and imitation of their natural surroundings.

Wayside Weeds and Plants of Pastures. – If in the florist's domain this be the month of roses, in Dame Nature's garden it is the month of daisies. And though we would fain sympathize with the farmer who beholds with dismay his mowings "run to white weed," we cannot but confess to a very warm place for this sunny-hearted fellow whose cheerful impudence has given him possession of the hay-field. In the drier fields towards the end of the month comes the big, showy yellow ox-eye daisy or black-eyed Susan. The blue or cow-vetch touches dry fields and waste places with dashes of blue. There, too, the viper's bugloss or blue thistle is entrenched and the orpine or witch's money, dear to childhood for its thick leaves to be inflated, begins to show somewhat variable flowers. That pleasant member of the mint family, the wild or creeping thyme, gives of the fragrance of its tiny blossoms to dry banks and roadsides. Insignificant, but still to be noted, is the familiar knot-grass or doorweed, while Bouncing-Bets or old maid's pinks challenge attention. The common milkweed or silkweed and the purple milkweed bloom this month in these same waste places.

Treasures of Wet Places. – Leaving the roadsides and the pastures for the

meadows, the bogs and the cool retreats of the swamps wherein Nature so often hides her rarest and most precious treasures, hopes are high, for what may they not contain? In the moist meadows and along the edges of the swamps the yellow or field avens is replacing the marsh marigold. The latter part of the month is not too early to look where the meadow is rich and moist for that strikingly handsome orchid, the early purple-fringed orchis. The cow parsnip is there also. Where the meadows are low and on the edges of the swamp the grass-pink or calopogon, a fairly common orchid, and the monkey flower are in bloom. A shy denizen of the more secluded parts of the swamp is the fragrant rose or sweet scented pogonia, sometimes called snake-mouth, a charming member of the orchid family. Still another orchid, rare and solitary and a lover of the deep swamp, is the showy lady's slipper. The small, pale green orchis and the fringed green orchis delight in cool bogs. Deliciously sweet and fragrant is the swamp pink or honeysuckle, known also as the white or clammy_ azalea.

The Woody Things of June. – Leaving the swamp for the woodland, look where the ground is still damp for that queer little degenerate, but nevertheless beautiful and exceedingly interesting plant the Indian pipe or corpse plant. This is often found under pines, pushing up through the brown carpet of needles. In these same damp woodlands under the evergreens, the creeping wintergreen or checkerberry home near your is swinging little waxy bells. In the edges of the woodland and in tangled thickets the bittersweet or waxwork shows small greenish white flowers. In these same moist, rich thickets you may expect to find the slender white spikes of the Culver's-root or Culver's physic with its endlessly varied leaves, puzzling the amateur unless the blossoms be there for a solution. One may also hope to find there the slender wands of the tall bellflower. The four-leaved loosestrife, its yellow flowers streaked with dark red, is blooming where the soil is moist but sandy. Another lover of gravelly soil, especially the banks of streams, is the Indian hemp. Along the edges of the richer thickets the elderberry is in bloom and likewise the cranberry tree, while in their depths look for the little shinleaf.

As the road climbs upward, the woodland becoming rocky, water dripping over and cool mosses covering the gray ledges and boulders, look for the smooth early or meadow rose, the purple-flowering or Virginia raspberry, and along the ledges for the exquisitely beautiful harebells – the bonny bluebells of old Scotia. In dry, rocky woodland search for the pointed tick-trefoil, the wild bergamot with its different shades, and the dockmackie. The staghorn sumac or vinegar tree is in bloom on dry, rocky hillsides and on rocky banks and river sides are the white balls of the ninebark. On the rich wooded hillsides the unpleasant odor of the black snake-root or tall bugbane discloses its whereabouts.

Where the woodland becomes drier and more open the prostrate tick-trefoil, the deliciously fragrant little round-leaf pyrola, the prince's pine or pipsissewa, the spotted and one-sided wintergreens are to be added to the vasculum. Along the sandy edge of the pine woods you may hope to find the attractive and showy goat's rue or wild sweet pea, even though other plants be sore smitten by heat and drought. Fortune favoring, you may become the richer for the curious-shaped flower of the Virginia snakeroot, whose aromatic root has medicinal properties. Along the woodland edges and in the

adjoining thickets the vivid color of the red wood or Philadelphia lily begins to appear and in admiration of its gorgeousness one is likely to overlook the modest neighbors, the wild or slender yellow flax, the tall or hairy agrimony and on near-by banks the starry campion. Along the shady roadsides of the woodland bloom the white avens, the harmless enchanter's nightshade, or perhaps creeping dalibarda.

Aquatics. – Even the ponds and rivers offer floral tribute, the water lily, beloved of all the world, the blue spikes of the pickerel weed, the water plantain, the yellow water buttercup, white water crowfoot, and the greater bladderwort or pop-weed, while along the margins in marshy land the horned bladderwort wastes its fragrance.

PART III. BIRD HOMES IN JUNE

“He wears a coat of modest brown
With vest of black and yellow,
And hides amid the meadow grass,
A modest little fellow.
But with the flush of breaking day
His joyous matins rise:
Nor clearer note, nor sweeter song
Is wafted to the skies.”

In all the mighty chorus which greets the dawning of a day in June there is no purer, more joyous and triumphant song than the notes of the meadow-lark, clear and far-reaching as a fife, yet with all the purity and mellow sweetness of the flute. To me there is no song so closely affiliated with the early morning as this melodious whistle. It somehow has become a part of the dawn itself, quite as much so as the first delicate flush that tinges the low-hung clouds in the east. And who hearing it can remain in bed! Not the bird lover. He must needs be abroad, peering through copse and thicket and making friends with feathered householders of many tribes.

Where to Look for Nests. – If May was the nesting month, June is the month of homes. Few indeed are the birds which have not now eggs or young. However, there are some for whom their happy-go-lucky roving life has had such charms, or who have been so hard to suit in a home site that June finds them just preparing for the earnest duties of the summer. The great-crested flycatcher often waits until the first week in June to take permanent possession of some hollow limb in an old orchard. About the same time the wood pewee builds its beautiful lichen-covered cup-like home, usually in the woods, but sometimes close to the abode of man. If you are especially fortunate you may chance across the mottled eggs of the nighthawk or the whippoorwill, neither of whom take the trouble to build a nest but lay on the ground June 1 to 10. The scarlet tanager often does not nest until early June. That cheerful fellow, the goldfinch, who in the fall puts on his sober winter coat to remain with us through the cold months, has been so busy getting into his gay summer finery that he does not get around to nesting until June 10 to 20. The nest is rather a dainty affair, as is to be expected, and is placed in a bush or low tree. Quite as late with his domestic affairs as the goldfinch is the cedar waxwing, who now locates in the orchard. Along the seacoast the laughing gull nests June 1 to 10, and the common tern a week or two later.

The Care of Young Birds. – But if the number of new nests to be found is limited, the bird student has still the most delightful and fascinating portions of his study before him in this leafy, flowery month, the observation of bird home life. Day by day he will make the round of the nests found in May to watch the growth of nestlings, to make notes of the food brought them, of their individual personalities and traits of character, of their education, of the habits, notes, division of labor, and the cares and perplexities which enter into the daily home life of the parent birds. At no time can they be so closely observed as when with young in the nest continually clamoring to be fed. Indeed, they soon come to know that you mean them no harm, and while some will merely tolerate your presence, others will even allow you to become established on a friendly footing. This is the month which will put to the test your powers of observation, for in June have you but eyes to see you can witness more and learn more and understand more of the lives and habits of the feathered sprites of the air than in any other four weeks in the whole year.

The young hawks and owls, well feathered out now, are taking their first lesson in aerial navigation, and at first are quite as uncertain as the baby of the genus homo taking his first steps. The young robins, grackles, and bluebirds already have “found” their wings, and it is quite likely that Madam Robin is busy in preparation for a second brood. Down amid the rushes, funny little fussy-bodied rails are becoming expert gymnasts, traveling on and clinging to the stems of the reeds and grasses, while up in the woodland Mrs. Grouse is proudly leading a flock of miniature brown Leghorn chickens who have already mastered the art of “laying low” when danger approaches, and will vanish so suddenly and completely that you will rub your eyes and gape foolishly the first time you meet and part with them. In young second-growth woods keep sharp look-out for the nightly roosts of young and old birds now forming. These roosts are among the comparatively little known but interesting phases of bird life.

PART IV. ATHLETICS, SPORT, RECREATION

“Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.” -Pope.

June brings the beginning of the year’s season of recreation. It is in the nature of things that thoughts should turn to field, woodland, seashore and mountain. The youngster in knickerbockers looking forward to the vacation days which will come with the closing of the month, is hardly more impatient than his father, anticipating the annual outing in the deep woods or along the seacoast.

Golf, Tennis, Swimming. – The golf season is now on in earnest, as is also tennis. This month opens the bathing and swimming season, and fortunate is he who is so situated that he can daily indulge in this splendid and enjoyable exercise.

Fishing. – The angler finds a charming setting for his favorite pastime. The mountain brooks are full of firm-fleshed, painted, delicious trout. It is not all of fishing to catch fish. Nay, no true angler is he who, tramping down one of these cheery, chattering, companionable mountain streams the livelong day, cannot in the gathering dusk loiter home through the shadows tranquil of soul, with the song of the brook and the melody of the unseen thrush ringing in his heart, and, though his basket be light,

look up to the infinite hills and from the depths of his nature feel that it is peace. And so he tramps and splashes and fishes, now soaking in the sunshine and now the rain. In the deepening shadows, the brook is left to its song and out of the heart of the hills in the old logging road down across the brush-grown pasture where the strawberries are beginning to ripen, he tramps leisurely and contentedly home. But not all can get away to distant trout brooks, and for them the ponds and the rivers offer much of sport and contentment of mind. Pickerel and perch and also that very good-eating but rather disgusting denizen of the ponds, the horned pout, afford many an afternoon's enjoyable outing. Along the seacoast, the sheepshead and the Spanish mackerel are beginning to run in. At the very end of the month, the bluefish are to be looked for. Cunners, rock-fish and flounders are to be fished for all through the month. Up in the provinces, the fly fisherman may enjoy many a rare day with the sea trout.

Canoeing. – For the canoeist who possesseth the soul of the true nature worshiper early June mornings are among the most delightful of the whole year. For him are reserved such scenes, such charming glimpses of the home life of wild folk in feathers and fur, as are vouchsafed to but few. The most cautious step will often snap a stick at the most inopportune moment, throwing into instant suspicion and alarm the little folk of the wild wood with whom one would fain become acquainted. But the silent bark of the canoeist slipping over the mirror of lake or river, without sound or ripple, bears him into the very midst of the domestic life of nature's "happy commoners." It may be that in this light craft, this splendid legacy from the red man, they recognize something akin in spirit to their own buoyant, careless freedom, a well-remembered friend who in the long gone days was one of the brotherhood of the forest. At all events the canoe seems to be regarded with little suspicion, so be it that its occupant remains as quiet and unobtrusive as possible. The muskrat will swim within its very shadow. By moistening the finger and gently rubbing the polished blade his squeak can be imitated exactly, and you may so far become acquainted as to enter into the neighborhood gossip. Now a weasel trails down the bank or mayhap it is the more timid mink in quest of breakfast, all heedless of Cheemaun, the canoe [see *Hiawatha*]. Busy feathered householders peer out sharply from overhanging alders and reassured go about their domestic affairs with delightful unconcern. Then, too, there is the delight of exploring inundated swamps and long set-backs where even he of the hip boots may not venture, finding there forms of life otherwise almost unapproachable.

Automobiling. – This year promises, in a measure, to fix the status of the automobile in American life. It offers all the delights of bicycling save one, the joy of vigorous physical exercise which is the birthright of every healthy body. But to offset this it makes possible for the invalid and the frail all those pleasures which the wheel has given to the strong. It will open doors hitherto sealed. Who shall say how great a factor it is to become in the further development of country life! No longer dependent upon street cars, the business man of the city can go farther out to locate his home and still be in as close touch with his work. Automobile clubs are springing up all over the country, and they will prove an important factor in the development of good roads. O, ye chauffeurs, with your world of quiet lanes and beautiful back-country roads, and peaceful shaded village streets to invade and explore, what more need be said to you than that it is the flowery month of June!

Country Life in America. p. 77-80.

Some Funny Desk Babies.

Waldo

Ever since the middle of the winter three wild cherry twigs have projected from a drawer in my desk. From each has hung pendant what at first glance has invariably been taken for a dry, brown, half-rolled leaf. Again and again, I have been asked why I have kept those worthless sticks. And always I have smiled and have explained that those seemingly withered leaves were in reality the snuggest and most comfortable of silk lined cradles wherein my “desk babies” have been sleeping these many months.

I have called them my “desk babies” because the cradles have so long swung just above my paper as I have written, and because I knew that the desk would be their nursery when first they ventured into the world of sunlight. Now they are out,—such pretty babies that all the scoffers have come to admire and to marvel.

Last night when I closed the desk the cradles hung as lifeless as they had hung all the spring. But this morning when the top was thrown back, lo! one cradle hung empty, but clinging to it, on the outside, was the baby it had so long protected. Then I knew what I had long suspected, that its name was *Promethea*, and that it was a member of the great moth tribe.

All the morning it has clung to its cradle. At first the four beautiful wings were limp and lifeless, but gradually they have stiffened up, and one by one the wrinkles have disappeared. With manifest effort they are spread in the warmth of the sun-shine, but with each spreading comes increase of strength. The wings are of red-dish browns, edged with yellowish white, lighter browns touched with carmine, and on the outer edge a broad band of straw color, blotched, on the lower wings, with irregular spots of carmine, while on each of the upper wings is an eye of rich black with a white edging on one side.

Presently, in the full vigor of its brief life, *Promethea* will depart through the open window, leaving only the empty cradle to remind me of the first of my “desk babies.” But that cradle is in itself wonderful, a house of silk, so artfully contrived, so firmly constructed, so securely anchored, that not all the lashings of stormy winds nor all the crushing strength of the frost king could loosen it or penetrate to its warm interior, where the sleeper lay.

American Agriculturist. June 21, 1902, p. 19.

Asa Tobey's Consolation Prize. A Fourth of July Story.

T.W. Burgess

The hot afternoon sun slanted over the sand dunes and across the dimpling waters of the bay. Where the sand bars made long outrunning shallows, the water shaded from a clear translucent green to an emerald hue, which in turn melted into a deep blue beyond the line of far-distant breakers. The freshening northeast wind swept over the tumbling waters, bringing the smell of the sea. The water pounded the shore with a steadiness that told of a stiff breeze outside and a heavy outer swell.

Away on the horizon the sails of three mackerel fishers made dazzling points of white on the sky line. Between them thin smoke clouds denoted the presence of porgy steamers. Close in shore, strung along the water front, but mostly anchored in a big half circle about four buoys, each flying a colored flag, were a fleet of dories, cat boats and one or two larger yachts, all in gala dress.

The wind caught a willful tress from under the sou'wester and swept it across the face of a dark-eyed girl in one of the smaller cats. Gripping the combing of the cock-pit with nervous hands, she leaned forward. Her big black eyes sparkled with excitement. A heightened color reddened the warm brown of her sun-kissed checks. Her breath was caught in little gasps.

Old Capt Wing smiled quizzically as he watched her. Then he followed her intense gaze out over the water to four specks rising and falling, yet ever growing larger. They were four dories, each pulled by a brawny, brown-armed, rugged fisherman, with the championship of the little cape town to spur him on.

It was the annual Fourth of July regatta, the chief event in the celebration of Independence day. The sailing dories and cats had tried conclusions, and there had been the usual minor events, tub races and the like, wherewith the patriotic exuberance of the little seacoast town was wont to be manifested on the Fourth. But it was the dory race, the struggle for supremacy with the oars, skill and brawn against brawn and skill, in which all interest centered.

Usually there were half a dozen or more competitors,—grizzled, weather-beaten old veterans of the Grand Banks or barnacled old New Bedford whalers, men who had pulled in many a race to drive the first iron into a mighty leviathan of distant oceans, and all eager to prove that muscles were as supple and backs as strong as when their first races were won; and always against them was confident, eager youth, seeking the recognition as champion oarsman, more precious to the victor than all the prizes which could be offered.

This year but four had entered,—two veterans, each of whom had more than once I crossed the finish line with open water between his boat and the boats of his rivals, and two young men, Asa Tobey and Ansel Holway, by common consent called Ace and Anse.

In build, Anse had a little the best of the two younger men. He was big, broad-

shouldered, heavily muscled, a splendid example of physical manhood. Ace was neither as tall nor as broad, but his wiry, well-knit frame was full of a nervous energy, which from boyhood had made him a leader in outdoor sports.

The two men had always been keen rivals, but close friends. Both were expert oarsmen and sailors, familiar with boats from babyhood, and both now going down to the sea for their living. This was the first time either had entered for the championship event. It was generally conceded that against them the two older men stood no possible chance. But as to which of the two young men would win, the village was about equally divided in opinion. That on one of those two pairs of oars hung the year's championship, the village knew. What it did not know was that another and far greater prize, a woman's heart, also hung there. And it is doubtful if the black-eyed girl clutching the combing of the tossing catboat herself knew how vitally her own future was concerned in the fierce struggle she was watching.

Both men were in love with Letty Hayward. All the village knew it. The theme had furnished substance for many a choice bit of good-natured gossip. But if Miss Letty had any preference she made no sign. Her favors were distributed with impartial hand.

To all appearances she was well content to let matters drift as they were. Two such splendid champions in her lists was something to glory in. She frankly liked both and she wanted both to like her as frankly. She was not willing to make a choice, and she studiously avoided giving either the least shadow of hope that he was favored. Gossip had made no bones of calling her a flirt, but gossip says many things whereof it knows naught.

In their courting as in their other affairs the two men had retained their strong friendship. Each had granted the other a fair field and asked no favors. But the time had come when they felt that this state of affairs could go on no longer. Big Anse had put it into words the night before the Fourth.

"Ace," he drawled thoughtfully, after his slow fashion, "either you or me hev got to give way. Letty ain't going to make a choice so long's both of us pulls in the same boat. One of us has got to draw out and let the other feller try. I ain't willing to and you ain't. I say, Ace," he blurted, prompted by a sudden thought, "let's let the race to-morrow settle it. Who-ever wins will hev a fair chance at Letty. If he can't win her, the other man can hev a try."

The unique compact was made. Each knew the integrity of the other, and that its terms would be lived up to fully. So each, settling himself firmly on his seat and setting his oars for the starter's gun, knew that on his skill and pluck might rest his whole future.

As for Letty Heyward, without in the least knowing how vitally she was concerned in the race, she was conscious of unusual excitement. Athletic herself, she gloried in physical contests. This in itself would have been sufficient to arouse a keen interest, but to-day she felt that for the first time she must choose between her two suitors.

Hitherto, she had successfully avoided the issue. But to-day-to-day one or the other must win, and she knew that in the secret places of her own heart she must either

rejoice or sorrow.

One moment she was quite positive that her sympathies were all with Anse. The next, picturing Ace losing as pluckily as she had time and again seen him win, she would experience a sudden and as violent a change of heart. She would have liked both to win. This being impossible, she must choose, and she could not.

The course was three-quarters of a mile out to a stakeboat, and turning this, return to the starting line. The boats were the regular cape fishing dories. No extra oars were allowed.

At the crack of the starting gun the four boats leaped forward as one, but before five strokes had been taken it was plain that, barring accident, the race would be between the two younger men.

Stroke for stroke they pulled, and nothing to choose between them. Of the two, Ace was the more finished oarsman. His oars caught the water cleanly. His recovery was quick. There was neither loss of time nor effort. Thus he more than made amends for the greater strength of his powerful rival. Ace turned the stakeboat first, but as he straightened for home, the bow of Anse's dory lapped the stern of his own. Both men now settled down for the real struggle.

The light wind of the start had freshened rapidly, and was now kicking up a choppy cross sea, which added two-fold to the work of the oarsmen. Ace, with his eyes glued to the broad back of Anse, saw that the big fellow was tiring, yet he could not himself gain a foot. With the same even stroke and splendid watermanship that caused the knowing ones to pick him as the winner in the early stages of the race, he forced his dory through the smother of the rising sea.

Every muscle in his body ached. Every nerve was racked with pain. His mouth was parched and his tongue felt swollen and dry. In front of him the big shoulders of Anse rose and fell with machinelike precision, less than a boat length distant. They seemed to fill his whole perspective. It was as if he must go through life with that broad back ever between him and his desires. Then there came to him a vision of the saucy, laughing face of Letty Heyward, and he shut his teeth grimly and pulled with renewed purpose.

Three-quarters of the way home he became aware that Anse was endeavoring to get on even terms. All the strength in his huge frame the giant was throwing into his oars. Slowly, inch by inch, his boat crept up. Already they could hear faintly the shouts of encouragement from the crowd about the finish line. Anse quickened his stroke. Then a sharp snap, and one of his oar blades drifted away in the white edge of a wave.

With the crack of Anse's breaking oar, it seemed to Ace that something snapped in his own brain. Nothing could prevent his winning now. Victory was his, with all that it entailed. Then a rush of pity for his plucky rival swept over him. He looked across the widening gap of open water, and realized as never before the true grit of his adversary.

Anse, though confronted with certain defeat, was not one to give up without a struggle. For an instant he gazed stupidly at the broken oar drifting rapidly astern. On that bit of floating wood rested all his dreams of the future, his hopes and desires. It

stunned him. Then the real nature of the man asserted itself. Catching up the remaining oar he rushed to the stern and began to scull. This method of using a single oar at the stern as a propeller, a side to side motion combined with a half turn, is very common among fishermen of the sea coast, many of whom can attain a surprising amount of speed. Anse was an expert in the art of sculling. Indeed, he had long been recognized as in a class by himself. So as his dory gathered way again, he was greeted with a cheer from the spectators, quick to appreciate the pluck of such a hopeless fight.

But if Anse was fighting gamely against fate and discouraging odds, there was a harder fight still in the boat ahead of him. Ace had been quick to appreciate the effort Anse was making. His sense of fair play was very strong. His first impulse was to throw an oar overboard and meet Anse on even terms. Still, would it be even terms? Anse was the better sculler of the two, and there was so much at stake! Had it been merely the prize and the champion-ship, he would not have hesitated. But now, he took two strokes, and the gap of open water widened. Then once more there came a vision of Letty Heyward. He hesitated no longer. In a flash one oar I went overboard and he was at the stern of the dory with the other.

The race now became spectacular. The veterans in the rear rapidly overhauled the two scullers, and it was apparent that the race lay between these two. The lead Ace had over Anse in a measure offset the latter's superior skill, and put them on something like equal terms. To the spectators the whole thing I was inexplicable. Why, with two other men in the race, Ace should feel that his honor was concerned in the accident to the third, was beyond their understanding.

"What a fool!" exclaimed a leather-faced old captain in a dory next to the cat which held Letty Heyward.

Captain Wing, watching her narrowly, saw the black eyes snap dangerously. "Mebbe, mebbe," he muttered to himself, "but I reckon he's cast an anchor to windward."

Alex Brown was champion that year, with Rome Greene a close second. Of the two scullers, Anse crossed the line first, with the man who had been in the lead for over three-fourths of the distance a plucky tail-ender.

But I have often heard Asa Tobey say that that was the most successful race he ever entered. And his pretty black-eyed wife is wont to smile quietly and say:

"You see, he was content with a consolation prize, and he won it when he threw away an oar that Fourth of July afternoon."

Then she glanced coyly at a certain weather-beaten blade which I have often noticed in a corner of Captain Tobey's snug kitchen, but which I have never known him to use.

American Agriculturist. June 28, 1902, p. 17.

Homemade Verses Which Were Addressed to a Volunteer Soldier in the United States Army.

Thornton W. Burgess

They're homemade, Jack, old man! they're all homemade!
No baker's truck, these, put out for the trade,
But just the luscious real old homely brand;
Molasses from the brown jug close at hand
And flour from the barrel sifted in
Carefully measured lest they be too thin;
Some sugar, eggs, assorted kinds of spice
And things whereof we only know they're nice;
All mixed and stirred and kneaded to a dough
And rolled out smooth and thin and cut out so!
Then comes a slamming of the oven door,
A wait, suspense, a whiff, a wish for more,
And then—well, Jack, I guess you know the kind;
They never used to be so hard to find.
Just cookies, Jack, but on the firing line
Perchance they'll reach you with this note of mine,
And munching them you'll see the old home place
Unchanged and lacking just your own dear face:
The kitchen with its rough unpainted floor
And Love on guard beside the oven door.
They're homemade, Jack, old man! they're all homemade!
A kind that's never put out by the trade.

Good Housekeeping. July, 1902, p. 13.

Vacation Days: A Calendar for July.

W. B. Thornton.

WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO DO –SUGGESTIONS FOR THOSE WHO STAY AT HOME – MIDSUMMER MEMORANDA FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

Silent now is the mighty chorus which heralded the coming of fair June, albeit the floral offerings heaped in the lap of mid-summer are hardly less profuse and not a whit less beautiful than the tributes to the departed sister month. So enters dreamy, languorous July, lightly shrouded in shimmering haze, and with careless hand bestowing the first fruits of the harvest. It is essentially a month of recreation.

The Meaning of Vacation. – Year by year there is noticeable an increasing tendency to get a little closer to Mother Nature's great throbbing heart during the all too short vacation days. It may be that the great summer hotels of the shore and the mountain are not less crowded with the throng who have but flitted from the ballroom and the theater of the city to the same feverish life to which mountain and shore but vary the setting. Be this so, it is also true that there is a constantly growing class for whom the vacation days mean that recreation which in truth recreates, which builds up new tissue in body and brain, and which brings them into their own; the enjoyment and partial understanding of that great birthright which is every man's, yet into which so few come – the infinite glory of the hills, the secret of the trees, the sweetness of the thrush's song and the awe inspired by storm-lashed waters. So this summer will find more than ever before seeking to come in closer communion with the great mother of all. And in this very tendency lies the hope of the American of the future. It is for each of us to catch something of the spirit of nature, and express it as best we may. Not all of us are artists or poets; but sadly lacking and much to be pitied is that nature in whose soul the glory of the setting sun finds no reflection and in whose heart there is no echo of the brook's song.

PART I. THE DAYS OF FREEDOM

Seaside Delights

With many the inborn love of the sea will admit of no thought of vacation days beyond the sound of breaking sea waves and the pleasant smell of brown salt marshes. Not for these are the fashionable seaside resorts, but quiet little coast towns or mayhap little neighborhood groups of summer cottages where the mandates of Dame Fashion never penetrate. What endless possibilities for enjoyment, for health and vigor and contentment of mind! How the children revel in the sand, digging for clams or for funny scuttling little fiddler crabs! What wondrous harbors the tide leaves for the launching of toy fleets! There at one of these quiet little seashore retreats, if anywhere, one may become as a little child again. Plover and the yellow-legs whistle over on the marsh, and the sand-pipers run fearlessly on the very edge of the retreating tide. Up in the mud flats of the creek are endless clam beds, while off the rocks are cunners and pollock, and tom-cod and black fish to be had for the catching. The lobsters, boiled in the brine which but an hour before was their native element, become a new delicacy.

In the pools beneath dripping kelp-covered rocks are such endless and strange forms of life as make them perpetual treasure vaults for the naturalist. All these things, to say nothing of rowing and sailing and fishing and bathing, of listening to salty yarns of quaint old characters who all their lives have gone down to the sea in boats, of weaving strange fancies in the shifting lights and shadows in the shallows, of glorying in the might of the sea as it crashes in angry billows on the shore all these things and many more go to make the only ideal vacation for the lover of old Neptune.

Yachting and Cruising

As the horseman loves his steed, just so dear does the yacht become to its owner. The product of man's brain and hands, with her first leap into the smother of the incoming wave she becomes endowed with life, and thereafter has a personality. Yachting is one of the grandest of sports. Its popularity in America has been of strikingly rapid yet even and consistent growth. The international races and the development of racing machines for shallow and inland waters have done much to develop this. In these days when professionalism and rowdyism have crept into so many of our sports, it is refreshing to turn to the sailors and note how free from taint they have kept one of the finest sports in the world. Oh, ye land-lubbers who have never felt the thrill as the good boat leaps and tugs and eats up into the eye of the wind in response to the touch of your hand on the tiller, who have never experienced the exhilaration of this all but flight as she heels, scuppers under, to a freshening breeze, who have never weathered a sudden squall or fled before an approaching storm – life holds something ye wot not of!

Cruising, either in a cabin yacht, a steam yacht or launch, affords one of the most satisfactory vacations one can well imagine. The coming summer promises to see more of this than ever before. It combines some of the roughing of camp life with a constant change of scene, the delightful sense of exploration, the excitement of unknown possibilities in weather and water and unfamiliar shores and the continual expectation of the unforeseen. To-day it is a dinner at a famous resort; tomorrow a clam-bake in some sheltered cove. Long hours of lazy rising and falling on the swell of a rippleless calm, with never a care in the wide world, hours of horntooting suspense in the smothering fog shroud, exciting races for safety behind the harbor bar against the coming storm, when the sea takes on a dull sickly hue and the curling edge of a wave gleams like the teeth in the snarl of an angry beast, chance meetings with old fishermen and deep-sea sailors, with gamboling porpoises or mayhap with a school of mackerel when the water seems literally alive with fish, night sailing and the perplexing study of strange lights, and ever and always the splendid air and the splendid appetites that are the two great tonics of the sea, go to make this form of summer outing one of transcendent and unmitigated delight to one in whom there is no inherent fear of the water.

On the Farm

Where scent o' new-mown hay pervades
The fresh clear air o' morn;
Where Bob White pipes the fog veil up
To usher in the dawn.

Not all the world loves the sea. Nay, there be many among us of quiet disposition who, weary with the battle, instinctively turn to the eternal hills with their silver lakes and cheerful brooks for that tranquil peace of soul which shall renew the energies and restore the vigor to brain and body. So, with the first hot blast from summer's furnace, thoughts turn to the old hill farm and the simple, homely pleasures it affords. What visions are conjured up! The house itself, low-eaved, weather-beaten, with history written in every time-gray shingle, spreads and clings to the hill-top, under the giant sugar maples. What an idea of honest worth and substantial respectability it conveys! Under its low roof you will watch the dawn redden the window-panes, and drowsily listen to the whistle of the quail and the impatient lowing of the cattle, or sometimes to the steady patter of rain and the drip, drip of the eaves-trough while in delightful half-consciousness your thoughts wander afar in morning dreams. Life dull on the farm? Not to one with the key to its treasure vaults – the true love of country life. There is the morning inspection of the barn folk, with many of whom you will establish warm friendships. There is Brindle to be given an apple, the old sow to be scratched with a stick into grunting contentment, and the whinny of old Dobbin warns that he must not be forgotten. There are delightful drives, rare woodland retreats, wood-girt ponds to fish, old back pastures blue with berries, rare bits of scenery to be admired anew each day in the belief that you are the first to discover them, rides up from the meadows on big loads of hay, your nostrils filled with the sweetest odor the old farm knows. There are long lazy hours in the orchard, and in the gloaming the drive to the village in quest of the mail, where you realize anew the spice of honest gossip, though weather and crops be its foundation. The lover of golf will find natural hazards and bunkers enough to make his favorite game of interest, even though greens be lacking.

Carriage Driving

Of all summer outings that give rest with recreation and freedom from care with constant change of scene, carriage driving is one of the most delightful. Choose you, if choice be granted, a horse who is a fast walker, but who is withal staid and sober, and with a dignity above the friskiness kicked out on hill pastures long ago; an honest horse free from guile, in whom your trust may rest, unsecured even by the reins. And choose you a carriage which is large and roomy and comfortable. So are you started for strange adventures. A carriage drive is like unto the tangle of strings at a cobweb party – the beginning you are sure of but who shall say where it will end? You plan it all beforehand, and in the making of the schedule is great pleasure. But with each day come new perplexities, delightful perplexities, winding, shady, grass-grown vagabonds of roads with disreputable patches of briars on the one side and moss-gray moldering old tree trunks on the other, wandering apparently without aim into the hills and filling you with an irresistible desire to wander also. And, after all, the most delightful drive is without aim save the pleasure to be derived, and without plan save as to a general direction, leaving to way-ward roads and the chance of each day the destination of the morrow.

PART II. FLOWER HAUNTS AND LIFE OF BIRDS

June's delicate robe of green falls upon July a mantle already travel-worn. The tender freshness of the leaves is gone. The trees of the roadside are dusty and dejected, dropping now and again a sickly yellow leaf which has succumbed to the heat and

drought. Too hot for flowers, say you? Mark yon bee and the business-like way in which he hums toward the meadow. Full well he knows how many newcomers July brings into the world of flowers. So in the early morning you will take your vasculum and go forth among the old friends to meet the new.

Along Roadsides and in Waste Places

Following the old pasture road away from the dust of the highways, little side excursions may result in any number of finds, the pearly everlasting and its close cousin, the clammy everlasting, the bright yellow tansy escaped from some garden, the wild teasel, the common bright-hued pink knotweed or persicaria, the burr or spear thistle and its two near relatives, the Canada and pasture or fragrant thistles, the acrid Indian or wild tobacco, the sensitive pea, the common burdock, the chicory which so often passes muster in your morning cup, and the whorled or green-flowered milkweed. Where the ground is a bit rocky look for the stiff or savory-leaved aster and the upland white aster. Dry open spots are already brightened by two goldenrods, the sweet and the low-growing gray or field goldenrod. The wild or American senna brightens rich, moist spots, and perchance it has as near neighbors the Virginia ground cherry and that floral vagabond the beggar-tick. In sandy fields look for the bastard pennyroyal and the false pennyroyal, the latter dwelling near streams. The elecampane or horse-heal blooms along fences and the muskmallow by the roadside. That brilliant pest of the grain-fields, the corn cockle, is in bloom, while in the dusk of evening the fragrant night flowering catchfly is to be found in waste places.

Treasures of Swamp and Meadow

But, as in other months, it is to the swamps and meadows we turn most eagerly. How grateful and refreshing is their dank coolness! Now in the swamp, now on the cool damp bog, now out in the bordering meadow, now along a running stream and again back in the swamp we wander, thanking the giver of all things that we are lovers of flowers. What a wealth these wet places add to the vasculum – the vivid beautiful cardinal, the false sunflower or ox-eye, the lance-leaved or fragrant goldenrod, the thimbleweed, the bulb-bearing loosestrife, the hardhack, the early purple aster or cocash, the ironweed or flat-top, the arrow-leaved tear-thumb, the spearmint, native wild mint and peppermint, the Maryland figwort or bee plant, the great lobelia or blue cardinal flower, the graceful brook lobelia, the soft, feathery, tall meadow rue, the poisonous water hemlock, the bloodthirsty round-leaved sundew, the wicked strangleweed or common dodder, the gorgeous Turk's cap lily, the queer snake-head or turtle-head, the fragrant bitter bloom or rose-pink, the attractive meadow beauty or deer grass, the sea or marsh pink, the marsh milkwort, the marsh St. Johnswort, the white alder or sweet pepperbush, the boneset or thorough-wort, the climbing boneset or hemp-weed, the jewelweed, the pale touch me-not, the giant St. Johnswort and two exquisite orchids, the yellow-fringed orchis and the white-fringed orchis. The lowest and the highest, the showy and the sober, mingle in the vasculum of the botanist in July.

The Birds Become Silent

It is the bird-student who first becomes aware that the year has begun to wane. By the end of the first week in July he misses certain voices from the great choir of

Greenwood Temple. By mid-month, many of the leading soloists are silent, the veery, the oriole, the bobolink, the red-winged blackbird, the brown thrasher and others. Instead of the sweet melodies of June the orchard rings with the fretful cry of young orioles, and the pine grove is noisy with the ceaseless squawk of young crows. The grackles and black-birds and swallows are gathering in flocks. The first flock of grackles streaming down toward the marshes of a July afternoon for the night roost seems always to trail behind it the semblance of a shadow. It is your first intimation that the tide of the year has turned. One-brooded birds are molting, while a few, like the song sparrow, are still busy with second or third families. All the old haunts are to be visited to note species not seen there before, for the old birds are leading their young forth into the world to complete their education in travel. Thus the early life of young birds is the chief study of the bird-lover in July.

PART III. FARM WORK IN MIDSUMMER

But if in town and city recreation be the key-note of July, on the farm. and in the garden work is still the watchword from the red day-dawn through the lingering twilight to the edge of night. No lazy hours of contented dreaming are there for the farmer in these long burning days, but inspiration for tireless effort, for lo! the harvest is at hand.

July 1-10. – Now is the haying at its height, and every breeze, come from what quarter it will, is sweet with the scent of new-mown clover and timothy. The remaining early spring crops are cleared off and preparations made for succession crops. Drought may retard the growth of crops, but the weeds mind it not and must receive due attention. Insect pests thrive in hot weather, and there must be no let-up in the battle against them. Continue spraying orchards for San José scale. Feed peach orchards well for the production of new wood and buds. Harvest raspberries. Thin out the crop on overloaded peach and plum trees. Plant late root crops, as turnips, rutabagas and the like for stock. Sow buckwheat.

July 10-20. – Thresh winter wheat. Harvest spring wheat and oats. Plow land that has become weedy or that is intended for next season's wheat crop. Set out late cabbage, broccoli, cauliflower, sage, thyme and celery. Sow endive. Crops are likely to make but little growth this month, particularly if the season be dry, but nevertheless they should be given thorough cultivation and the soil should be kept stirred with hoe or cultivator. Bush beans, cucumbers, early squashes and potatoes are to be harvested.

July 20-31. – Pastures are likely to have failed badly by this time. They should be supplemented by feeding sweet corn fodder, oat hay, green clover, etc. Harvest black berries, early apples and peaches. Early tomatoes are ready for market. Pruning of strong, vigorous plum and peach trees for the production of new wood next year may sometimes be begun safely.

Watch the cattle that the drought does not cut short their water supply. Keep up the flow of milk by feeding green fodder crops when the pastures become brown and sere. Put up a silo if you have not one already. Take the horses to the nearest available pond for a bath once a week if possible. If a few spare days are to be found, they cannot be employed to better advantage than in laying tile drains.

Greenhouse Work

The rose-grower, with thought of the Christmas and New Year markets for hybrid perpetual roses, will have his plants fully grown by the middle of the month and will ripen off for a rest period by gradually withholding water. If the plants are grown only on a small scale in pots or boxes they should receive their final shift by the first of July. Early carnations should be benched from the middle of this month to the middle of August. The first of July strike cuttings of chrysanthemums for single-stem plants. Plants for a late crop of these showy blossoms can be set out on benches any time up to the end of the month. Cyclamens sown in September are now ready to be removed from a frame to six-inch pots. Gloxinias started in February are beginning to bloom. Hydrangeas started in pots plunged in the ground out of doors are large enough to be shifted to six-inch pots and should be headed back.

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Indian Harbor – An Ideal American Estate.

T. W. Burgess

Indian Harbor – an Italian villa springing from the very edge of the ever restless sea, the pleasant waters of Long Island sound on three sides, and on the fourth beautiful gardens merging into a rare bit of New England woodland with such art that none shall say here endeth the skill of the gardener or there doth nature begin the workings of her own design.

Such is the country home of Mr. E. C. Benedict, at Greenwich, Connecticut. It is an estate notable among noted American country places for its beauty of design and the absolute harmony with which the smallest detail is carried out. Approached by land or water, the charm of the place casts its spell over the visitor with the first glimpse of the beautiful villa rising above its clinging masses of green, a spell but deepened and intensified by subsequent wanderings over its broad acres of woodland and garden.

Mr. Benedict's estate is a splendid example of the adaptation of design to surroundings. It occupies the whole of a rather broad peninsula, jutting out into Long Island sound. Originally the extreme point was occupied by a large summer hotel. At that time it took a keen eye to detect the possibilities for so beautiful an estate as Mr. Benedict has created within a little over six years. Buying the outer end, he has from time to time added to his grounds, until now the estate includes about sixty acres, the whole fenced in. Approaching from the land, one enters the grounds through a handsome gateway, guarded by a granite lodge over which giant oaks and chestnuts cast a grateful shade. A splendid macadam road winds up through a typical bit of New England woodland. Trimmed of brush at its edges, there has been no further encroachment upon nature's own plan. The spirit of the woodland is there, and its charm is felt the instant one enters the gate. The road winds for some distance through a wood of oak and chestnut, walnut and birch, with dogwoods and other shrubs forming a wall of green on either side. It is a road which tempts one to loiter. The song of the wood-thrush rings from the hidden depths on either side. Gray squirrels scamper fearlessly across before you. At any place you are likely to hear the cheerful greeting of the red-eyed vireo, or the "teacher-teacher" of the oven-bird. It is a bit of nature's handiwork in which, but for the splendid road, no attempt has been made to interfere.

Presently, through another gateway, one enters the grounds proper. To the left is caught a glimpse of the conservatories. Before, rises the square Spanish tower of the stables partially hidden among the trees. Presently the road divides and, looking straight before, the house itself appears at the end of a vista of closely set maples. This first glimpse is most imposing. The house is of Italian renaissance. It springs from the highest point at the extreme end of the peninsula and is reached from the main approach by a long flight of granite steps, on either side of which a driveway sweeps in a half circle up to the porte-cochère. From this point a charming view of the grounds is obtained. Everywhere foliage has been massed to give a park-like effect. The stables, not far distant, are still so hidden by trees as to afford but a partial view of the roofs with the tall Spanish tower surmounting all.

But it is from the water side that the villa makes the strongest impression. From the landing pier a series of wide steps and broad landings leads up to the great south or sea porch, from which a magnificent outlook over the sound is obtained. Directly across from the pier is a small island, also owned by Mr. Benedict. Beyond this the sound stretches away until sea and sky, meeting, form the horizon line. To the south the shores of Long Island rise more or less indistinct, according to the ever-changing conditions of light. Captain's Island with its light-house ever pointing the road to safety, Little Captain's Island with its spindle buoy, the Hen and Chickens and other islands, some near and some almost on the horizon, make the view from this porch one of continual charm to the lover of the sea. Between this porch and the west porch in the angle formed by the two main wings of the house lie the formal Italian gardens. These are by no means as large as some of the other Italian gardens on American estates, but they are most charmingly designed, and from their pebbled walks and terraces one obtains a not less beautiful but somewhat different view than from the porch. Crossing the gardens to the western porch, another outlook is obtained, – this time of Greenwich harbor and the mainland beyond.

From the western porch a terraced pergola crowns the sea-wall and leads to the house of Mr. F. S. Hastings. This pergola is in the antique Roman style in keeping with the character of the villa. Honeysuckle, roses, grapes and other climbing vines make this long arbor a covered walk of rare beauty. Looking from the landing float or from the water at a point which allows a view of the pergola and Mr. Hastings' house one realizes as from no other point the art of the architects, and cannot but marvel at the inspiration which could conceive such a transformation of a jutting headland of bare rock. High above rises the stately edifice of the villa partly masked by several tall oaks and the shrubbery of the gardens. Below the terrace of the Italian garden the supporting masonry and rock have been hidden by the living green of shrubbery, poplars and clinging vines, a garden in which art has found a form of beauty in every jutting bit of rock and broken ledge. Beyond is the perspective of the western harbor, the long sea-wall crowned with its pergola and the beautiful Hastings home.

In perfect harmony with the architecture of its buildings has been the laying out of the grounds at Indian Harbor. Messrs. Carrère and Hastings, the designers of the former, also planned the latter, and in the unity of the whole this becomes at once apparent. There has been no attempt at broad, open lawns. Indeed the largest single stretch of smooth, unbroken turf is the tennis court to the east of the house, and this has the charm of an unexpected open glade in a sylvan grove. But everywhere trees and shrubbery have been utilized with charming effect. Wisely there has been no attempt at introducing rare and tender trees and shrubs, for the harshness of a New England coast winter precludes the possibility of success. Instead, therefore, the hardiest of native trees have been selected, evergreens being used very largely. Even these show the effects of winter severity, so rugged and hardy a native as the American white pine not always escaping unscathed. Originally the eastern side of the point was of low-lying mud-flats over which the flood-tide swept. This has been filled in until some three acres of level land have been reclaimed. Here in the midst of vegetable and flower gardens stand the beautiful conservatories, which include a grapery, rose house, palm house, carnation house and houses devoted to winter vegetables under glass. An immense

rose bed containing a notable collection of the choicest varieties of roses fills the air with rare perfume and is one of the most delightful attractions of Indian Harbor during June. On the outer edge of this made land are the combined ice house and coaling dock and piers, with plenty of water at ebb tide for Mr. Benedict's splendid steam yacht, the *Oneida*, come alongside. This eastern inlet, protected by islands, makes an ideal natural harbor, and by dredging this has been further improved so that the yacht finds perfect shelter in the roughest weather.

Going up from the conservatories to higher ground one comes unexpectedly upon the snug little cottage of Mr. Allen, the head gardener, at a little distance hardly visible through the trees. Passing this and following the seemingly wilful wanderings of a hardened road, it is to find oneself in the cool, shadowy, restful retreat of the natural woodland among the thrushes and vireos and with the low, indistinct murmur of the breaking waves, accentuating the peacefulness of Greenwood Temple, to suggest the close proximity of the sea. A little side-path tempts exploration and brings one to an exquisite little lake, a crystal gem in a setting of natural rock and living green. Perhaps nowhere on the whole estate is the skill of the landscape artist so splendidly exemplified as in this little sheet of water and its surroundings, for the lake is wholly artificial. Yet so faithfully has nature's own plan been followed that it is hard to believe that when Mr. Benedict bought the land this was but a low swampy bit with no suggestion of a pond. It now has a depth in places of over twenty feet, and is well stocked with the king of fresh-water game fishes, the small-mouthed black bass. It was from this source that much of the earth for the filled land below was obtained.

Getting back to the main road, one is led to another side venture in the opposite direction ending in the discovery of the poultry houses and cow stables of the farm proper, so well hidden from the main estate as not every wandering sea-breeze to be even suspected. These are as complete in their details as the remainder of the estate.

Such is Indian Harbor, an ideal American estate. where the art of the architect and the landscape gardener has been given free play. And though it has introduced the grace and beauty of sunny Italy, it has never once forgotten the American setting, but has so combined the two that harmony and accord are perfect. Nature has been met half way, her defects artfully hidden, yet her charms preserved inviolate, unmarred by the stamp of artificiality as is so often the case. It is at Indian Harbor that Ex-President Cleveland has been and is so often a welcome guest.

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The Fullness of Summer: An August Calendar.

W. B. Thornton

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE VACATION-SEEKER – NATURE-STUDY FOR THE STAY-AT-HOMES – THE LULL BEFORE THE HARVEST

Fair August! Indolence leads her by the hand and Pleasure and Laughter run before her. Poppies deck her loose-blown tresses, and from her horn of plenty fall the red and golden fruits of the early harvest. The merry chatter of the brook is softened beneath her spell to a gurgle of lazy contentment. Over wood and field her mystic presence weaves a subtle change. The erstwhile busy bee hums drowsily, as it were, his own slumber-song. The breezes have lost their wonted sportiveness and stir the pine tops with languid sighs. The very wash of the sea on the shingle is subdued as if the great pulsing ocean itself had succumbed to the mystic influence and would be at rest. Of all the months of the whole year this is the month of rest, of relaxation and recreation, of dropping the burden and “jes’ loafin’.” Even the farmer finds time for a picnic or a day to spend a-fishing.

If July was a vacation month, how much truer this is of August! Seashore and lakeside, mountain and hill-top, each is the Mecca of thousands seeking escape for the time being from encircling walls of stone and the glare of heated asphalt. And yet how few know how to get what they seek! And how many have yet to learn the real joy, the fun of living – of becoming once more primitive man and woman with great nature for a foster-mother, and for a week or a month becoming a true member of the brotherhood of the wild wood!

PART I THE FUN OF LIVING

Camp Life

There is in most men a hereditary instinct at some time or other stirring within them more or less vague desires to cut adrift from the “thou shalt – thou shalt not” iron-clad tenets of what we are pleased to term civilization. In one it becomes no more than an undefined longing. But in another it asserts itself with a force that is not to be denied. It is his birthright from the days when the census numbered our forefathers with the children of the forest. It is the desire to re- turn for a while to primitive life, to at least a semblance of the copartnership with nature which once existed. He is possessed of a desire to camp out.

Each, according to his nature and the fortune or misfortune of his upbringing, places his own interpretation upon the term “camping out.” This man, because his palatial summer home has a greenwood setting among the mountains, is pleased to call it a camp. Another, with snug little cabin, entertains his guests with course dinners cooked on a gasoline range and prates of camp life. How great is their self-deceit! Only he who has roughed it, who has come to love and to seek the hard side of nature for the strength and the quickening of vital forces which contact with it brings, can know, or in the smallest measure appreciate, the real charms of camp life. He will not be content

until he sleeps with naught but the bark roof of a mud-chinked cabin, the thatch of a lean-to or a bit of canvas between him and the stars; until from his fragrant bed of spicy pine or spruce boughs he can see through the walls of his shelter the red glow of the camp-fire, and falls asleep with the slumber-song of the pines wooing the spell of Morpheus. Who has never watched the moonbeams tracing fantastic phantom shadows on the snowy tent roof above him or, rolled in his blanket, listened to the wail of the wind and the dash of the rain so close yet so powerless to reach him, knows not yet the true charms of camping out.

More and more popular is camp-life becoming each year. With those who go into the deep woods in quest of big game and fish the camp-life is, after all, the real attraction, and not the mere desire to kill. But where one can make these trips there are thousands who cannot. For these there are peaceful rivers, wood-girt lakes and ponds and beautiful spots on the shores of Old Neptune available for quite as charming a two-weeks' outing beneath canvas. In making up a camping party, choose you such congenial spirits as shall be foresworn to philosophical optimism:

Who, when it rains, have this to say:

“How bright the sun was yesterday!”

And let there be a wag among them. who, catching the humor of every situation, puts to flight all thought of discomfort. A level site near a spring with plenty of shade, a pleasant sheet of water with good fishing, pine boughs for a bed and drift-wood for a fire, and who would trade his life for a king's patrimony? How delicious the fish flavored with the pungent smoke of the fire! How rarely satisfying the simple bill of fare, and how few, after all, are the needs of this life! Yours is the joy and happy freedom of the gypsy and vagabond. You have become a species of civilized barbarian, and it is good. Sunshine or shower, what matters it? You take what comes and give thanks, and if you are of the right sort some of the beauty of each is absorbed into your very nature. Long days, lazy days but happy days, are the days in camp. Hap and mishap will don the jester's cap and bells, and parade through memory many a time during the after months.

Canoe Cruising

Within recent years, especially since the general introduction of the Indian model canvas canoe, there has been an exceedingly rapid and widespread interest in canoeing. It is logical that this should have led to a revival of interest in canoe cruising. In the early days of the sport the decked canoe, fitted for sailing, was used almost exclusively. And there are those among the old-time cruisers who to-day frown upon aught but the craft of their first love. Nevertheless, the open canvas type is admirably adapted for long journeys by water, in many respects being far superior to the old decked cruiser. It will ship by freight or team better; it will carry two voyageurs and their outfit, allowing them some freedom of movement; it is easier handled and will stand rougher usage in rapids; and on the carries the heavy wooden cruiser stands no comparison whatever with it. There appears to be some misapprehension as to its ability to stand high waves in open water. In the hands of an expert paddler it will take waves with the bouyancy of

a duck, and in every respect is admirably adapted to the voyageur's needs.

And what outing can make half so powerful an appeal to one who loves the water, who understands his craft and who glories in his strength, as a canoe cruise? The East is rich in ideal waters for the cruiser. The Kennebec, the Penobscot, the Merrimack, the Connecticut, the Hudson, and the Delaware, to say nothing of smaller rivers, afford such wealth of beautiful scenery, exciting rapids and peaceful stretches as make them ideal streams for the cruising, while around the great lakes of Maine and the Canadian rivers center the dreams of every voyageur who loves his Indian-bequeathed bark.

One of the most ideal cruises, short of the Maine and Canadian wilds, is from the outlet of Lake Champlain to Ticonderoga, by carry to Lake George, through this crystal gem in its emerald setting over a ten-mile carry to the canal at Glen's Falls, New York, and finally down the lordly Hudson. It combines all that goes to make the perfect cruise, save perhaps the excitement of good rapids. Who can forget such a trip? Each day dawns wrapped in its own delightful uncertainties. Will it be clear or stormy? Will there be a fair or a head wind, or will it bring the monotony of a flat calm? Where will the next camp be? What towns will be passed and what mountains in view during the day? What of adventure and what of pleasure or discomfort will it bring forth? And who but the cruiser shall know the beauty of the hills and the fullness thereof! His little craft gives him a constantly changing scene, yet so gradually that each view is etched with all the beauty of its high lights and its shadows upon his memory. There are exciting moments in sudden squall, peaceful pipes beneath the upturned craft on the beach during passing tempests, or in the gloaming when the shelter-tent has been pitched and the odor of the bacon still lingers in the smoke-tainted air, odd experiences on expeditions in quest of provisions, pleasant hours with the bass and pickerel before breakfast, chance meetings with quaint characters on canal and river, for where but along the water's edge are such quaint characters to be met: And at night no softer bed than Mother Earth is asked, for healthy fatigue administers a potion that brings a dream less sleep till the rising sun flashes its red signal full into the tent, to call the sleeper forth to marvel anew at the purity and splendor of a new-born day and to enjoy its pleasures.

Footing It Through the Mountains

In Europe walking parties have long been in vogue, particularly among the student classes. In America touring afoot has never gained so strong a hold, albeit there is no more healthful or delightful method of seeking recreation. It is the ideal way of seeing the mountains. There are a thousand charms the wheelman misses, the carriage driver overlooks, the patron of steam is not afforded a glimpse of. Such a tonic as is the early morning air! Then is the time to walk, for the miles seem as nothing. Glorious are the hills, bathed in the early light! As you tramp, drinking in the wondrous beauty of the ever-changing landscape, you wonder that you have never tramped before. Below, shrouded in mist, the valleys lie. Gradually the climbing sun rends the great white curtains, disclosing such charming pictures as Memory delights to hang along her walls. There is in this slow unfolding of a landscape opportunity for the eye and the mind to grasp in detail beauties that had been lost had the whole breadth of the view been visible at once. Now it is a weather-stained old farmhouse nestling amid a

windbreak of somber hemlocks, and again a sawmill, where as yet the chatter of the brook is not drowned in the hum of the saw.

The mists rise higher, and in tattered rags cling along the mountain side. The clank of cow-bells denotes that the cattle are astir in brush-grown pastures. Little thin threads of smoke rise straight above the houses in sight. A merry little mountain brook roils and tumbles under a rustic bridge. Now it is that fish-line and hooks will furnish a breakfast a king might envy. Ten miles in the early morning and ten more in the cool of the evening, for those are the hours to walk, make an easy day's tramp. Through the heat of the day you may sleep, if you will, in some woodland recess, or with a pocket edition of a favorite author dream golden hours away. A side excursion for some beautiful view, a bit of wayside gossip, a hasty retreat from sudden shower – these are but incidents that go to make the charm of tramping it. If you are at all accustomed to roughing it the night's lodging is the last thought to be of trouble. A sawmill is luxury, a sugar camp becomes a palace, or if the weather be clear you will ask no more of a roof than the fragrant pines and the canopy of stars. Brown of skin, with vigor in every hardened muscle, and with an appetite that knows no limit, you will return from a vacation as delightful, and, considering what you have seen and what you have gained, as inexpensive as can well be devised. Try it.

PART II. SPORT

Of all the scaly warriors that dwell in still inland waters or lurk on the edge of foam-dashed rapids, the wildest and the wariest and the most royal foeman for his size is the small-mouthed black bass. Not even the aristocratic trout the land-locked salmon can surpass, if indeed they can equal, him in the fury of his battle for freedom and life. Every scale seems to quiver with rage as he throws himself into the air in his mad efforts to shake himself clear of the hook. Oh, ye brothers of the angle, what thrill can surpass that which passes up the rod and along the tense arm as the sharp strike warns that it is a bass and nothing less than a four-pounder! There is nothing uncertain in his method of giving battle. Line he will have, and plenty of it, in his first mad rushes. Now it is the butt, or in a second he will be in the air with a slack line and the opportunity he is seeking to shake the hook out. How nobly he fights, clean and fair with no sulks, game to the last gasp! A foeman worthy of all your skill is he. And whether he fall a victim to the lure of the fly or the baser bait he will give you more satisfaction for his inches than any other fish that swims, not excepting even the lordly salmon or the mighty muskellunge. August is a good month for bass, pickerel, pike, perch, large-mouthed black bass and muskellunge. The latter, the tarpon of fresh water, will tax the skill and tackle of the angler to the utmost. Along the sea-coast cod, mackerel, bluefish, blackfish and, in favored localities, striped bass offer good sport this month.

PART III. FLOWERS AND BIRDS

The Flower-Folk of August

Old and worn her robe of green, in places threadbare and its sheen gone long since, but who makes note of this beneath the royal colors with which August has hidden its defects, purple and gold in woodland and field, and in swamp and meadow again purple and gold! With new delight you wander through the old haunts, the dear familiar

haunts sacred to long hours of pleasant intercourse with feathered folk of the air, with shy soft-footed, bright-eyed people of the class mammalia, and loyal bright-faced little friends of the flower world. How the wandering wayward path has changed since first you saw it run far before you through the thicket into the naked wood in March! Long since it hid itself amid riotous brakes and tangled growths. But still, as ever, it leads you on with the promise of reward.

Follow it now away from the glare of the August sun to the cool depths of the forest. What a wonderful mosaic of light and shadow paves the arches of the wood! Many a floral tribute for your vasculum has been gathered here, and now, behold, still others. In the dry woods and thickets the pale magenta, slender gerardia, the dainty white wood aster and the more showy yellow rough or woodland sunflower, brighten the way. In the latter part of the month will be found there the aromatic, fragrant stone-mint or American dittany. The rather inconspicuous climbing false buckwheat is trailing over the bushes and through the thickets on the edge of the wood. Rich, moist thickets have treasures of gold, the blue-stemmed or woodland goldenrod and the thin-leaved or ten-petaled sunflower. There also seek the rattlesnake-root or canker-weed and the small but showy flowers of the wild or hog peanut.

Onward, downward leads the path to where the wood merges into the swamp, the dank retreat of quaint and beautiful flowers. Many of the old friends are still there, but the new ones to nod a greeting are few. This is the month of the composites, and two new ones, the tall flattop and the tall white paniced asters, are now in bloom. But it is on the threshold of the swamp, among the bogs and in the low meadows, that the botanist finds the largest rewards. There look for the dense button snakeroot, which, unlike the other members of its family, delights in wet places, often being found in salt marshes. Sandy bogs are made cheerful by the presence of the pretty, low-growing bog aster, while everywhere in wet places is its cousin, the violet or magenta-colored New England aster or starwort. The smooth-bur marigold or brook sunflower, the tall, or giant sunflower and the sneezeweed or swamp sunflower have now come to re-enforce the golden-rods, in making glorious the landscape. Moist, sandy places and low meadows are rich with the large purple gerardia, while the small-flowered gerardia brightens the bogs. The Joe-pye weed is spreading clusters of soft fringy bloom. If your haunt be near the seacoast, among the sedges and the cat-tails where the soil is a bit brackish, you may find the magnificent cousin of the hollyhock, the swamp rose-mallow. Along the edge of the pond or in it look for the water lobelia.

Passing of the Birds

August is another rather unsatisfactory month for the bird-student. The sweet melodies of earlier months have ceased, the red-eyed vireo and the wood pewee alone making music. This is the great molting month, the gay nuptial dress of the males being changed for soberer array for the long journey so soon to be taken. Where the birds go for this change sometimes seems perplexing, for, tramping through copse and thicket, they seem almost untenanted. Yet towards the close of the month behold the birds with us again, in new dress. The goldfinch and waxwing are still much concerned with family affairs in the early part of the month, and that exceedingly domestic little busybody whom we all love, the song sparrow, is sometimes found caring for her third

family. In the marshes and sedges the gathering of the clans brings together thousands of red-winged blackbirds, swallows and all bobolinks, the latter now becoming reed birds. This is perhaps the most characteristic feature of bird-life in the month. A few migrants come down from their nesting grounds in the north on their way south. In the first half of the month you may meet with the Canadian warbler, golden-winged warbler, chestnut-sided warbler, small-billed water thrush, yellow-bellied fly-catcher, semi-palmated sandpiper, and semi-palmated plover. As the month wanes it brings more of the warblers, Wilson's, Tennessee, Nashville, Cape May, parula, black-throated green, black-throated blue, Blackburnian and magnolia. The olive-sided flycatcher also appears. Along the seacoast the vanguard of the waders appears in scattering flocks of sandpipers, ring neck plover, and an occasional yellow-leg. As the of month draws to a close you will note a return to song on the part of some of the birds that have finished molting, notably the beautiful Baltimore oriole.

PART IV. GENERAL WORK

For the first time since the first furrow was turned in the spring there is something of a let-up in the rush of work, a breathing spell, a welcome intermission before the final harvest and the preparation for winter. This usually being the season of severest droughts, even those hardy commoners of the earth, the weeds, are checked, and, as most of the crops are in by this time, the eternal vigilance, which is the price of successful farming, can be relaxed ever so little. Still there is plenty for willing hands to do. Turnips and rutabagas can still be sown early in the month, and even late crops of bush beans and peas may be put in. Plantings of celery may be made to the middle of the month. Spinach, for an early crop to be cut off in the fall, can be sown. Onions will be ready to harvest in August, and the early ones usually bring the best prices. The last of the blackberry crop is to be harvested, while early peaches, pears, plums and apples will keep fruit-growers busy. This is a good time to prepare for the harvest of winter fruit, secure barrels, etc. Fall plowing should be started whenever the ground is in good condition. As in July, see that the cattle lack nothing in green food when pastures begin to fail. Have thought for your horses. Feed the hogs some green corn; they will eat the milky ears with a relish. Some poultry raisers dry fresh grass, plantain leaves, clover, etc., to put away for winter days. This is also a good time to obtain and put away road dust for use in the cold months.

Country Life in America. August 1902, p. 157-160.

First Fruits of Autumn: A September Calendar.

W. B. Thornton

Behold September! Tripping from the hills she comes and lo! the mystic spell of August's weaving breaks at her touch. Indolence flees to the mistress who has gone before, and the languor and lassitude and lazy contentment of midsummer give way to a quickening of vital forces and the inspiration of endeavor. Fair September! Not the wealth of floral tribute of her sister months doth she bring, but of the fullness of the harvest doth she scatter on every side. Sere and yellow leaves flutter from the trees: they are her pledges in gold that there is no death, and April shall redeem them. The hills robe themselves in purple in the twilight hour, and the air is vibrant with the plaint that "Katy did" and "Katy didn't." Once more the feathered hosts fill copse and grove and garden shrubbery, and if there be a new note, a minor chord, not present in their songs of the spring, therein is the promise that they go but for a little while. The clear air has in it a tonic which sets the rich blood to racing gloriously and fills with the desire of accomplishment, the vigor which seeks expression in the world's work. It is the month of inspiration.

PART I. FARM MEMORANDA

On the farm, in orchard and garden, labor now brings a rich reward. And not only are the matured crops awaiting the harvester, but growing crops feel the quickening impulse of cool moist nights and in the early part of the month make rapid growth.

September 1-10

Gather and market peaches, plums, pears, late summer apples and early fall apples. See that the cider mills, cider and vinegar barrels and evaporator are ready for the windfalls and second- grade fruit. Harvest and market grapes. Celery, cabbage and cauliflower are growing rapidly and require attention with cultivator or hoe. See that the soil is stirred often and well. Celery wanted for very early use should be straightened up and the earth drawn to it with a hoe. Sow grass land with timothy and red top, if for pastures adding alsike, orchard grass, Kentucky blue grass and meadow foxtail to give a larger variety, maturing all through the following season. Continue fall plowing as fast as land is in condition. Begin to cut silage and fill silos.

September 11-20

Seed winter wheat and rye and continue grass seeding. Bank up early celery for half its height. Sow cauliflower, cabbage and lettuce for pricking out in coldframes to be wintered over. Seeds planted before the 10th are likely to produce plants which will run to seed when planted out in the spring. If planted later than the 20th, plants will often lack necessary vigor and strength. Shallots and onions should be planted and spinach sown, to be wintered over for spring use. Sow corn salad and chervil for winter salad. Harvest onions, beans, melons, cucumbers for pickles, potatoes and tomatoes. See that potato bins are in readiness to receive the crop. Get corn cribs in condition.

September 21-30

Cut rowan for second crop of hay. Finish banking up early celery. Harvest apples and late pears. Continue wheat and rye sowing. Watch tender flowering plants lest early frosts catch them unawares. See that they are protected, or if they are to be transferred to the house, take them up. Prepare coldframes. If you have none, build one or two for the early vegetables they will give you the following spring. Harvest pumpkins and squashes.

Other Suggestions. – Give the cattle and stock attention all through the month. Pasturage will probably be insufficient; see that it is supplemented with liberal feed. Fat is easily put on during the cool months of autumn, and for this reason cattle, hogs and poultry should be fed liberally. Arrange exhibits for your county fair. Look over buildings in preparation for the advent of cold weather. Build an ice house if you have not one already. Prepare window-boxes and soil for them, for flower-folk are cheerful neighbors when frost has fettered a dreary landscape.

PART II. THE REALM OF SPORT

The Higher Sportsmanship. – Many, wise in their day and generation, and favored by fortune, will take their vacations in this month rather than in the heat of summer. It is a glorious month! The sportsman feels within him the desire which cannot long be denied – the longing to match wit and skill against the instinct and cunning of the wild things of wood and field. The Adirondacks are the Mecca for hundreds, for on September 1 the protecting hand of the law is lifted, and the soft-eyed, slim-legged deer are left to their own inherent cunning to escape the hunter's bullet. Alas! that so true a sport should have degenerated to the butchery which, until recent years, deer-hunting in the Adirondacks often had become. Hounding the beautiful animals into lakes, there to be shot at ease, and shooting them down in the surprise at the sudden glare of a jacklight as they fed along the water's edge at night, partook much of the shambles. Good Robin Hood and his yeomen brave in Lincoln green would have scorned such methods, albeit the good long-bow and feathered shaft were their only weapons. Wise laws have, so far as they can be enforced, put an end to these parodies on honest sport.

Deer-Hunting. – To the true sportsman who seeks these rugged mountain sides in quest of his just allotment of venison, September is the month to be looked forward to all the year through. In what glory are the mountains robed, for already are the frost's brushes at work in these higher altitudes! Despite the falling of the leaves, the foliage is still a trifle thick, perhaps, and yet for this very cause is the sport the keener. What a tonic in the clear frosty air of the day-dawn! In the stillness of the great forest sere and yellow leaves flutter earthward, and the noise of their rustling accentuates the silence. From the black shadow of the opposite shore the maniacal laughter of a loon suddenly rings across the lake and finds a distant echo. The splash of a muskrat jars harshly on tense nerves. Gradually the light fills the forest aisles. With cautious step and ready rifle, you seek the slash where yesterday you found the sign. Verily now does a heart-beat seem audible. Despite your utmost care, now and again a stick snaps or a clutching bush, suddenly released, springs back noisily. Oh, for the charmed feet of Deerslayer or Uncas [last of the Mohicans]! But what is that beyond the tangle of fallen tree-tops? A

clear eye and a steady hand now or – “missed!” Well, and is not the chagrin tempered with an unacknowledged satisfaction that yonder beautiful antlered buck, bounding lightly over fallen trees, is, after all, not to lose one impulse of his splendid vigor because of lust of yours? Verily, it is not all of hunting to kill. But, striding campward in the gathering shadows, empty of hand save for the rifle, the benison of the great wood falls upon him who is a fellow of true sportsmanship, and in his heart is the song of a mountain brook and in his soul a new delight, because of something in the mystery of life which in the solitude of the forest has entered therein, and because of a deeper realization of the marvel which men call instinct, against which his wit and reason have been of no avail. So, though he bring naught of spoil, he will answer the hail from the red circle of the camp -ire, and it will be “Peace.”

Shooting. – In most of the states the middle of the month sees the beginning of the open season on squirrels, rabbits, ruffed grouse and woodcock. The gray squirrels have become such familiar and close acquaintances in public parks and on private grounds that to many the shooting of them is very like war upon old friends. Nevertheless the sport has many keen followers, for the wild gray is a gentleman of no mean skill in keeping a tree between himself and possible harm. While many are killed in these early days of the open season, the leaves are too thick for good sport, and a month hence the squirrels will have become enough fatter to amply repay patience. Rabbits do not amount to much in September. Grouse cling to the retirement of deep woods, and, save when found taking dust baths in the road, are difficult to flush where a fairly open shot may be obtained. Towards the end of the month those long-billed lovers of damp thickets, whose quick [195] flight and delicate dark flesh are the delight of all sportsmen, the American woodcock, begin to drop in to favorite haunts. These “flight birds,” as the transients are called in the vernacular of the gunner, are fairly regular in the date of their appearance.

Marsh-hunting. – But if all shooting in the greenwood is more or less difficult because of the leafy protection wherewith Mother Nature still guards her own, along the seacoast and on the open marshes sport is at its best. September brings the great flight of waders, the yellow-legs and plover and their smaller cousins, the sand-pipers. Yesterday the marshes stretched flat and brown, a desolate waste over which a fish-crow croaked dismally and a night-heron labored with heavy wing. This morning as you set your decoys and establish yourself comfortably in your snug blind an hour before sunrise, out of the dusk north and east and west comes the clear piercing whistle of yellow-legs and the long-drawn, plaintive call of the black-breasted plover. Above the white sand-dunes rises the red rim of the sun. Before its broad shafts the hosts of the night flee to the distant hills. The browns and greens of the marshes assert themselves. Hark! Those whistlers are in the creek-bed a mile away. You take out your little tin call and reply. Presently you know that the birds are a-wing. Call for call they answer. You can see them now, a dozen specks against the sky-line far up the marsh. Nearer they come and louder and clearer becomes the whistling. In splendid flight they are passing. Now for your art as a caller! Carefully the little tin whistle talks for you. The birds reply. A few coaxing notes bring doubtful inquiries. Then the birds see the decoys and swing to them sharply. Now must the gun be ready. Widely they circle, then nearer and nearer. All the air is filled with their whistling as they wheel over the decoys.

Now is the time, the opportunity for which you have been patiently calling. How they stretch their long necks towards the decoys. It is the moment you have waited for. The good gun speaks, and speaks again. Then as sounding the alarm the survivors take wing, the seductive, traitorous little tin whistle begins again. The birds hesitate, circle, then back they come.

So the day passes. Now it is a flock or mayhap a single bird, a yellow-legs, a curlew, a black-breasted plover or beetle-head. A sudden shower sweeps across the marshes, and as the sun breaks out again, behold each blade of grass tipped with a diamond! On one side low sand- dunes shut out the sea. On the other in the far distance circle the highlands. Between is the level stretch of brown marshes broken by stilted stacks of salt hay and cut by winding creeks. These are the environments of a sport with which comparatively few shooters are acquainted, the sport of marsh-bird shooting. And it is at its best in this first month of the fall.

Fishing. – This being the spawning season for trout, the close season is on nearly everywhere. But black bass fishing is often at its best in this month, both flies and bait being used. Perch, pickerel, pike and maskalonge bite freely.

Other Recreations. – In the clear bracing air of the latter part of September, golf is at its best. The greens touched by droughts of mid-summer now regain their wonted beauty and freshness of color. The crispness of the air is an inducement to be abroad. There is a vigor, vim and snap in the game lacking in the heat of midsummer. This, too, is a grand month for tennis. This game has, as was foretold in an earlier portion of this calendar, experienced a reaction in its favor. It has fairly become reëstablished on its old footing [196] of popularity as one of the best and healthiest of outdoor sports. Yachtsmen find an increased weight in September winds which give the most exhilarating sport of the whole season. To horsemen, chauffeurs and wheelmen the glory of the early fall landscape, together with the comfort of riding, makes strong appeal and takes them abroad every spare moment. Photographer and artist and the knicker-bockered small boy prospecting in quest of thick-clustered grapes and the location of hickory and chestnut tree, find September a golden month indeed.

PART III. THE AUTUMN PASSING OF THE BIRDS

The Great Flight Southward. – For the lover of birds September is a month in which every hour at the desk or in the office is sorely begrudged. Once again is the shrubbery filled with the old friends whose acquaintance was made early in the spring. In August the search for bird-life was oftentimes most discouraging, and it would seem that the feathered folk had deserted all the dear old haunts. But in this month behold the feathered hosts once more! The first cool weather brings a wave of the little winged sprites, most of them being the warblers. They are on their way south now, and to the amateur the new dresses of many of them make recognition a bit difficult. A greater number are young birds which have not yet attained the plumage of maturity. Then, too, many of the adult birds have donned their traveling gowns. which are much soberer than the gorgeous dress of the nuptial season. The spring songs are lacking now, but the familiar twitterings and characteristic notes are to be heard wherever the birds are found. The fall flight is in reality one of the most interesting phases of bird-study. He

who would know his feathered friends thoroughly must be abroad with note-book and pencil daily, for many of the birds tarry but for a day or two on their way south.

Species which were by no means common in the spring will often be seen in unexpected numbers during the fall migration, as if they varied their routes of travel between the limits of their habitat. Those who dwell along the seacoast have an opportunity of studying a phase of bird- life, the tragedy of migration, which those further inland know nothing of. At no season of the year do so many of the feathered folk come to untimely death by dashing against the lighthouses as in the September flight. Beyond question this is in part due to the fact that a large percentage of the migrants are making their first long journey. Then, again, September nights are inclined to be foggy. The result is that the glare of the big seacoast beacons seemingly confuses the feathered travelers, and thousands dash themselves to death. From September 1 to 10 many sojourners of the summer will take their departure for warmer climes. The worm-eating warbler and the blue-winged warbler are among the first to depart. With them will go the rough-winged swallow, the orchard oriole and the Acadian flycatcher. During these same early days the black-poll warbler, the Connecticut warbler and the Lincoln sparrow are likely to arrive from the north, tarrying briefly on their way south. During the next ten days we may say good-by to the purple martin, the Baltimore oriole, the yellow-breasted chat, and that little nugget of living gold, the yellow warbler. At this time in the low, damp meadows and marshes that erratic flyer who is at once a delight and an exasperation to the sportsman, Wilson's snipe, is to be found. He also is a transient. The blue-headed vireo, the olive-backed thrush and Bicknell's thrush will also make a fleeting visit. September 20- 30 sees the departure and arrival of many old acquaintances. The Louisiana water-thrush, the veery, the hooded warbler, that pleasant little singer of warm July days, the warbling vireo, the wood pewee, the rose-breasted grosbeak, the yellow-throated vireo, the kingbird, the crested flycatcher, the humming-bird, the little green heron and the common tern all depart for distant lands. At the same time little woodland ponds and quiet waters become tenanted by those marvelously swift yet diminutive ducks, the green-winged and blue-winged teal. The American coot will also be found in the sedges. All three of these are but sojourners for a week or two. The golden-crowned kinglet and the junco come down from the north to spend the winter. In certain sections the winter wren also comes to take up his abode. The yellow palm warbler, the myrtle warbler, the white-crowned sparrow, white throated sparrow and the ruby-crowned kinglet also come from the northern districts, and later will seek a more southern latitude. Along the seacoast the great broad-winged herring-gull arrives to spend the winter. All through the month the various the waders, such as the sandpipers, the plover, the curlew and the yellow-legs, come down in great flocks along the salt marshes, traveling to the south. The flight of these birds is usually heaviest in the early part of the month, and by the end only a few belated stragglers are to be seen. The forerunners of the great web-footed tribe begin to arrive, but the main flight will not be for some weeks yet.

Country Life in America. September, 1902, p. 193-196.

The First Frost.

T.W. Burgess

In the night when all the sky was lit,
The summer's sentries by their fires slept;
Inner guard and outposts slumbering lay,
While through their ranks a fleeting shadow crept.

Dawn aroused the sleeping camp, and lo!
A banner wrought in crimson and in gold,
Flaunting from the taken outer works,
Autumn's sure and swift approach foretold.

American Agriculturist. September 13, 1902, p. 258.

The Marshes by the Sea.

T.W. Burgess

Warm in the late September sun
The Georgetown marshes lay;
Whistled the curlew overhead
In southern flight away;
Stood on their stilts above the tide,
The cocks o' brown salt hay.

Over the barrier sand dune swept
A wind from o'er the sea.
Bringing the voice of the mighty deep
In grandest melody—
Over the marshes swept and wrapt
My soul in mystery.

American Agriculturist. September 20, 1902, p. 24.

The Passing of the Birds.

Waldo

These are the days when every lover of bird life begrudges sorely the bonds of business or other cares which forbid long rambles in field and wood. For now is the great southern flight of feathered friends, and in these still starlit nights, all unseen by human eyes, myriads of bird travelers fill the upper air.

And during the day, for the last brief happy season of their northern year, they fill our thickets and our hedgerows. Now is the harvest of seeds, most of them of noxious weeds, and the sparrows and finches are fat with much feeding. The sojourners of the north now pause for a day or two, and the opportunity to become acquainted with rare visitors is not to be neglected if it can be helped.

The golden crowned kinglet, the tree sparrow and the junco come down to spend the winter. The ruby-crowned kinglet, a host of warblers, fly-catchers and vireos linger for a few days ere continuing on their way. Most of the summer acquaintances leave. Today we bid them good- bye, even while we greet the little strangers from a cooler clime. Quiet ponds and rivers, sacred to the lone sandpiper and heron through the summer, entertain social parties, of ducks and water fowl. Along the seacoast, all day long the sea fowl string their black lines along the horizon. Go where you will, the bird folk greet you. Tomorrow they will be gone, pledging you as they leave, to return again when spring shall set the signal.

American Agriculturist. September 27, 1902, p. 22.

A Guide of Twelve.

T. W. B.

It was just as the setting sun sent long slanting rays through the heavy spruces that we pitched our camp for the night on the Upper St Regis. Across the narrows lay the sandy beach of the carry over to Spectacle pond. Presently as the smoke of our campfire wound up through the over-hanging branches, a small figure appeared at the carry and a voice hailed us with, "Do you mind if I come over and see you, gentlemen?" Being assured that he would be a welcome guest, he launched perhaps the queerest craft in all the Adirondacks. It was a 30-foot 12-inch plank, on which he stood upright, as unconcernedly and fearlessly as if his footing was substantial terra firma. For a paddle, he had a long pole, at the end of which a piece of board had been nailed crosswise. With this he manipulated his unwieldy craft with the skill of the woodsman born.

Presently he landed, and as he approached, courteously inquired after our welfare, as to our camping ground and where we were bound. We in turn asked him for some information as to the country and our surroundings. His name, he said, was Willie Better and his age was 12 years. Since July 1 he had been in camp on the shores of Spectacle pond, a camp we had noticed as well chosen and nicely fitted up.

"Is the gentleman with you your father, Willie?" I inquired.

"Oh, no, sir, he is my guest."

This staggered me just a trifle, but I managed to keep a straight face and inquired "Are you a guide?"

"Yes," he said soberly. "It seems to me," said I, "that you are rather a small boy to be a guide."

"I don't know," said he, "I shot my deer on the run last fall."

"Who pitched your camp over yonder?" said I.

"I did," said he.

"Who does the cooking?"

"I do," was his prompt reply.

"Going to be a guide all your life, Willie?" I asked.

"I reckon not," said he. "I am going to study, and I am going to travel, and I am going to see things outside these woods some day, and then I am going to be a soldier."

It was all said very soberly and very earnestly. Further inquiry developed the fact that this small boy was born and bred in the deep woods near what is known as Paul Smith's. He was a thorough little woodsman, interested in everything pertaining to woodcraft, an expert little fisherman, a hunter, who as I have already said, had killed his deer and was proud of it, because the animal had been running, and so far as I could

find out it was apparently true that he, was the general factotum of the neighboring camp, where he proposed to remain until October. His Independence was delightful, but after all he was still a small boy, for leaving us as the shadows deepened, he crossed on his queer craft to await the arrival of the gentleman whom he called his guest, who had that afternoon gone to the nearest post-office.

Presently out of the shadows of the far shore came the small voice, "Please, gentlemen, can you tell me what time it is?" and a little later, "If you please, gentlemen, is it 8 o'clock yet?" and still again, just as we were dozing off, "Do you mind telling me, gentlemen, if it is 9 o'clock?"

And so, in truth, we knew he was a small boy and lonesome.

American Agriculturist. September 27, 1902, p. 23.

Donkey Training.

Waldo.

“How do I train donkeys” Why, just the same way that your mamma trained you when you was a boy,” said Frank Cotton, the veteran animal trainer, as I met him behind the scenes in his funny clown make-up, with his two clever little donkeys, Tom and Jerry.

“When they won’t mind, I whip them, and when they do well, I reward them. But you must never tell an animal to do a thing and then let him off. If you do, even once, you lose control.”

Mr Cotton has been in the training business since he was a boy and has trained all kinds of animals. In fact, it was when he went over to secure Barnum’s famous white elephant that he bought Tom. He has been nearly eaten up by lions two or three times, but apparently that is a part of the business.

“When I have an animal to train,” said he as he rubbed the red and white paint from his face, “the first thing I do is to study his disposition, and then I give him a name, which I use when teaching a trick, but never in the stable. Then when I speak it on the stage it always attracts his attention, which it would not do if I used it all the time. After he has learned his name I begin with a simple trick, first showing how it is done and helping him do it.

“Donkeys are the hardest animals to teach of any I have ever trained. It is almost impossible to make them remember anything. I would never have trained these two only that one day an Englishman was exhibiting two and boasted in my presence that ‘no blooming Hamerican’ could train a pair to equal them. Then I got mad and swore I’d train two that he would have to take his hat off to, and these are the chaps.

Tom would give the Salvation Army march, stamping out the time with his forefeet and never losing step. One of the cleverest of his half hundred tricks was the Trilby act. “Play dead!” came the order, but Tom wasn’t feeling that way. “What! he won’t play dead! Then I guess I’ll have to mesmerize him,” cried his master, with a kink at the audience. Crossing the stage, he held out his hands toward the donkey and began to make passes in the air in true mesmeric style. Slowly, very slowly, Tom’s head fell over until finally he lay at full length, motionless on the floor, without even the twitch of an ear, though dragged about by his tail.

American Agriculturist. September 27, 1902, p. 24.

A Calendar of October.

W. B. Thornton.

THE MONTH OF AUTUMN COLORS, OF HARVESTS AND OF HUNTING – THE OUTDOOR LIFE OF FARMER, NATURE-LOVER AND STUDENT

Hark! From the hills there floats the mellow winding of a horn. Far across the valleys its silver music rings, and lo! October enters. There is a charm, a more mature beauty, a sweeter serenity, a winsomeness lacking in her sister months. Her mantle is of many colors, scarlet and yellow toned down by golden browns. and dull crimsons. Many a ragged rent is there but with every tatter fluttering a gay salute the rents are forgotten in the splendor of the whole. No mighty choir of feathered sprites greets her entrance, and wanting are the garlands of the summer. No flower-strewn paths await her coming, but the crisp brown grass crackles beneath her step, leaves of gold and scarlet are caught in her tresses and the clear melodious whistle of the quail gives her greeting. In brown serried ranks the corn shocks stand. In glowing piles the pumpkins pledge her golden bounty. The fragrance of ripe fruit hangs over the orchard. High above her head she elevates her horn of plenty that he who will may have. Rich are brown October woods with spoils for him who seeks. Who has never listened to the patter of chestnuts on dry brown leaves as the fingers of the wind shake them out of frost-opened burrs; who has never threaded a hazel thicket bathed in the golden glory of an October after-noon, and as he rambled filled his pockets; who has never climbed and shaken a hickory or shouldered a bag of butternuts, has been denied some of the real privileges of life.

PART I. FARM WORK

It is the harvest season and the pressure of work in garden and orchard is unceasing. Now is the fulfilment of the early promise, the reward of the toil and anxiety and patient waiting of the long summer.

October 1-15

Now comes the gathering of the last of the corn crop. See that it is well shocked and securely tied. Prepare corn cribs and silos. Cut silage corn and fill silos where not already done. Pick winter fruit and arrange for storage if to be held for late winter market. Sort and pack with care. Dig late potatoes and store for winter use and market. Complete seeding of winter wheat and rye. Market the celery earthed up last month. and continue banking up. Begin cutting sage, thyme and sweet herbs for market, taking out every alternate row, thus giving the rest room for greater growth. Give thorough attention to crops. planted last month, for weeds grow with surprising rapidity despite cool weather. Sow spinach early if not sown last month.

October 15-31

Cauliflower should be ready to harvest. Cabbage, cauliflower and lettuce sown last month are now ready to be pricked out in coldframes. Top-dress asparagus and rhubarb beds. Take up the last of the house-plants. Continue fall plowing. Gather root crops for stock.

In General. – Help out short pastures by judicious feeding. Much depends on the proper handling of stock at this time. Animals fattening for market should be pushed, while those to be wintered over should be kept in a thrifty growing condition. Bank up buildings with cellars it is desired to keep free from frost. Note the difference between fruit from trees which were sprayed and those which were not. Clean up orchards as far as possible after the fruit is out of the way. In The days are not far distant when demands upon the wood-pile will begin in earnest. these mellow October days, opportunity should be found to draw out additions to the supply. There is a charm in being in the woods at this season of the year which makes the work of wood-hauling a most attractive labor. Through sun and shadow-flecked woodland roads, the slow, patient oxen plod. Somehow these mild-eyed, heavy beasts of burden fit into the woodland surroundings far better than the horse, which so often supplants them.

PART II. A-FIELD WITH DOG AND GUN

Bob White! Bob White! Thy challenge rings
Across the stubbie brown.
Bob White! Bob White! The north wind brings
The challenge into town.
The littered pages on my desk
Do rustle in the wind
As if of crisp October leaves
They fain would me remind.
They whisper me of copse and wood;
Of sumac's flaming red;
Of field and meadow brown and sere
Since gentle summer fled.
They whisper me – Ah, who can fail
To take the challenge of the quail!

The frost brush has passed over the land-scape and lo! the woodland is, as it were, viewed through a spectrum. A crimson dash glorifies the maples. The oaks have become a rich, dark russet. Brilliant patches of vivid yellow brighten the swamp where the birches cluster. Along the hillsides riot the red sumacs, while in the beech-groves the rustle of sere brown leaves mourns the departed summer. Gaunt and withered the wild rice lines the river's edge, but from the seclusion of its tangle rises the croak of a rail or the subdued quack of an early-flight duck feeding in the contentment of lavish plenty. From many a field of brown stubble the melodious whistle of Bob White challenges the listening ear, while in the more secluded thickets the ruffed grouse springs with startled whirl at the crackling steps of the intruder. It is the hunter's month.

Nearly every lover of the gun and rifle has a choice of the game he will pursue. This one is never so happy as when marking down a covey of quail. To another the prairie chicken or, if he be eastern-bred, the ruffed grouse, furnishes the keenest sport. In a third the flight of wild-fowl alone has power to snap the chains of business and send him forth into the marshes. With others it is squirrel shooting, the pursuit of rabbit with beagles, riding to hounds in the chase of Sir Reynard, while the lover of the rifle and the eternal mystery of the deep woods finds no such pleasure as in the pursuit of big game – moose, bear and deer. Many there are to cry down the hunt as catering

to barbaric and the least human of the instincts which are the endowment from our fore-fathers. Therein do they do grave injustice to a class wherein are found some of the truest gentlemen and noblest natures whom we delight to honor. They do gravely mistake the motive which sends the true sportsman afield when he hears the challenge of the quail. It is not the mere desire to kill. In truth that were butchery. But rather, it is the longing to match skill and slowly acquired knowledge of the ways and habits of the little brown birds against their swift wings and inherent cunning which for lack of a better term we call instinct. And beyond even this, it is for the pleasure of being afield, for the surroundings, the setting of the favorite sport, for the bracing air and for the knowledge of the great out-door world which every tramp with dog and gun increases. So the true sportsman takes an honest pride in his skill, so be it his eye has been true and his hand steady while he gave his bird every chance of a fair flush. But, so be it that he misses, his chagrin is tempered with respect for, and a certain satisfaction in, the escape of the little wild life which has proved more than his match. And though his bag be light, he will return home in the gloaming contented in mind and once more a simple child of nature.

So October winds the hunting horn. Out from the fastnesses of the deeper woods the grouse are working to the bordering thickets and the outposts of tangled brambles. Take old Rover up to the back pasture now and work along the old road on the edge of the forest, a vagabond of a road, brush-grown, thoroughly disreputable, but beloved for its kindly hospitality and fellowship through many years; for cherished memories of other days pursuing its aimless wanderings; for the berries thrust into willing hands by over-hanging briers; for the flowers of its borders in their season and the songs of its bird-folks. Now it is arrayed in a tattered coat of many colors. But see! Rover's tail is wig-wagging in the international code of the sports-man. What a perfect picture he makes, zig-zagging quick intelligence through the brush as he unravels the wanderings of the grouse! There is a quickening of the heartbeats and a swift intake of the crisp air as you hold your gun lightly at "ready" and work over toward yonder tangle of bull-briers by the old stone wall. See! Rover has frozen as if carved in stone, the erstwhile nervous tail stiff, one forefoot lifted, and the unerring nose pointing straight into the tangle before. With cautious step and tense nerves you approach. Only the rustle of falling leaves and the barking of a dog on a far-away farm break the stillness of the morning. Then suddenly without warning there is the whir of vigorous wings, a shower of dewdrops from shaken vines, a glimpse of a gray-brown bird hurtling with wonderful velocity into the very thickest of the wood-land growth. No chance for a shot there, and as you send old Rover on you realize, not without a paradoxical feeling of pleasant chagrin, that somehow you have been found wanting and have come off second best. So the day waxes old. In the abandoned old apple orchard the birds give you a fair shot, while in the hillside thickets you get but fleeting glimpses of them speeding where safety points the way. Later, as the afternoon wanes, you may chance upon a flock not yet broken up, reveling in a dust bath in the middle of the road. With a roar of wings they are off in all directions, and it takes a quick eye, ready hand and instant decision to pick the victims from among so many. Then, sitting by the roadside, it may chance that you will hear the subdued clucking of the old bird as she gathers her brood again, now full grown and perhaps answering her for the last time. So in the gloaming you will wend your way homeward, content if a brace of plump birds bulge the pockets of your coat; happy if you are richer only for memories of a day a-field.

Quail shooting probably finds more devotees than any other kind of bird hunting. The latter part of the season furnishes an ideal setting for the sport. There is a tonic in every breath of the frost-purified air. A soft haze wraps the landscape, subduing the rugged outlines of the hills and filling all the valleys with a shimmering golden glory. The ranks of the goldenrod have lost the splendor of their yellow vestments, but stand in close array in a neutral brown which is in perfect harmony with the general tone of the landscape. There is rich gleaning in yonder stubble field, and even now must the quail be feeding there. How perfectly the black and white and the lemon and white of the dogs fit into the general color scheme! The swiftly moving forms lend just the needed animation to complete a picture of fascinating charm. What an inspiring sight it is! The most unobserving dullard cannot but be filled with admiration for this manifestation of the high development of a subtle sense, the sense of smell. Swiftly the dogs quarter the field with an intelligence which admits of no hiding-place going un-discovered. Suddenly one of them working high catches a whiff of tainted air, and checking his rapid pace whirls at a sharp angle and caution supplants speed. Slower and slower he moves while his nervous tail signals the readings of his nose. Now he hesitates, advances a step, pauses, another step and – frozen! Not a muscle moves! What is it he sees which you cannot, there in the weeds and brown stubble? A flock of plump bodied, reddish brown birds lying close almost under the nose and glowing yellow eyes of the dog. So you move up to flush the bunch. There is a roar of wings! The gun leaps to the shoulder and even in the brief seconds of the action the trained eye selects the birds. And those which escape being marked down, – there comes the sport of finding them one at a time, some in a tangled fence-corner, some in a neighboring swamp and one or two in unexpectedly open spots. It is this working up of the scattered birds that taxes to the uttermost the skill of the man and the nose and intelligence of the dog. So the day grows old with now a covey and now a wild single bird. Lunch beside a babbling brook where trout are spawning, a quiet pipe in the peaceful retreat of a chestnut grove, and then on again to work homeward over the brown fields while the shadows lengthen and the distant hills draw on their nightcaps of deep purple.

Squirrel shooting is good in the latter part of October when the leaves have thinned out. The gray squirrels are fat with much plundering of nature's free stores and furnish a favorite sport for many. Cunning from the inherited experience of many generations, they are by no means so easily secured as would at first appear possible, for Mr. Bushy-tail has a way of putting a tree trunk between himself and possible danger, and it requires quick work to catch him napping. But of all the methods of his taking, there is none to my mind cleaner, and so filled with the true elements of sportsmanship as still-hunting with a 22-caliber rifle. It is a fair match of alert senses and skill against cunning and instinct, with the advantage with the game, if anything. The eye must be true and the hand steady that will bring down a squirrel from a tree-top with a single bullet, and there is cause for a very honest satisfaction wherewith to flavor the savory stew which shall be the evening recompense for the morning's tramp.

PART III. NATURE - STUDY

The nature-student roaming through copse and over field finds October not less interesting than her sister months. Of flowers there are all too few, and these old friends lingering as if loath to leave. In the early part of the month the beautiful fringed gentian may still be found, while the witch hazel glorifies the thickets of its abode, and with the

seeds of its last year's flowers bombards the intruder. Late asters and everlastings also linger, and now and then one of the children of the spring, a violet or a dandelion, shyly begs notice. and a tender caress as a little stranger in an inhospitable world. But for the most part the flowers have departed, leaving in quaint and wondrous seed-pods their pledges of sure return when spring bids them awake.

But of bird-life there is much for watchful eyes. The first frosts are fatal to the great body of insect life, depriving insectivorous birds of the major part of their bill of fare. Today the meadows are alive with skimming swallows, and countless thousands line the telegraph wires. Tomorrow not one will be seen. Already the advance guard of crows is stringing across the sky in southern flight. The hawks also southward take their way. From October 1 to 10 the black-crowned night heron bids farewell to the swamps and sodden edges of the ponds and rivers. The bobolink leaves the meadows, to become the fat rice-bird of southern market hunters. The cuckoos, swallows, chimney swift, least fly-catcher, redstart, oven-bird, white-eyed vireo, scarlet tanager, grasshopper sparrow, wood thrush, indigo bunting and black and white warbler take their departure. At the same time the bronzed grackle and rusty blackbird make a transient visit. The laugh of the loon is heard and the first pintail and mallard ducks and Canada geese appear. October 10 to 20 brings from the north the fox-sparrow for a temporary visit and witnesses the flight of the spotted sand-piper, the wrens, Maryland yellow throat, red-eyed vireo, catbird, brown thrasher, night hawk and whip-poor-will. The pied-billed grebe, phoebe and towhee leave October 20 to 31, while the tree sparrow, redpoll, northern shrike, pine finch, horned lark and snowflake come to spend the winter.

For the sparrows this is a gala month. You will find them everywhere. They will rise in startled flocks from every field at your approach. Every bush and thicket will send forth their happy twitterings. At dusk the wild rice along the river will be filled with them, returning to roost for the night. It is the seed harvest, and they are in a land of plenty. The farmer, watching them, rejoices in their presence, for he knows that the great bulk of the food they find so plentiful is composed of seeds of noxious weeds. In the woods the squirrels improve every shining moment. The little striped chipmunk with distended cheek pouches brooks no interruption of his harvesting. The plump gray squirrel from morn till eve is burying nuts against the day of his great need. The noisy red is not less active in laying up ample store. The woodchuck sitting on his doorstep basks in the last warm rays of the weakening sun preparatory to his long sleep. Quaint little wood-folk, grown fat and lazy with much feeding, are not as timorous as when the year was young and are easier observed. The thinning of the leaves opens rare vistas to the appreciative eye of the photographer, while the glory of color rioting over the landscape and painting the sunset sky is at once the despair and admiration of the artist. October! How regret- fully we bid so fair a month adieu!

Country Life in America. October 1902, p. 235-238.

The Bob-white poem reprinted in newspapers, including *Meriden Daily Journal*, October 2, 1902.

How Jackie and the Professor were Fooled.

Waldo

Jackie Jones, who, from the time he was three years old was nicknamed “What-is-it,” because of an insatiable thirst for knowledge, which, every time he saw anything new, brought forth on the instant the query which supplanted his real name among his friends, sought his very good friend, the professor. Jackie carried a little box in which was a green worm about an inch and a half long. He had found it under some brown October leaves and at the first glimpse he had been scared. My, how scared he was! Do you wonder why? Well, it was because one end was shaped and marked just exactly like a snake’s head. There were the eyes and even two tiny dots on the extreme end which looked like nostrils.

Jackie had poked off the leaves, expecting to see a snake run, and when he saw only a little worm, he almost lost his breath. Now he was showing it to the professor.

“What is it?” he demanded.

How the professor laughed as Jackie asked if it was a new kind of snake.

“Jackie,” said he, “did you ever see any of those great big yellow butterflies with beautiful black markings on their wings?”

“Lots of ‘em,” was Jackie’s prompt response.

“Well, Jackie, you take this fellow home and give him some leaves to eat. By and by he will hang himself up on the box cover and look like a funny dead brown bundle. But he won’t be dead. He will just be asleep inside. Some day in the spring when you look into the box you will find the little brown bundle still there, but it will be an empty cradle. There will be a little round hole in it and in the box you will find a beautiful butterfly waiting to try his wings and seek the sunshine and flowers. And his name will be Papillio Turnus.”

So Jackie did as he was told. Every once in a while, during the winter he would peep into the box and look at the little brown cradle hanging there, just as the professor had told him it would be. In the spring he looked eagerly every day. Then one morning he found the little round hole in the cradle, and outside he found—what do you think? It wasn’t gay Mr Papillio Turnus. It wasn’t a butterfly at all. It was just a little slim-bodied gauzy winged fly.

Jackie straightway ran to the professor. “What is it?” he demanded.

The professor looked into the box. Then he laughed. “That was a joke on us,” said he. After-ward he explained how some insects live on other insects, which is nature’s way of preventing any one kind from becoming too numerous. So the worm Jackie had found had been stung by a little fly just like the one found in the box. And in the place made by the sting an egg had been laid. After Mr Papillio had hung himself up in his cradle, the egg had hatched and another little worm had lived on Mr Papillio and killed him. Then this little worm had changed to the fly Jackie found, and fooled Jackie and the professor.

American Agriculturist. October 4, 1902, p. 24.

The Turning of the Tide.

T.W. Burgess

When the tide begins to turn,
Then I wants ter be
Down along on old T wharf—
That's the place fer me!
Ain't a worry or a care
That will long abide
When I know the cunners are
Comin' with the tide.

Jes' ter sit an' hear the gulls
Scream, an' watch 'em swing
Back an' forth an' up an' down,
Tireless of wing;
Jes' ter have a hank o' line,
A clam or two beside,
An' happiness fer me is sure
Comin' with the tide.

American Agriculturist. October 11, 1902, p. 24.

Good Reading.

B. T. W.

What influence does reading have in the home? What constitutes good reading? These two questions are vital to every home in this broad land. It is to be regretted that so many parents fail to appreciate the good or ill that results from the reading matter placed in the hands of their children. Taste for literature is developed at an early age. Too great care is impossible in the selection of children's books. I do not mean by this that the reading matter must be of the "goody-goody" type. Children like fun and nonsense. But the line between good and bad is quite as sharply drawn in fun and nonsense as in any other class of literature.

The trouble with much of the reading matter of to-day (I am sorry to say, with the great bulk of it) is that while it is not positively injurious, it is decidedly negative in character. It does no actual harm but on the other hand it most certainly does no good. The mind draws nothing of value from it. And drawing nothing, little by little the mind ceases to desire better things. It becomes satisfied with the food given it, and the power to appreciate the best is deadened, until finally it is lost altogether.

The desire to keep up with the novels of the day has always seemed to me in a measure pernicious. A certain novel becomes a fad. Everyone talks about it. You are a little ashamed to admit that you have not read it. Why? There are classics without number unknown to these glib talkers on the literature of the day. In two year's time this novel which is a fad now will have dropped into obscurity. Admitting that on this matter I am somewhat prejudiced, I still think that my plan relative to current literature has much to commend itself. I do not read a novel of the day until it is two years old. If it is then still talked about, I feel reasonably sure that there is something in it worth reading. If it has "gone by," I am equally sure that to have read it when it was popular would have been a waste of time, when there are so many books which will live for all time, and with which I have yet to become acquainted.

American Agriculturist. October 11, 1902, p. 31.

Nuttin' Time.

T.W.B.

Say, you folks, jes' see them leaves
Turnin' red an' yellor—
Sets a thund'rin longin' jes'
Jumpin' in a feller!

Seems as if I jes' could hear
On a frosty mornin',
Squirrels barkin' in the wood,
As the day is dawnin';

Barkin' jes' fer pure joy;
Funny capers cuttin',
'Cause they know it's almost time
Fer to go a-nuttin'.

American Agriculturist. October 11, 1902, p. 32.

Billy Topham's Sky Horse.

Waldo

Billy Topham was never happier than when he had a hammer, a saw or a knife. in his hands. Billy was a mechanical genius. That's what the old people said, and smiled wisely, and of course they knew. Billy had original ideas. When he made a thing,—and he was always making something—it was along some plan of his own. So it was that, when kite time came around Billy made kites for the neighborhood. No other kites were so well balanced, or flew so well and so steadily as Billy's. So Billy found a market among his playfellows.

Finally Billy planned for himself the biggest kite the town had ever seen. It certainly was a "buster." When we boys, gazing at it in admiration, asked Billy how he was going to hold it, he said he wasn't, and then looked mysterious.

The day the kite was finished he took me into his confidence. He showed me a little wagon he had fixed up with an arrangement for steering, and for controlling by means of brakes on the rear wheels.

"I'm goin' ter make this old sky horse pull this, and if yer want to go along and won't tell nobody, yer can," said he, when under solemn oath I had sworn secrecy.

That afternoon a stiff, steady wind blew out of the north. We took the big kite and the wagon over to the old Bullis pasture, which was half a mile long, ending in what was known as "Frog Hole," a little pond surrounded by peat bogs and black, oozy swamp muck.

With some effort we got the big kite up, and how it did tug! It was all the two of us together could do to hold it. Finally we made it fast to a fence post and Billy arranged the cart, which was just big enough for the two of us to get into, Billy in front to steer and manage the kite, while I, with my legs dangling out at the back, was to manage the brakes. The main controlling line of the kite was made fast to the cart, the line holding the sky horse to the post being a bridle that could be cut when we wanted to cast off.

As we left the house, Billy had confided to me that his folks had gone out to spend the day. Also that he was to join them at supper time, for which he was arrayed in his Sunday best.

When we were firmly seated in the cart, Billy reached over and cut the twine holding the kite to the post. With a jerk the tow line tightened, and with the help of a push from me, our queer land craft started. Everything worked beautifully. The big kite towed us down the long pasture with ever-increasing speed. Then our sky horse became frisky, presumably because it no longer had a solid anchor. With a sudden swoop it darted earthward, only to straighten up again with a jerk that threatened to part the line or upset the cart.

By this time we were traveling down the old pasture at a rate that gave us all we could do to stay in the cart. Now an old pasture is not an ideal race course, and a

little boy's cart without springs is not an ideal vehicle. The way we jolted down that pasture was a sight. As we neared the lower end we became aware that our horse was unmanageable. In fact, we were being run away with. Billy called for the brakes, but the jolting the wagon had received had broken Billy's brake mechanism and they wouldn't work. The pond was getting uncomfortably near. Billy was loath to cut the string and see his kite dash to destruction.

Just as we reached the first of the swamp hummocks, Billy shouted for me, to jump out, hang onto the wagon and try to get a brace. I jumped. At the same instant the wagon struck a hummock and was jerked out of my hands. Relieved of my weight the wagon lurched forward. Billy was hanging to the kite string desperately. The kite made a sudden swoop, the wagon was demolished against a hummock and Billy was dragged sprawling into the middle of the swamp.

When he finally reached firm ground again, he was a sight to behold. From head to foot he was plastered with black swamp mud. There was an ugly tear in his trousers and a worse one in his jacket. His face was scratched and one hand had been cut by the kite string.

"I guess," said he, slowly and soberly, with thoughts of the best clothes and of the invitation to supper, "I guess I'd better go home."

As for our sky horse, relieved of all anchorage it dashed wildly earthward, and a week afterward I helped Billy remove its tattered remains from a hickory tree on the far side of Frog Hole.

American Agriculturist. October 11, 1902, p. 32.

Cranb'ry Pickin.'

T.W. Burgess

When the frost begins to turn
Sumacs red and maples yell;
When the corn is in the shock
And the pippins ripe and meller—
Then it is that longin' gits
Kind of stirring up a feller!

Longin' fer to git right out
In old clo'es a cranb'ry pickin'—
Berries barrel to the rod;
Overseer jes' a kickin'
'Cause it happens everyone
Wants the rows they grow most thick in.

Sunshine jes' a soakin' in,
Hills all blue and kind of hazy,
Misty-like,-you know the kind—
Sort that gits a feller crazy
Jes' to git out in the woods
When he's tired-like and lazy.

Berries rattlin' in the pans;
Everybody in a bustle
Seeing who can pick the most,
Git the smartest kind of hustle.
Tell you what, it's pickin' time
That a feller has to rustle!

American Agriculturist. October 18, 1902, p. 24.

Dog Bruno.

Waldo

Dog Bruno was a great big fellow with a rough, shaggy coat and a tail that wagged perpetually. Bruno was not an aristocrat. That is to say, Bruno was not proud—he boasted of no blue blood in his veins. In fact, I am afraid that Bruno would have been called a mongrel.

But that was the last thing to trouble Bruno or his friends. He was simply Bruno and that was enough. Of course he couldn't talk, but if speech was denied him it seemed that he could understand everything he heard. "Bruno," his master would say, balancing a cracker on the tip of the dog's nose, this isn't paid for yet." Then he would continue his conversation with the grocer. Bruno would sit like a statue, the cracker carefully balanced. Sometimes it would be as much as ten minutes before his master would glance at him and say in a matter of fact tone, "I've paid for that cracker, Bruno." Then you should have seen that cracker disappear!

Bruno's master was boss of a cranberry bog. One warm September day he took off his coat and threw it down near a pile of coats belonging to the pickers. Now it happened that this coat was almost exactly like one of the others, and that night the coats became mixed. Bruno's owner wore home the other man's coat and the latter wore home the coat of Bruno's owner, neither noticing the mistake.

But Bruno did. He knew that the coat Mr Welch wore was his master's, but he couldn't tell anyone. So he did the next best thing—he followed Mr Welch home, a matter of two miles. "Wonder what brings Bruno up here?" said Mr Welch to his wife that evening, taking off the coat to wash. "Followed close at my heels and I couldn't send him home. Hullo!" he exclaimed, "there he goes, and he's got something in his mouth. Wonder what it is."

Then he missed the coat. All that evening he puzzled over the matter. "Can't understand what that dog wanted of my coat!" he exclaimed a dozen times. But the next morning at the cranberry bog all was explained and Bruno was quite the hero of the bog.

American Agriculturist. October 18, 1902, p. 25.

The Fun of Walking.

W. B. Thornton

Walking in the country! The very sound of the words sends a thrill of almost irresistible desire through one who knows the fullness of their import. Was ever a simple, homely phrase of four words so fraught with delightful meaning, so rich with precious golden memories, so suggestive of possibilities of the things that make life really worth the living? There is in them the splendid vigor of the mountain air, the restful charm of evening shadows stealing over peaceful valleys, the spirit of adventure, the sound of many running waters, the whispering of trees, the songs of feathered choristers, and the peace absolute which, entering the soul of man, for the enduring of the spell transforms the world.

Touring afoot has long been in vogue in Europe, more particularly among student classes of limited means. Unquestionably the good roads have been a factor in this, together with the comparatively short distance required to secure a change of nationality, with all the interest of new peoples and new scenes. In this country "footing it," with all that it offers, is known of comparatively few. Yet there are few if any forms of recreation which offer so much that appeals to every sense, and which are so rich in delightful experience. Perhaps no season of the year is pleasanter for such a tour than the late fall. The air is invigorating. The weakening sun no longer overheats. The falling leaves and the clearness of the atmosphere admit of finer views than are within the gift of the road of any other months. True it is that the birds and the flowers are gone, but for the lack of these the fall has its compensations in the fullness of the harvest.

Walking is an art – I had almost said one of the lost arts. It is astonishing how few know how to walk, – know how to acquire the measured stride, the springy step, the easy poise of the body and the swing of the arms, which make walking at once one of the most healthful and enjoyable forms of physical exercise. For the real pleasure of walking one must turn to the country. Pavements are but dead, unyielding matter at best. In the turf of the country there is a spring in response to the pressure of the foot which is a delight and an inspiration in itself. The purity of the air sets the blood to racing gloriously.

The first requisite is a boon companion, a jolly good fellow of like nature with yourself, – one in whom there is no guile; in whom no ill lurks in mind or body for which the first whiff of a pine wood or of things of the earth earthy is not a panacea unailing; one who takes things as they come, sunshine or shower, and whose grumble doth but cover a joke at his own discomfort. For a tramping tour one companion is preferable to several, for from many men of many minds doth petty discord spring. For your outfit, choose you good stout walking shoes, coming well above the ankle; for low shoes and sandy roads, of which many will stretch themselves before you, are but illy met. And of preference choose you old shoes, easy and comfortable to the feet, hob-nailed of heels and as nearly waterproof as may be. Nor forget that corns, bunions and their like are of the evil one and not to be countenanced in preparations for a tramp.

Knee trousers of corduroy, which for stoutness in the malicious clutch of brambles or barbed wire, and for appearance of respectability, has no equal; coat of the same; loose shirt of outing flannel, preferable to cotton in that it absorbs perspiration, thereby lessening the chances of a cold; golf stockings of the footless style which will admit of a change of socks, and a soft hat which will allow of rolling up to thrust in the pocket and which refuses to become the plaything of every sportive wind, practically complete the costume. The coat should be well pocketed. Have pockets put in wherever room can be found. A small knapsack, in which can be carried a change of underclothing and socks and a "ditty" bag supplied with needles, thread, a small pair of scissors, buttons, court-plaster, a pencil and small note-book, is convenient, for strapped on the shoulders it is neither uncomfortable nor in the way, and it leaves both hands free. However, these things may be made into a small bundle wrapped in thin rubber cloth or oiled silk if preferred. A sweater is optional, but at this season of the year often most desirable. Forget not a small ball of twine, a small hank of fish line, hooks, pocket-comb, tooth-brush in a water-proof case, a stout knife of many blades and tools for many uses, a compass, a pocket medicine case containing quinine pills for colds, sulfur naphthol as a disinfectant for scratches and wounds, and cholera cure. Take plenty of matches in a water-proof box, nor forget the tobacco and the pipe, that good friend of many such a ramble. A stout staff will be found of service, and as the record of each day's tramp is notched thereon it will become of a personal value which will insure it a place of honor in the den when the trip is over. And for the pleasure of future days, take you by all means a camera, two of them if there be two of you going, a panoram kodak for landscapes and a folding pocket camera for small pictures and figure studies.

So are you prepared. prepared. Now set you forth, not with the determination to reel off a record number of miles, but to walk briskly so be it you feel the impulse, to saunter when in the mood, to linger in pleasant places when weary, and always to drink in all of the wondrous beauty of your surroundings. It is one of the pleasures of such a trip that you are careless of where the evening shadows shall find you, so be it that a farm-house is not far distant. There is rarely difficulty in securing a supper, a night's lodging and a breakfast at some snug farm, when the day's tramp does not bring you to a wayside inn. A few inquiries in the afternoon will usually guide you aright.

For the noon lunch something must be carried, unless you will take the chance of securing dinner at a farm or reaching a village grocery. I have found it best to eat lightly at noon, often depending entirely upon milk. This has proved an excellent food for tramping. Raisins contain much nutriment, and I find them very satisfactory to fill in long gaps between meals. I often carry a package of seeded raisins. Sweet chocolate is also an excellent thing to have with you.

An early morning start is always best. There is a freshness in the beginning of the day, lacking when the sun has higher crept. How sharply are the distant hills etched against the opalescent sky! Threads of pale blue smoke rise straight above the chimneys of the houses in the valley below. The slanting rays of the sun are caught full upon and flashed back by a row of milk-cans on the drying rack. Sound travels a wonderful distance in the early morning, and the crowing of a rooster or the barking of a dog comes up to you clearly from across the valley. A rabbit scurries out of the road

before you, and tempts you to brief pursuit for the mere pleasure of the chase. A ruffed grouse rises to a near-by pine, and allows your inspection with seeming knowledge of your inability or desire to do him harm. Farther on, where the road dips into a hollow, you catch the strong scent of a fox and find his autograph, written in the dust but a few minutes since. Out from the woods the road winds through brushy pastures. From a fence-rail bob-white whistles greeting. The erst-while homes of happy little bird-folk, now that they are deserted, thrust themselves upon your notice. Old fence-corners are richly cloaked in the deep crimson of the frost-touched sumac. A little faint, uncertain path holds out the promise of a short-cut and, luring all too willing feet, forsakes them in the tangle of an old woodlot. The voice of falling water calls unceasingly, nor will it be denied. A little striped chipmunk, with cheeks shamefully distended with plunder, stops abruptly to stare you out of countenance and then whisks away as one with business of a grave import.

But who shall tell truly of even the least of the joys a tramper knows – the quiet pipes on moss-grown logs, the pleasant discovery of hidden springs, the chance meetings with quaint people, the adventures in quest of short cuts away from the beaten highway, the refreshing welcome of picturesque old pumps, rare dinners of freshly caught fish broiled on a piece of hemlock bark before an open fire, the evenings spent in the gossiping circle around the stove of a country tavern, the quaint neighborhood tales and myths listened to in hospitable farm-houses, the friendly greetings of other wayfarers!

Good walkers find twenty miles a day a comfortable average, allowing of plenty of time for rest, and “jes’ loafing.” Two weeks thus spent will afford memories to last for all time, and with them a measure of health and strength, a quickening of vital forces, a nervous energy which will find expression in increased power for accomplishment in the world’s work.

Country Life in America. November, 1902, pp. 3-5 [lead story]
Reprinted in newspapers including *Windsor Star*, April 18, 1904.

An Outdoor Calendar for November.

W. B. Thornton

Under gray skies, and gowned in neutral brown, enters November. Frost waits upon her and strews her path with memories of summer days. The bugle of the north wind proclaims her coming. A brooding silence reigns in the thickets where the mighty feathered chorus poured forth a welcome to her sister months. Gone are the flowers, save that in some sheltered retreat still lingers the blossom of the skies, the beautiful fringed gentian; or mayhap a sunflower or late goldenrod lends of its gold yet a little while. But from stark bare tree-tops comes the bark of squirrels fat with much feeding, and it is answered by the merry shout of nut-gatherers gleaming among the thickly strewn brown leaves. The honk of the wild goose floats earthward from the clouds. In the marshes and sedges along the river's edge the muskrat puts the finishing touches on his domicile of rushes and mud against the bitterness of midwinter. The blue jay becomes silent, stealing guiltily about the bursting corn-crib. Through open barn doors is caught the gleam of yellow pumpkins and squashes, with all their possibilities of jack-o'-lanterns and luscious golden pies. From cellar bulk-heads rises the fragrance of ripening fruit. The gobble of the turkey has in it the perfect contentment of desires fulfilled, and the shadow of sacrifice has not yet fallen over the poultry-yard. The spirit of Thanksgiving is abroad over the land.

PART I. FARM AND GARDEN WORK

There is a warning in the hazy, dreamy days of Indian summer – these days apparently so free from threat of any kind, so full of cheer, of peace and contentment of mind. The winter seems yet a great way off, though, in truth, his step is even now upon the hill-tops. It is a season which, despite its seductive tendencies toward laziness, must be improved each shining moment. All the outdoor work should be finished up this month, for within the next month the frost fetters will hold all the outside world in bonds.

November 1-15

If aught of the corn crop yet remains ungathered, it should receive immediate attention. Now is the time to put away celery in trenches for winter use. However, if earthed up clear to the top now, it need not be put in the trenches until the very last of the month. Indeed, this method is highly recommended, it being asserted that the crop keeps enough better through the winter to pay for the extra trouble. On loamy and light land, shrubby, fruit and ornamental trees can often be transplanted to advantage. Examine the bins where the earlier crops are stored to see that rot has not set in. Plow sod, and plow or dig garden plots and level them, so that they may be in readiness for early spring operations. Harvest cabbages and cauliflowers. Dig beets and carrots. Give careful attention to the Thanksgiving poultry, for now is the time to force the finishing off or final fattening. Sow rye for early spring pasturage. Bank up houses and other buildings where necessary to shut out frost.

November 16-30

Continue plowing as long as ground will admit. Complete draining where it is needed. Round up cattle which have been running wild in back pastures. Put fattening hogs and cattle on heavy feed. See that winter stables are in best possible condition.

Complete draining. Haul out and spread manure on plowed land. Dig or drive wells if needed to insure a winter supply of water. Toward the end of the month put earthed-up celery in trenches. Pull turnips and dig horseradish, salsify and parsnips. Store all winter vegetables. Cover strawberry beds. Clean up orchards if this work has not been done already. Cover rhubarb and asparagus beds with rough manure or other litter. Watch lettuce and cabbage plants in coldframes closely, and on cold nights see that sashes are put on, removing them during the day lest the plants be made tender. Watch markets closely, to dispose of crops to advantage. Market early winter apples. Finish cider- and vinegar-making. Protect tender shrubs and cover tulip and hyacinth beds. [38]

PART II. HUNTING IN NOVEMBER

Like her sister month, the tatters of whose gorgeous robes still cling in hedge and tangled thicket, November is sacred to the hunter. It is the month when the wild folk of high and low degree, feathered and furred, have need of all the wonderful cunning and instinct with which all-wise Mother Nature has endowed them. For now does this same Mother throw them upon their own resources, as part of her marvelous system of education which, handed down through many generations, becomes the development of what we term instinct. Ruthlessly has she torn asunder the protecting cover of closely-hung leaves, revealing erstwhile secret retreats to whomsoever hath eyes to see. So it is that wild folk who in midsummer, careless in the seeming security of leafy fastnesses, allowed a certain familiarity, or at least appeared to admit of a slight claim to acquaintanceship, now grow wary and are ever alert with swift foot or ready wing lest treachery betray them.

As in October, quail, grouse and squirrel shooting will take thousands afield. Flocks of grouse are well broken up by this time, and the birds are usually found singly. Often October quail of the summer's second brood are rather small, but now are they plump and of full size. The bare tree-tops afford Sir Bushy-tail scant protection, and the squirrel hunter finds his favorite sport at its best.

Big Game

In northern woods the white carpet of snow is laid early in the month and still-hunting of moose, caribou and deer is at its best. There is now in the taking of big game perhaps less of the element of luck and more of skill, patience and woodcraft, which together, yielding the successful shot, make the evening pipe in camp a hundred fold sweeter than any chance shot, no matter how good, earlier in the season. Then, when the leaves still clung, and the brown carpet of the forest held no tell-tale tracks, it was either a case of shooting on a run or surprising the game in frequented haunts. Now in the light covering of frosty crystals the big buck has written the record of his night's wanderings. Easy enough to follow such a trail, you say. Ah yes, easy indeed! But can you follow it to a successful issue? Can you follow it in the dead silence of the heart of the great forest and give no sign to the keen ear and sensitive nose of the noble animal doubling back and watching his own trail while he rests?

Coon Hunting

Peculiarly a November sport, though often it has its beginning in October, is the pursuit of Br'er Coon. You who have never followed a coon in the dead watches of the night, take you straightway into the circle of your companionship the owner of

a coon dog. A coon dog is born, not made. Usually he is a mongrel, with a bit of the bull and a bit of the hound in him. Rabbit and fox he will have none of, but the scent of a raccoon loosens his tongue to the full cry. It is a weird sensation, the first coon hunt. With a shot-gun in the party, a revolver or two, and every man supplied with a lantern and plenty of matches, you enter the black fastness of the forest. The dog is loosed and swallowed up in darkness the instant he crosses the narrow circle of your lantern light. Silent you sit on an old log, for a woodland at night is not conducive to a freeing of the tongue. The stillness, unbroken save for the occasional rustling of leaves or impatient snuff betraying the whereabouts of the dog, enters your very soul. There is a peculiar sense of loneliness, a consciousness of being but an atom in a universe of blackness. It walls you in on all sides, impenetrable. Only above is it broken, and there immeasurable distance reaches up to the cold twinkling points of light in a frosty November sky. Suddenly out of the darkness rises a weird sound, uncannily suggestive of a little lost child crying in the wilderness. Then the dog, unraveling a trail, suddenly gives tongue, and the music of the hunt rolls through the woodland aisles.

Now he circles toward you, and now he starts straight away at a pace which demands that you follow.

Straight into the blackness beyond you plunge. The yellow gleams of the lantern hardly show the way ten feet ahead. Down through the swamp and the laurel tangles leads the chase; at times, so thick becomes the laurel that hands and knees seem the only method of progress. A ruffed grouse, aroused from its slumber, springs up, with a rush of wings, in your very face. Startling enough by daylight are these swift-winged flyers, but when, without warning, out of the blackness, brushing your very face, they speed into the night, it gives the stoutest heart a mighty jump. Fainter and fainter sounds the music of the dog. It is a mad race now, over moldering tree trunks, through swampy patches, up over the ridges, through the old chestnut grove and down into the hollow beyond. It is each one for himself, for each I would fain be first in when the game is treed. Listen! From over yonder hill comes a new note. There is less of music in it, but there is a steady purpose which tells its own story. The game is treed. What will it be – a veteran old chestnut rotted at the top, which will necessitate the smoking out of Mr. Coon; a big pine without a limb for fifty feet, which will necessitate a good nerve and a proper use of the climbing-irons; or will it be an easy tree, from which Mr. Coon can be shaken with- out difficulty?

It was exciting before; it is doubly so now. You forget the lack of breath, the scratches from the brambles, the tumbles over hidden roots. Listen! Steadily, unceasingly, the dog barks. No danger of Mr. Coon slipping out now. He is treed, and old Bob proposes to see that he stays treed. There he is at the foot of yonder chestnut, looking up into the towering branches and impatiently scratching at the base of the tree. A flash from the lantern on the rough bark shows the claw marks which proclaim that old Bob has made no mistake. Now for the climbing-irons and a long string to lower for the lantern. That tree would be a “phaser” by daylight in the dark there is no thought of its height or size. Up you go, looking along each branch as you come to it. Somewhere, unless, perchance, the wily animal has leaped to a neighboring tree, he is hiding close against the rough bark. There, clear at the top, you see him in the flash of the lantern. Now for the revolver and a good eye. Old Bob, at the foot of the tree, knows as well as you what that sharp, ringing shot in the tree-top means, and, alert and ready, he pounces on the heavy body that falls at his feet.

So the night wanes. Now a coon is lost on the ridges. Again, one is startled at his fishing or jumped in a bordering apple orchard. It is rough work, vigorous work, at times exciting work; and always the game is worth the candle. It means long tramping, it means barked shins and scratched faces, torn clothes and broken shoes, but it is an experience not soon forgotten; and last, but by no means the least, there is a supper at which a king might dine.

Duck Shooting

Down from the north in the first chill November days come the wild fowl, flock on flock. Duck shooting is at its best. Once a duck shooter, always a duck shooter. The sport has a fascination, which, once it has been experienced, never loses its hold. There are few sections traversed by watercourses where this sport cannot be enjoyed to a more or less limited extent. Indeed, the scarcer the game, the greater the skill necessary and the keener the enjoyment of success. Perhaps of all the duck tribe, there is no shyer member than the black or dusky duck, whose distribution is over such wide range. A lover of the night is he, a feeder in the moonlight, coming with the shadows that steal out from the shore as the setting sun drops below the horizon. There is a charm about the hunting of this wily fellow which, whether the bag be full or empty, makes an evening spent in the pursuit of this royal bird one to be jotted down in the calendar of pleasant experiences. Before sunset you take your stand in the wild rice and sedges along the river's edge or in the blinds on the broad marshes. Slowly the sun drops toward the distant hills. Royal sunsets are these in the crisp, cold November days! All the western sky is painted in glorious color. The hills gradually become silhouetted against the orange of the sky. Blacker and blacker they grow, and the shadows stealing out from the opposite shore make seemingly strange and fantastic shore lines with bays and curves of measureless depth where but an hour before the willow-lined bank stretched straight and unbroken. Hark! Back of you is the shrill whistling of wings. Lift but a finger now and your chance is gone. Over you they swing and out across the river, circling warily. How big they are! And what a temptation to shoot, even when the knowledge of long experience teaches you that they are not yet within range. Now they swing in with wings set to drop into the familiar feeding grounds. It is the golden opportunity! The leader with the right, the second bird with the left, and if you have scored a double, you have occasion to accept of self-congratulations. Now a single bird comes in. Again, a pair of "travelers" speed past, nor pause. The night settles down and the moon drifts through the western sky. Out of the blackness beyond comes a subdued quack. There are birds out yonder, and a barely perceptible silver line on the black water signals to you of their approach. In the stillness the barking of a distant dog rings far across the water. An owl sweeps out from the marshes on silent wing nor makes his presence known until he brushes your very head. Thus the evening wanes amid surroundings which make powerful appeal to the imagination.

Wisely, in most places the law forbids the pursuit of ducks with power boats. Black duck, mallards, red-heads and canvas-backs where they are found in the north can rarely be approached by boats. The blue-bills, being of a less suspicious nature, will often allow rowing or paddling within shooting distance. The geese are on their southern migration and if chance brings the opportunity of a successful shot, then indeed is the cup of the hunter full to overflowing.

The Canada goose is of the royal blood, and the successful stalking of a happily discovered flock resting in some quiet pond or marsh is an event in any sportsman's

life. Heavy storms are almost sure to drive some of these big travelers inshore, weary with long struggling. They are less wary then and more easily approached, a fact which leads every gunner of the seacoast to carry a few heavy loads of No. 2 or BB shot in a handy pocket.

Other Water-fowl
“Dip, rise, rise and dip!
From beyond the headlands upward slip
The first long shafts from the king of day,
And the low-hung clouds with crimson flush,
And the jutting headlands burn and blush,
While the starry watchers slip away
From the shining path across the bay.
Dip, rise, rise and dip!
The dories bob and the waters slip.”

Along the seacoast the flight of scoters, commonly called coots, is at its heaviest. With them come the mergansers, or shelldrakes, and the old squaws. These are not commonly included in the list of edible birds, or at least of birds [40] desirable for the table. Admitting that they are neither fish nor fowl, they still may be made into a most luscious and savory stew if one but knows the secret. The pursuit of them, therefore, affords rare sport with a legitimate end in view. For a mile off shore the dories are strung out, a gunshot apart. Far up the bay a black line moves swiftly down across the water. The warning is passed along the line. Everybody drops from sight. With the speed of a railroad train the birds come. Now they see the decoys of the inshore boat, and, turning abruptly, swing in to them. The guns flash, the birds turn again and swing down the line of boats. A fog settles down over the water. A boat length away all is opaque blankness. Only the whistling of the wings warns of their approach. With startling suddenness the birds flash in from the gray curtain. It is quick shooting now or the opportunity is gone. Again, the fog lifts to discover a flock which has swum in unobserved to the decoys. So from daylight until nine o'clock the birds come and go and the sport is at its best. After that there is but little shooting. A good eye, a splendid judgment of distance and a steady hand it takes to shoot wild fowl from a bobbing dory, and the size of the bag is by no means in proportion to the amount of shot which is hurtled out over the waters.

PART III. NATURE-STUDY

“Chestnuts droppin’ in the woodland;
Burs a-openin’ more an’ more;
Barrels full o’ red-cheeked apples;
Cider-suckin’ through a straw;
Quail a-whistlin’ in the stubble;
Whir o’ partridge in the wood,
An’ to crown it all, Thanksgiving!
It’s a month when life is good.”

For those who find no pleasure in the hunt November fields, and woods are still rarely attractive. The falling leaves have opened vistas little suspected, and the retreats with which you thought yourself so thoroughly acquainted become as old friends in new dress. Little paths made by woodland folk suddenly thrust themselves upon your notice. Where in July the eye could pierce but a matter of a few feet into the tangles,

now the path of bunny can be traced in all its winding through the thickets. From every hilltop a new outlook is obtained. The hazel thicket is rich with spoils free to those who seek. With every passing breeze the chestnuts rattle among the dried leaves. Hickorynuts and beechnuts await the pocket of the wanderer. The rabbit thumps his signal and scurries away, his white flag showing clearly against the general brown of the surroundings. Approaching little mud ponds, one always has the delightful expectation of surprising a wood-duck, a black duck or a mallard, for in this month it is in the most unexpected places that one stumbles across them.

The bird student, more fortunate than the botanist, has still much to see and note wherever he roams. The birds first to greet us in the spring are the last to say good-bye in the fall. Not until the latter part of the month is the seed harvest hidden in the snow. This keeps certain of the sparrows with us until even the gleaning days are over. On the meadows and in soft, moist places the snipe still probes until the first hard frost defies his bill. No songs greet the listening ear, but from all directions one hears the beautiful minor call of the quail scattered by the sportsmen. The cheery chick-a-dee is to be counted upon to do his best to make amends for the going of the songsters. Occasionally he may be betrayed into the beautiful sweet "Phoebe" of his love note. In the latter part of the month the kingfisher sounds his rattle for the last time and departs for the south. The vesper, swamp, chipping and field sparrows depart as their food supplies fail. The rear guard of the great army of grackles and blackbirds passes. As the weather grows colder, the beautiful wood-duck seeks a warmer latitude. With him go the two solitary sentinels of the marshes and swamps, the great blue heron and the American bittern. Most of the winter visitants are now here, the brown creeper, the winter wren, the junco, the horned lark and the tree sparrows. As suits their fancy, some of the irregular winter visitants may or may not come in the latter part of this month, such as the red-poll, the snowflake, the red-breasted nuthatch, the pine grosbeak, the American crossbill and the northern shrike. To those who are but just taking up the study of bird life there is a constant surprise in the number of birds to be seen as the cold weather comes on. The list of permanent residents is far longer than the uninitiated dream of. In addition to these, there are always stray visitors from the north and frequently little folk of the summer who elect to spend the winter in warm, sheltered swamps. So it is, though November be barren of flowers and drear in prospect, the bird student will never fail of finding much of interest to take him abroad.

Country Life in America. November, 1902, pp. 37-40.

"Coon Hunting" was reprinted in many newspapers, including *National Tribune*, October 30, 1902.

A Young Man's Room.

B. W. Thornton

While the larger issues in the problem of keeping the boys on the farm are constantly being threshed out, I am inclined to think that many of the smaller issues, side issues if you please, are overlooked. And yet these little things in the aggregate constitute "home life" and it is the "home life" which will hold the boy if anything will.

One of these little matters is the boy's room. I think very few parents realize how a room of his own, a den, appeals to a young man. Certain it is that in the majority of farm houses the young man's room is merely a place to sleep in. There is nothing in it or about it to lure him there when the day's work is done. Very likely he is not himself aware of the delightful possibilities of the little bed room. But once he has had a den he will take a constant and increasing pleasure in it. Outside attractions will lose much of their force and influence.

The fitting up of such a den is largely a matter of individual taste and ingenuity. All men like a place to throw themselves down. The white spread or clean blankets of a bed are prohibitory. Substitute for the bed a spring cot having a mattress. Put this against the wall and make up the bed. Over the whole throw a covering of some pretty inexpensive material which shall reach nearly to the floor on the front and ends. On this throw half a dozen sofa pillows (the young man's feminine friends are likely to supply some of these once they know he is fixing up a den) and he will have a lounge upon which he can throw himself at will. Most attractive window seats or cozy corner seats can be built of old boxes or odd bits of lumber and upholstered with the filling from old mattresses, the covering being of the same material as used on the lounge. A painted floor with rugs, even if they be but pieces of rag carpet, is usually preferred to a carpeted floor and is easier to take care of. For the walls a plain solid color is best, for against this photographs and pictures will show to best advantage. Hooks should be provided for guns, fishing rods and other implements pertaining to his sports. Let him arrange his photographs to suit himself. Provide book shelves where good authors will always be within reach. For the rest let the young man suit himself. He will be quick to see the artistic possibilities of bird nests, the deserted paper domiciles of hornets, the red berried sprays of bitter sweet, and the like. And remember always that his den is his sanctum, a retreat wherein no one has right without his consent.

American Agriculturist. November 1, 1902, p. 26.

The Old Toll Gate.

T. W. B.

To and fro, to and fro,
The old gate swings across the way.
Rich or poor, high or low,
It holds all folk, and bids them stay
Till toll is paid by each and all,
In winter, spring, summer or fall.

To and fro, to and fro,
On rusty hinges doth it squeak—
Back and forth as doth flow
The tide of traffic. And each creak
Is challenge for the old highway,
That he who passes there must pay.

American Agriculturist. November 8, 1902, p. 26.

A Matter of Reading.

Waldo

How to read and get full value for the time thus spent, the greatest amount of profit and pleasure, is often a matter of circumstance. However, there is little question but that systematic reading is practiced altogether too little. Haphazard reading is unfortunate. It is more than that— it is a pernicious habit. By that I mean that it does actual harm. Perhaps it is not serious, but it is real in that it unfits the mind for thorough appreciation of the best in literature.

Try a little systematic reading. Get someone to read with you if possible. For some years I have followed a plan which has been productive of a vast amount of pleasure and profit. By agreement a friend living in a distant city begins reading a given book at the same time I do. We exchange no opinions on the book until it is finished. Then on a date agreed upon each mails to the other a letter giving the general opinion of the story as a whole, impressions made by the various characters, criticisms of plot and style, etc. Thus each gets the unbiased opinion of the other and the reasons therefor. Sometimes the opinions differ radically and keen arguments follow. This plan is productive of most careful reading, and has proved a wonderful stimulus. Try it.

American Agriculturist. November 8, 1902, p. 29.

The Runaway.

T. W. B.

Little Johnny Bear got lost one day;
Fact is, Johnny Bear just ran away,
For a naughty little cub was he.
Fat and happy with a careless air,
Wandered down the road this wilful bear,
When his mother wasn't there to see.

Little Johnny Bear won't go again,
For the sun just hid and sent the rain,
Till his brown fur coat was all wet through,
And he slipped and fell and bumped his nose,
And he scraped his shins and stubbed his toes—
Oh, he won't run away again!
Would you?

American Agriculturist. November 15, 1902, p. 28.

Jimmy's Sweet Hemlock.

T. B.

Did you know that there is such a thing as a sweet hemlock? I didn't until Jimmy told me about his. Then I had to acknowledge that Jimmy was right and that there are hemlocks and hemlocks.

This one was discovered by Jimmy and his sister Sue last June. Jimmy likes to rove about in the fields and woods and so does Sue. Jimmy says she is better than any "feller" he knows of and so they are chums. She can climb trees and run and jump and swim just as well as her brother. As a result she is a robust little girl, splendidly developed and is going to grow up into the strong healthy woman everyone admires.

But this is digressing. One day while they were way over in the back pasture getting acquainted with some field sparrows and meadow larks nesting there, they heard a great commotion among a flock of crows, a tremendous cawing and calling of names in crow talk.

"See 'em around that old hemlock! I wonder if they've found an owl there!" exclaimed Sue.

"Let's go see!" said Jimmy promptly.

The tree was a big one and an old one and for 12 feet or more down the trunk was a dead streak. As the children approached the crows flew away, cawing excitedly. Vainly Jimmy's sharp eyes scanned the thick top. "Don't see nothin'," said he. "I'm goin' up."

Sue sat on the ground watching the small figure swarm up the tree. Presently Jimmy shouted down "There's a hole up in this dead part. Bet there's a squirrel or a screech owl in it."

The little girl on the grass watched through dreamy eyes the brother in the hemlock. Suddenly there was a wild yell from the tree. Her eyes flew open wide now. Jimmy was coming down! My how he did come down! It seemed as if he just dropped from one branch to another. And all the time one hand was waving frantically about his head. Down he came with a wild jump from the lower branches, and then she saw that all about him the air was full of bees.

Poor Jimmy. He had been stung on the end of the nose, on his forehead and on his arms. Sue picked out the stings and administered a daub of mud to each smarting spot.

Such a looking sight as Jimmy was when he reached home! How his mother did laugh!

"I don't care," said Jimmy, "I'm goin' to have some honey in the fall." And so he did, for with big brother Jack to help, and well protected by gloves and netting, they cut open the old tree. From it they took eighteen pounds of clear white clover honey. And that is why Jimmy speaks of the old tree as a sweet hemlock.

American Agriculturist. November 15, 1902, p. 28.

Between Father and Son.

W. McDonald

Why is it that fathers and sons are often so far apart in the understanding of each other? It is contrary to the laws of God and nature. It is antagonistic, and in many cases fatal, to that unity and harmony of feeling which makes the home life, the life beautiful. And yet we see it again and again. There is seemingly no community of interest between the father and the boy. Each misjudges and neither understands the other.

I have in mind a case in point. The father never understood boys. His idea of a rightful training was to make his authority paramount. He believed, or at least appeared to believe, that to condemn was the effective way to promote desire to accomplish better things. He seemed not to understand the vital need of a little leaven of encouragement. To-day his only son lives in the same city but not in his father's home. The boy has grown up under the burden of a great wrong. When he could bear it no longer, he went out from under his father's roof in the hope thus to end the constant friction. The boy is not understood by his father and knows it. Yet he is, and since his birthday, he has been, the apple of his father's eye. The man's whole life is bound up in the boy yet both are miserable.

The key to the whole unhappy affair lies in the fact that there is not and never has been a spark of "comradeship" between the two. It is the man who becomes one with his boys, who enters into their games, plays ball with them, goes hunting and fishing with them, gives ready ear to their petty troubles, joins in their enthusiasms, laughs at their knocks and bumps and lets them laugh at his—it is this man who gains the confidence, the admiration and the love of his boys. And having these he possesses the power to shape character. Give me the boy who in a dispute flashes out with the power of conviction "My father says"—.

Not all the logic of boyish argument or the might of freckled knuckles will shake that boy's faith in his father.

Fathers, know your sons. Become their good comrades—their chums.

American Agriculturist. November 15, 1902, p. 30; by-line is "Waldo" in *New England Homestead*.

Our Woolly Horse.

T.W.B.

You other folk may brag about
The steppers that you drive;
That trot or pace or single-foot—
“No better horse alive!”
That go in 2.08 or six,
Or maybe step in two;
We wouldn't swap old Woolly for
The best that you can do.

It may be that she isn't fast,
And sometimes we must wait,
But we don't have to hobble her
To make her hold her gait.
She doesn't suddenly go lame,
She's gentle and she's sound —
We wouldn't swap for any horse
In all the country 'round.

American Agriculturist. November 22, 1902, p. 26.

Fishing Through the Ice.

W. B. Thornton

Not for him who fears old King Frost, nor for him whose life fires burn low, is this mid-winter sport. But for him who is rugged and rejoices in his strength, in whom the red blood courses gloriously and for whom there is a welcome challenge in every blast of the north wind, – for such was fishing through the ice intended. And I prithee, gentle angler, take not offence that I have numbered this mode of circumventing the finny tribes among legitimate sports. I will, if you please, cast my scarlet ibis beside your brown hackle on the edge of the black shadows of the pool when gentle summer fares, and will feel myself of all men most blest. But that shall not detract one whit from the joy of a race across hard ice in response to the signals of a tiny red flag – when December has sent you to your open fire and memories. Even now the first glimpse of ice takes me back to the little village pond of boyhood and the big pickerel which lurked beneath its shining surface. No fancy spring-fitted “type” were there in those days; but instead we youngsters burned a hole near one end of a two-foot piece of lath, thrusting through this a round stick. The line was made fast to the end of the lath having the hole, while at the opposite end was tacked a bit of red flannel. The long stick crossing the hole in the ice brought the end of the lath over the center. When a fish was hooked the pull on the line tipped up the lath and the signal was set. And I have not found the fish of these later years any heavier or any sweeter (if, indeed, they be as sweet) than those brought flopping on the ice from the primitive contrivance of the long-gone days.

But for the sport of to-day. There are several styles of types and all are good. The main thing is to have plenty of these outfits. And having these, search out a pond, preferably a lonesome pond, whereon the skaters are few and where you are of the certain knowledge that the fish are many and large. Then may you prepare for a sport peculiarly Winter’s own.

Get you out as early as may be after a good hot breakfast, for there is work and plenty of it before the baited hooks may be dropped. How the axe rings on the ice as the crystal slivers fly, throwing many a rainbow glint, as they catch the morning sun! As fast as a hole is cut, a type is set close to it, the hook baited with a minnow or shiner from the bait pail. Cold work which makes the fingers tingle, this baiting up! But at last it is done and your two or more dozen type are set. Then on with crisp cold air your skates for a five minutes’ dash in the to send the blood leaping into the numbed extremities!

See! Is not that a fluttering signal? And look, way over beyond on the far side of the cove are two more! Who now shall say that ice angling lacks excitement! Will the second and third get free while you are landing the first? Are they perch or pickerel or is one a muskellunge? You know it isn’t, but perhaps – Ah, what were an angler’s life were it not for that delightful “perhaps!” But then muskellunge are caught through the ice and you have even heard of one being caught which was so large that the hole in the ice had to be chopped considerably larger in order to get him out.

So the day grows old. A snapping fire on the shore waves its red banners to you as your numbed fingers rebait a hook. Over its embers you will broil the white, sweet flaky flesh of a pickerel, and washing it down with a cup of hot coffee, vow that a king's patrimony would offer no inducement for an exchange. A flock of chickadees call cheerful greetings and a downy woodpecker beats a tattoo on a tall pine. A flurry of snow covers the ice thinly until the wind in a mad puff drives it all off in glistening, scurrying whirligigs. For an hour there is no sign from the type, and then, as if by a prearranged signal, several are sprung at once. But whether sprung or not, each must be visited just so often to keep the hole from freezing over, and the minnow pail must be watched that its prisoners are not placed in fetters.

Keener than all else, perhaps, is the pleasure of close communion with Nature in her harsher moods, when she shows her naked strength and the timid are afraid. So will you wend your way homeward with your catch as the cold brilliant diamonds of a December sky come out one by one, and you will be as a new man for the vigor that is in you, and you will be happy. For who is he of the true angling fraternity who goeth fishing and is not happy? The members of this gentle brotherhood who seek their favorite sport amid the rigors of a northern winter may have cold hands, forsooth, but I trow their hearts are warm and happy.

Country Life in America. December, 1902, p. 67-68

Walking in Winter.

W. B. Thornton

Behold the hills and the glory thereof! The ruthless hand of the winter has stripped their forests of foliage save where the evergreens spread their dark mantle. Rivulet and spring are in fetters. The song birds have left but memories of melody. The perfume of flowers is of long-gone days. All that is delicate and fragile has been crushed by a merciless force. Yet who shall know the hills in winter and not exclaim, "Behold the glory thereof!"

In the delicacy of her summer verdure Nature is beautiful. In her rugged strength, as she is to be seen only in the winter, she is sublime. Alas! that so many, the very great majority, even of those who fain would be her disciples, know but one side, a single phase. The winding sheet of the first snow drives them to city and town, there to hibernate until the piping of the first hyla presages the coming of the spring.

Turn you to the hills when the breath of the north wind strikes dismay to the hearts of the timid and the snow wraith wraps the landscape. There shall you find inspiration and increase of vigor from contact with elementary forces, and a broader comprehension of the great outdoor world that we call Nature.

Tramping seems to have been assigned to the category of summer and fall pleasures. This is wrong radically wrong. It should be one of the healthful pastimes of every month in the whole year. Winter tramping and particularly winter hill climbing is at once healthful, exhilarating and altogether charming. In the hills and smaller mountains a light snow is an advantage rather than otherwise. Shod with arctics and with stout leggings, sweater, warm gloves, a cap which shall be a protection for the ears and a stout staff, the true lover of the hills will hail joyously the first six-inch fall of snow, especially if it be a trifle damp, so that it packs.

Steep slopes afford a footing where the bare frozen ground would have yielded a precarious hold. Ledges are negotiated with greater ease. It is possible to reach the summit and to return with less strain on the muscles and fewer falls. With more than six inches the work of hill-climbing increases unless one takes to snow-shoes, at delight of which others have told in this magazine. On level ground snow is a disadvantage from the view point of the pedestrian walking for the exercise alone.

In hill-work care must be taken to be sure of the underlying foundation before venturing over bad ledges or across steep slopes. Often it is glare ice, and a careless step may mean disaster. But with the exercise of due caution one can safely cross in the snow icy places which, bare, would verge on the dangerous.

And what a glorious outing a day's tramp over snow-covered hill and vale affords! What splendid vistas are revealed to him who dares a winter walk! It is not easy work, but great in its reward. The splendid crisp, clear air is a tonic which awakens response in every part of the body. The exercise is of just that nature to bring into play every muscle; and thus, though the temperature hover about the zero mark, there is a splendid

glow over all the person. The cold is unheeded.

What experiences come to him who takes the open field on a winter day, neglecting roads and paths and wandering away and away towards the sky! Who has never stood on a mountain top and looked afar across a snowy landscape, dazzling white in the sunlight, until on the horizon it softens into a blur of soft blue; who has never clambered over ledges and marveled at the handiwork of Frost, the miner, splitting and rending solid rock; who has never seen and loved the frame-work of the trees sharply outlined against the blue; who has never felt the force of a winter wind, and slipping down from exposure to its cutting edge, come suddenly upon a sheltered spruce swamp with a bit of open water in its heart and therein the cheerful green of the pungent water-cress; who has never traced a hare to her form or followed the written record of the night-doings of a fox; who has never investigated the deserted homes of insects. and of birds; who has never in winter become the center of a cheerful flock of chattering chickadees, or listened to the sharp rapping of a hairy woodpecker in the midst of what, but for this, is silence absolute, – who has not had experiences like these knows not the mountains, neither does he understand the full significance of the psalmist's words, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."

Country Life in America. December, 1902. p. 69.

The First Snow.

T. W. Burgess

Yesterday the earth lay bare and brown and drear. A night has passed and lo! a soft mantle of purity has covered all things. The earth is shriven of its cheerlessness. The meanest shrub of but a day since has become a shrine of beauty at which the early sunbeams pay joyful homage. The brown monotony of dead fields has given place to level of glistening expanses white. Quaintly moulded alabaster mounds give no hint that there stand the rough tangled corn shocks. The frost magician has waved his wand above gray weather-beaten fences and piles of moss-covered stones, and behold exquisitely carved boundary fences!

But would you behold in the full glory of its dazzling beauty the world of snow, seek you the woodland. Thither take your way single of heart, and, with reverence worship at the shrine of nature. There is the old path dear to memory of long-gone days, transformed now. Where once it crept uncertain, wavering, it now winds boldly up through the bushes to the thicket of oaks, its unbroken blankness standing out sharply, while on either side countless tiny brown branches push up out of the dead level, only to bend back again with feathery, puffy loads. Look beyond! There are other paths, tiny paths of woodland folk, whereof the summer dropped no hint. Now they catch your eye long before you reach them, little white ribbons in a woof of white. The bull brier and wild rose tangle has become a loom on which is woven the rarest and most intricate of lace patterns.

What a perfect stillness reigns, until, from the birches the cheery greeting of chickadee bids you share with him in the joyousness of a rarely beautiful day! A little farther on a sharp rat-a-tat-tat rings clearly on the crisp, frosty air. At every tap a tiny puff of white powder floats from the dead limb of yonder beech, on the underside of which a sober little chap in black and white with crimson cap, a downy woodpecker, is working briskly.

Strange and fantastic are the shapes where in summer sly old brambles plucked at you as you passed. Mystic signs and symbols are traced by wind-swayed grasses protruding from the smooth, white covering.

Among the hardwood trees old friends give you greeting, each in its own proper shape – yet how changed! It is only when you stand directly beneath, and looking up, trace the brown line of the underside of each branch and twig, that you can dispel the illusion that this is in truth not a forest of enchantment. But it is among the pines and the spruces that the spell of the enchanter becomes complete. Verily, it is a new world, a land of beautiful white mounds and wonderful caverns on every side.

See, at your feet a woodland sprite has left his autograph, two little parallel lines, such as you might make by pressing the length of your fore-finger in the snow, alternating with two little dots! Hither and thither it winds through the woods, apparently as aimless as your purpose in this morning's visit. Suddenly, with a sharp squeal, a small brown form springs from a marvelous cavern formed by an overhanging

bush, and scurries away with a funny bobbing gait. Then curiosity gets the better of him, and bunny pauses to sit up straight and motionless, as it were, to fathom your designs. Other stories are there, written for you if you will but read, by squirrel and fox, by grouse and hare, and even by tiny little mice. All the story of woodland life, its pleasure and its pathos, is traced clearly there. Who shall read it and not ponder on the mystery of life!

The first snow – it is a purity which purges the land of all uncleanness. Your intrusion seems a profanation.

Country Life in America. December 1902, p. 93-94.

The Winter World.

W. B. Thornton

Nothing could be more erroneous than this mistaken idea that desolation possesses the earth for the enduring of a northern winter. Eyes have they, but they see not, – these folk who talk of wintry wastes. Forgive them their error. Pity their ignorance.

Because she does not make display so that the least observant must behold as in the summer, Nature is not less rich. She has but locked her treasures beyond all harm. Yet to him who seeks with true intent and purpose she freely offers the key to her vaults.

The trees, except the evergreens, are bare and leafless. True. But if you know them, they are hardly less fascinating than when clothed in living green. Each according to its kind guards within itself that eternal mystery which we call life. There before us in closely sealed buds, are the myriad leaves of a yet unborn summer, the buds of each variety different from those of its neighbor. There is no more charming incentive for winter tramps than the study of trees. It is comparatively easy to name them in summer when each flutters its private signal from every twig, but to recognize them by the bark and undeveloped buds of the season of rest is another matter — a study delightful in itself.

Nor are copse and field as barren of animal life as popularly supposed. On the contrary, a host of friends in fur and feathers will be met by one who invades their domain. And they are the easier to study now for the exposure of their erstwhile hidden retreats. Sir Reynard is to be met with almost any morning. Br'er Rabbit and Puss, the hare, are easily traced to their forms, and their acquaintance made by design instead of mere chance. Along open brooks one sometimes meets that warm-coated but shy fellow, the mink. On the meadows mice make little runways under the snow, watched by the rough-legged hawk, the wariest of his tribe. Of the birds there are many – social chickadees, quiet, industrious brown creepers, noisy blue-jays, Corvus the crow, cheerful and confiding tree-sparrows from the North, snow buntings and goldfinches banded together in community of interests where the grass seeds are most plentiful, hairy and downy woodpeckers policing the orchard trees, sober-hued juncos, golden-crowned kinglets in which the spark of life but burns the stronger as the cold strengthens, grouse and quail, the redpoll, the pine siskin, the herring. Gull – any or all of these and others, all in sober plumage, one may meet during a winter ramble, to give the lie to those who cry, “The birds have flown.” And even friends of June you may chance upon in sheltered swamps.

Nor are the trees, the beasts and the birds all that the keen observer will find for his delight. Seemingly gone is the insect world, yet like the trees these winged creatures of softer days do but sleep. On bush and tree-twig and on stout weed-stalk, under rough bits of bark, fastened to post and rail of old fences, and under the eaves of buildings are curiously woven cradles to be collected now for what they will bring forth when Spring sets free all bonds. You who have eyes to see, go you forth even in the winter, for verily your reward will be great!

Country Life in America. December 1902, p. 94-95.

How Plants Travel.

Waldo

This is the season of year when the little plant people become great travelers. I wonder how many of our boys and girls ever stopped to think and wonder how it happens that every old fence is lined with all sorts of trees and bushes, most of them of fruit or berry bearing varieties. How does it happen that the fields on either side are free? Why is it that there are so many more kinds of weeds along the fence? Every one of you who uses his eyes at all has noted how the fence is the favorite resting place of the birds. What more natural than that they should drop the seed of the fruits they eat? Thus a wild cherry half a mile away establishes a colony along the old fence.

Walk through the fields now and listen to the little rattle boxes around your feet. Every once in a while one snaps and away pop the seeds in all directions! Many of you have laughed at the way the jewel-weed snaps out its seeds and I dare say some of you have been bombarded by the hard little pellets of the witchhazel. Now you didn't stop to think that those were little plant folk traveling, did you? And how many of you ever thought of the burr that sticks to your clothes and ruins your temper as a colony of little plants on a journey? Yet such is the burr. Lots more interesting viewed in that light isn't it?

The beggar-tick and the familiar little pitch fork are two more who take advantage of you to see the world and incidentally to spread their tribes abroad. Then there are myriads of little seed balloonists, who have long since solved the problem of aerial navigation with which man has struggled so long. Miles and miles they travel. But not alone are seeds content to journey on land and in the air, but many of them are voyagers who in little boats float down the rivers. The next time you see a seed pick it up and see if you can tell how it reached the spot where you found it.

American Agriculturist. December 13, 1902, p. 25.

Another Day.

T. W. Burgess

But yesterday the Old Year told
Her beads in sorrow and the earth
Lay sad and drear; and through the world,
Disconsolate as one who mourned.
A great wind moaned. Above the place
Where trilliums nodded and there rang
The thrushes' song a little space
Wept heavy clouds in silent grief.

Another day doth dawn and lo!
In vestal white the New Year comes.
Repentant, Earth lies wrapped in snow,
All shriven of impurity.
And in the homes of men behold
New hopes, new inspirations and
New faith! New joy which doth enfold
The future, and no sorrow is.

American Agriculturist. January 3, 1903, p. 30.

Reprinted in *The Brookings Register*, January 14, 1909, credited to *Success Magazine*.

1903

Burgess continued to contribute verse and articles to the *American Agriculturist* but no short stories during this year. Most of the poems credited to “T. W. B.” accompanied illustrations, usually photographs. One of these, “Mammy’s Full Measure,” was written in stereotypical black dialect. “The Outdoor Folk,” one of the few pieces in 1903 credited to “Waldo,” previewed an attitude toward wild nonhuman animals that would become the foundation of his bedtime story newspaper feature.

Burgess wrote his last pieces for the *Springfield Homestead* during this year, contributing a poem and a series of articles on outdoor recreation.

“W.B. Thornton” continued to be a productive pseudonym in 1903. Burgess wrote three long feature stories for under this name for *Good Housekeeping* about various aspects of the seafood industry, finished up his calendar series for *Country Life in America* in January, and contributed three stories for the prestigious large-circulation weekly, *Collier’s*, about gardening and camping. [source: Internet Archive *Collier’s* collection] The most reprinted and commented upon story in newspapers, however, was a survey of new agricultural technology titled “The Revolution by Farm Machinery,” published in the monthly, *World’s Work*, in August. [source: HathiTrust *World’s Work* collection.]

Finally, the section includes a story about the author and engineer, F. Hopkinson Smith, in the *Saturday Evening Post* found in the scrapbook without a byline. Burgess, given his love of fishing, is likely the “follower of Isaak Walton” depicted.

A Calendar of the Opening of the Year.

W. B. Thornton.

In vesture of pure, dazzling white, with Storm for her herald and Frost for her page, January enters. Flowers and songs are not for her, nor the laughter of running brooks, nor the murmur of lapping waters. But in the fierce slogan of the North wind, in the merciless grip of Winter's icy hand doth she rejoice. Not for her are the fragile and the weak, but she joys in the stout of heart, and to the strong she giveth of her strength. Courage and vigor are her gifts, and inspiration to high achievement she instills in the heart of him who comes to meet her. The climbing sun strengthens with her approach and hope reanimates a saddened world. All things she promises, and who so cowardly as to harbor a doubt? So enters January, and we give her joyous greeting.

PART I. ON THE FARM

This is one of the farmer's rest months. Lumbering and wood-cutting, sledding out timber and fire-wood and, for those who believe in the practice, sledding out manure to the fields, furnish the most active out-door work. The daily routine of home chores and the care of stock must be attended to. See that stock is well housed and in no danger of suffering from cold. Keep the horses well sharpened to prevent slips and strains on icy going. Harvest ice. Send for seed catalogues and lay out the work for next season. Look after vegetables in cellars and pits. Overhaul tools and put them in order. Send for agricultural bulletins and become thoroughly posted on the latest advances along lines pertaining to agriculture and farm work. See that the hens are well housed and that they get fresh water daily. Order nursery stock.

PART II. NATURE-STUDY

The Winter Woods. – When Summer wove her garlands, when soft airs were heavy with sweet perfumes, when the mingled melodies of great hosts of feathered singers delighted the listening ear – then you sought the wood, not for itself alone, but for what it held, for the flowers that bloomed there, and for the wild folk to whom it was a temple of refuge. Now you will visit it for itself, or rather for the individuality of its component trees. Then you saw it as a whole. The leaves of one tree blended with the darker or lighter shades of its neighbors, and each had an individuality only as a component and necessary part of one of Nature's masterpieces. In its own cloak of green each hid itself.

Trees in Winter. – But enter now this self-same wood and you shall find a delight in forming tree friendships. For now, in its nakedness, does each tree come into its own, – into its individuality, or personality if you please. All its peculiarities, its characteristics, are self-evident. Each tree stands for itself and by itself.

The Conifers. – Only the evergreens, the pines, the spruces, the hemlocks, the cedars and the firs are unchanged. All the secrets hidden there in the summer are still locked fast. Yet, after all, the impress on the mind is different. Yon huge pine, over whose head a century may have rolled, awakened your admiration when

August breezes sighed through its branches. But it needed just these surroundings of desolation, this display of winter's fierce, tremendous strength, to awaken a true sense of the old tree's character. It was magnificent before, but now it is clothed with grandeur. How defiantly it throws out its mighty limbs! Storm and frost it reckes not of. Can one look upon such a tree, and fail of inspiration for life's battles?

The Deciduous Trees. – But it is in the other trees, the bare, leafless trees, we find the greatest interest now. They are a fascinating study, to the trained botanist as species; to the tyro as individuals. Every knot, every scar, each peculiar twist and turn of stem and branch, attracts the eye. And each being an “effect” awakens a desire to know the “cause.” So gradually each tree unfolds its story – the tragedies (for who shall look upon a noble tree shattered by storm and regard it as less than tragic) and the comedies of its life-history. They are all written there for whoever will to read. Yonder a mighty hemlock shows the scar of a lightning bolt, yet rears its head in triumph still. Within sight of it a young hickory sapling stands, yielding the last of its feeble life to the murderous strangle-hold of the bitter-sweet. Go forth amongst the trees and make friends with them, that when they are clothed in the glory of their summer dress you may greet them, not as strangers, but as old and familiar acquaintances. No friendship is there that shall better stand the test of time than the friendship of a tree.

Winter Buds. – And if you would seek to know the trees from a botanical standpoint, January is, of all months, the month to begin. How many of the old friends, whom you could tell at a glance when they fluttered their green signals in the summer, can you name accurately now? Not as many as you think, I'll warrant. Now is the time to study them, to observe and compare the little brown or red or gray treasure boxes – the buds – within which, locked fast, are the identification cards to be presented only to Mistress Spring. The warmer days the latter part of next month will produce a material change in many of these, so that a study of them now is of distinct advantage.

Birds' Nests and Cocoons. – But it is not for themselves alone that the wanderer afield will observe the trees and bushes. Secrets of their own they still guard well, but the secrets of other folk they freely tell. Now you may know where the vireo hid her nest in June and where the yellow warbler dwelt in peace and seclusion. Every thicket and strip of woodland has something of this nature to tell. And for sharp eyes there is more – the present abiding places of a great host of the insect world. This is a good month in which to gather cocoons. You will find them apparently withered leaves hanging from the twigs of wild cherry trees, little silken bundles bound fast to the stems of stout weeds or slender saplings, cottony little packages on the under-side of old rails. In fact, there is almost no end to the places where you will find them, or the queer shapes they will be in when once you have trained your eyes to see and recognize them. A collection of cocoons will afford many hours of pleasure and delightful surprises when the sleeping tenants begin to waken in the spring. Now is a good time. to begin the study of life histories.

The First Sign of New Life. – Nor are only these to be sought by the nature student. Even now in certain warm swamps, in the beds of shallow running brooks and around springs which do not freeze, the sturdy skunk-cabbage is stoutly pushing its

hardy sheaths up into the world of frost. You who in the spring pass with disdain this homely habitant of the swamp because of its fetid breath, wait until, tramping through the snow of a winter landscape, you come suddenly upon the brownish green spear-heads of this dauntless forerunner of the spring bravely thrust above the protecting earth. You never will forget it. It seems as if in the instant of that first glimpse of the skunk-cabbage the winter had been dealt its death-blow. There is proof that already are the forces of the spring at work. Admiration will mature into some-thing akin to affection for this ill-smelling denizen of the swamp.

The January Thaw. – Other surprises one sometimes meets with. Never shall I forget the delicate pink blossoms of trailing arbutus I one time found blushing beside a huge snowbank on the seventh day of January. Then and there was a calendar date established which shall stand forth conspicuously while life shall be. Always there are sturdy mosses, ferns and evergreens to be found and gathered. During a January thaw you may even go butterfly-hunting, for on an exceptionally warm day you will sometimes find dozens of yellow-edged butterflies, *Antiopa*, fluttering in a sunny spot. The snow-flea is another queer little insect sometimes to be found in great numbers. Walking through timber, it may chance you will find a number of dead bees about the foot of a big tree. Search its trunk and larger branches with the aid of your opera-glasses. Somewhere above is the hole from which they have come, for fortune has led you to a bee tree, and these are the hapless ones who have succumbed to the winter and been cast forth.

The Birds. – The bird-lover will find many old friends and some transient strangers. Bob- White and the ruffed grouse are to be found almost any day. This is also true of the crow, the blue jay, the cheerful chickadee, the downy woodpecker, the white-breasted nuthatch and the goldfinch. Less often met, but most always to be found when sought in the right places, are the flicker, hairy woodpecker, short-eared owl, barred owl, screech owl, red-tailed hawk, red-shouldered hawk, sparrow hawk, sharp-shinned hawk, marsh hawk and red-headed woodpecker. Fortune being very kind, you may add a bald eagle, Cooper's hawk, broad winged hawk, duck hawk, long-eared owl, great horned owl, bluebird, cedar waxwing or song-sparrow to your list. Even a robin may occasionally be found in warm swamps. All of these are permanent dwellers within your domain. Of summer sojourners in colder climates you are almost sure to find several come down to spend the winter, among them the herring gull, the social tree sparrow, the junco, winter wren, busy brown creeper, vivacious golden-crowned kinglet and the horned lark. Less often met with, but always to be watched out for, are such irregular visitors as the pine siskin, American and white winged crossbill, red-breasted nuthatch, pine grosbeak, redpoll, snowflake and saw whet owl. Indeed, the woods and thickets, so far from being untenanted, shelter many feathered folk whose acquaintance may easily be made at this time.

Verily, this first month of the year is a good month in which to begin journeys afield, to form an acquaintance with, and to learn to know and to love Mother Nature.

PART III. FOX - HUNTING

The incentive for invasions of nature's domain as often as may be are many.

Of bird-shooting, save the pursuit of ducks, there is none. But the bay of the hound awakens all the echoes of the early morning, for these are the days when the heart of the fox-hunter is glad. There are probably no sportsmen who more thoroughly enjoy their favorite pursuit than the fox-hunters. Of these there are two classes, those of the South who ride to hounds, and those of the North who secure their brushes by a thorough knowledge of the ways and the tricks of Reynard, and by a true eye and ready shot-gun. There is sometimes a noticeable tendency on the part of the former to condemn what they term the "sneak" methods of the latter. Take not offense, you who have stood on a familiar run in the early half light of a winter morning and listened to the full-throated music of the hounds rolling across the valley, straight toward where you are waiting, only to swing suddenly, and in clear, soul-stirring melody die away down the old wood road where yesterday you kept as vain a watch. Pity their ignorance, for they know not what they decry. There is room for both classes, for often where one flourishes the other is impossible.

Deep snows, of course, effectually put a stop to fox-hunting, but January usually brings many days when the scent lies strong and the hounds tug at the leash which holds them in check. How eagerly they quarter the ground! Ah, there is a scent, cold as yet, but certain evidence that Reynard has been abroad. The younger dogs give tongue now and again as a strong taint strikes their nostrils. Excitedly they work it out, now overrunning and now with infinite patience unraveling the intricacies of the trail. But watch the veteran of the pack! Who shall say that animals have no reasoning power! Wasting no time, he casts in a wide circle, which gives him the scent so hot that in a few minutes he has Master Red going. In splendid volume, in which one can almost imagine there is the least bit of mockery, his voice rolls back down to the inexperienced youngsters struggling with the cold scent below. Instantly they give tongue in response and are away in pursuit.

Now it is that a knowledge of the country is essential. Will he take the old hill run? Will he make the famous Grassy Pond circuit which includes the back pasture, or will he go straight away for parts unknown? You elect to wait by the bars on the edge of the sheep pasture and the cross-country run to get there first starts the perspiration, despite the sharp edge of the morning. On the still frosty air the music of the hunt vibrates, now faint and fainter until the straining ear can but just catch it, and now, as an intervening hill is circled, bursting forth clear and strong. Knowing the country, the story of the chase is read in the clamor of eager tongues as if you were there to see. You know when the wily fellow jumps from stone to stone in the brook. You are told how he ran along the stone wall and then leaped far into the field. In your mind you can see him at his old tricks on the rail fence. But old Spot knows these tricks, too, and there are but momentary breaks in the baying of the dogs. So you wait, every nerve tense; every sense concentrated to catch the first intimation of the approach of the soft-footed free booter of the thickets. All the air is filled with the insistent clamor of the dogs. You catch occasional glimpses of them now, running through the wood, but still no sign of Reynard. Then, like an apparition, a red shadow, stealing along the edge of the pasture, then boldly trotting down the road, he appears. How or whence he came you cannot say. Now he pauses to look back and to listen to the hounds trying to solve his latest puzzle. Will he come within gunshot? You hold your breath. He trots forward a few

steps and then – was there an involuntary movement on your part? Without apparent haste or abruptness and yet with a swiftness which leaves you gaping foolishly, he turns aside and is gone. Where? Leave it to the dogs, and, shouldering your gun, turn home-ward defeated, yet withal enjoying defeat, for the knowledge that a red-coated free-lance worthy of all your skill still roams the hills.

Few sports, if any, quicken the powers of observation as does fox-hunting. The hunter waiting on his run is a spectator of countless little comedies and tragedies of wood-land life. There is seemingly an understanding among these wild things that the silent watcher will harm them not, but rather that he is there to avenge all that they have suffered from the red robber who has long dwelt in their midst. But more than this, there is constant entertainment furnished by Br'er Fox himself. There is no old fox-hunter but can relate countless tales of the sagacity and wit of this renegade in eluding pursuers; and it is this strategic power, this crafty intelligence, which is one of the greatest charms of the chase. January is a month when there is little else to take the lover of the gun afield, but Reynard is always ready for a run with the dogs, even in this month of ice and snow.

But the fox-hunters may not hold the field altogether alone. Bunny is to be found in bramble tangle and close-grown thickets, to be tramped out or run with beagles. When he is in mood for a run he will furnish a lively bit of entertainment. Those who love the music of the hunt find rare pleasure in listening to a brace of beagles as they unravel and bring to naught all the twists and turns and clever wiles of Bunny. Indeed, not a few put their dogs in with no intention of killing the game, but for the pure delight of watching and hearing the dogs work. It sometimes seems as if the rabbit was aware of their peaceful intentions at these times, for he will play about in a small circle for half an hour or more before holing up, affording many opportunities to observe and study the ways of this long-legged little graycoat. Indeed, he seems quite to enter into the spirit of the game, and a delightful winter's afternoon can be thus spent.

Country Life in America. January, 1903. p. 129-132.

Every One Should Have a Garden.

W. B. Thornton.

It happened that need of a drayman [man who delivers via horse and wagon] led me one warm June evening of last year to the home of a Jehu [chariot driver], whom I had often seen around the wharves. He was a burly fellow, a big muscular Scot, strong of feature and rough of manner. I found a modest frame dwelling with a tiny plot of green in front – one could hardly call it a lawn. On one side of the door a Crimson Rambler, carefully trained to the second story, brightened the whole dingy street with its dash of vivid color. And the sweet breath of a honeysuckle climbing up the other side mingled with the fragrance of a window-box of mignonette.

“Yir ‘ill be findin’ him wi’ the flooers, I’m thinkin,” said Mrs. MacPherson, as she led me through the house.

Rarely have I encountered so delightful a surprise as was afforded me with the first glimpse of that diminutive backyard. Every square inch of that little fenced-in surface was under cultivation. On one side fresh crisp green heads of lettuce, radishes, beets, tomatoes and cucumbers were growing thriftily. On the other, bright-faced flower folk nodded greeting. On his knees, transplanting pansies and humming to himself softly the while, was MacPherson. It seemed incredible that his great hands could so deftly and gently handle the tender seedlings. But the touch of love was there, and the look of it was in his face as he turned to greet me with:

“Eh, mon! What were life wi’oot the green things growin’?”

Thus I came to know MacPherson the gardener, the other man who was, yet was not, MacPherson the drayman.

What were life without the green things indeed! I am always filled with pity for the man who cannot understand the love of a garden and who sees no sense in puttering over plants. Pity him, for he is not of the Brotherhood, and is but ignorant. It is safe to say that he never has had a garden.

Everyone should have a garden – that is, every home should contain plant life, especially in the summer months, if no more than a window-box filled with nasturtiums. A house without flowers is like a house without children-something of the best of life is missing. Flowers in the home, particularly growing flowers, exert a wonderful influence in the household. They possess an indefinable quality which touches the hardest nature. Their presence changes the whole aspect of a room. So I say that every home should have a garden. Apart from the pleasure which the flowers give in themselves, their beauty and fragrance, there is an even greater delight for those who watch them grow, who work over them and nurse them and lend such aid as may be to good Dame Nature. This is as true of the vegetable as of the posy beds. Who has never prepared a seed bed, and then watched the tiny green plants pushing up through the brown soil, wondering which are weeds and which the sprouting seeds, has missed something of life. In most of us is an inherent desire to get close to Mother Earth once

in a while. A garden affords the opportunity.

Granting that a certain amount of labor is involved in the care of a garden, it is labor with both immediate and future compensation. Its immediate returns are threefold – recreation, health and mental stimulus by contact with elemental forces. Its future gains are – the harvest.

The true recreation is after all but a change of occupation, not a surcease from all activity. And what more complete or delightful a change than throwing aside the cares, the worries and perplexing problems of the day's routine, to get down close to Mother Earth, to be among the green things growing. Ah, there in truth is recreation! A tiny tender bit of plant life pushes up through the brown mould, and lo! even as we watch it from day to day, a type of life is recreated. And, ministering to its needs, something of its own tranquil, persistent uplifting enters the tired brain, the troubles vanish and the peace of the evening hour and the garden enters. Every breath of the pure blessed out-of-door air is doing its splendid work of repair and building up of wasted tissues. Verily, here is recreation. So again I say every one should have a garden.

And for you who have no place for sentiment, I also say, "Have a garden." Why? Let me serve you up this cool, fresh, crisp cucumber from my garden instead of that wilted leathery travesty on freshness from the market. This is my answer. You have not eaten radishes who have not pulled them from hotbed or window-box or from the open garden and, washed and shining brightly, had them served on your table within the five minutes. So to you practical folks I say, because you can have better vegetables, because you can have more vegetables, because your vegetables will cost you less, because you are practical and hard-headed, by all means have a garden.

No flower lover will ask me why. The humblest home is made beautiful by the presence of flowers, and where they are to be found, something of the brightness of life can not fail to enter in.

Who has not grown flowers knows them not and who knows them not can not in truth love them.

So every one should have a garden, for in one form or another it is within the means of all. Plan it now. Experience the delight of poring over the catalogues, of sending for things your neighbors haven't got, of getting the first greetings of the spring in the delicate green of the window-boxes. Have a garden, for in a garden dwelleth Peace, and Health and Happiness wait upon her.

Collier's. January 10, 1903, p 18.

Reprinted in newspapers including *Indianapolis Journal*, January 25, 1903.

Planning the Garden.

W. B. Thornton

My Neighbor Johnson is a man of judgment. Doubtless that is why he is also a man of results. He does things and he does them well. In his daily battle in the strenuousness of city business life he is shrewd among shrewd men. But his success there is not greater than his success in the beautiful little garden of his suburban home, where he grubs in the earth during his leisure hours.

“All the result of careful planning,” he remarked, as I stood admiring some exceptionally fine egg-plants and a harmonious blending of color in the flower-beds beyond. “Gardening is like other business – to obtain results you’ve got to know what you are going to do, when and where you are going to do it and why. You’ve got to plan it all beforehand.”

Johnson was right. A garden, in order to be a success, must be planned, and now is the time to plan it. Just here, ninety-nine times in one hundred, lies the key to the failure of the amateur gardener. He waits for the whistle of the bluebird and the greening of the grass to tell him of spring’s advent and the approach of planting time. Then he rushes to buy his seeds at a time when the seedsmen are over-rushed with orders, buys a lot of novelties for their lithographic attractiveness without the remotest idea as to whether or not his soil is adapted to their requirements, and lays out his beds with more thought to convenience than to adaptability of location to the plants designed for each.

Plan Carefully and Early

Just as surely as there is a seed-time and a harvest-time, there is a time for planning. The successful gardener will begin his year’s work not later than February. Begin now. Send for seed, tree and plant catalogues. Study them carefully. Remember that as the seed so will the harvest be, and that the best climatic and soil conditions in the world, and all the patient watchful care of the enthusiast, will avail nothing if the seed be poor. Therefore get your seed of a firm of good standing, for thus only is insurance against failure to be obtained.

If you are planning your first garden it will all be in the nature of a delightful experiment, a sort of co-partnership with Nature, your position being that of the inexperienced junior partner. Bearing this in mind, be not tempted to start business on too broad a scale, but be you content with small beginnings. In the gentle and pleasant art of gardening, experience alone begets practical knowledge, and good seed and practical knowledge are your heaviest assets. Therefore plan a small garden wherein shall be grown such things as are of a hardy and persistent nature, tolerant of the errors of ignorance. Such are lettuce and radishes among vegetables and nasturtiums among flowers.

So as you plan and pore over the catalogues you will with wisdom courageously close your eyes to the attractiveness of the wonderful novelties. They are the delightful

possibilities of the future. And, with the wisdom of self-conscious shortcomings, you will choose a few easily grown vegetables and the like of flowers.

Now come the perplexities of varieties. Place not your dependence on the catalogue descriptions or your own fancies, but straightway seek your nearest neighbor of experience and ask his advice. The chances are that his soil conditions will be similar to your own and that he will know just what varieties will produce the best results. For your main crops take his suggestions. If you please, add a packet or two of such varieties as catch your fancy, these to be planted in small experimental beds only. It is one of the delights of gardening to try new things, to feel that you have what your neighbor has not.

System is Essential

Having ordered the seed, make a careful study of the topography of your land and on paper lay out the beds. In planting-time you will find this of immeasurable help and convenience. Do not for an instant forget that unrestricted sunlight is vital. The tree that now and in its budding days at planting-time casts a hardly perceptible shadow will, in the fulness of its summer glory, throw a heavy shade far beyond the length of its most ambitious branch. There will your garden be a failure. Beyond this zone, then, lay out the permanent beds. Within it some of the early seed beds can be safely made, as the young plants will be ready for transplanting before the shade will be dense enough to be injurious. Another factor to be considered in this connection is the area drained of moisture and food elements by the tree roots. This varies with the variety of tree. The elm, for instance, has a tremendous root system close to the surface and successful gardening within its domain is practically impossible. Therefore in your plans consider carefully the relation of trees to the proposed beds. Choose, so far as possible, a warm, sunny, southern exposure. Read up on the food requirements of the various plants you propose to grow. A radish requires a light rich soil, while the cucumber thrives best when well fed with a shovelful of well-rotted manure in each hill. A sandy loam is to the liking of the gay and beautiful poppy, while the more delicate beauty of the sweet pea demands a deep, rich, moist soil. All these things the gardener should know before the season of seed-time, that he may intelligently lay out and prepare his beds.

A Last Word of Advice

Of the posies, choose such as are hardy and easily grown, and of such varieties as will give a succession of bloom the whole season through. Bear in mind that there are early bloomers and late bloomers and intermediate bloomers, and your garden will not be complete unless you have some of each. So plan your garden now, and in your plans include a small hotbed, or at least some good-sized window-boxes, for the starting of your seeds; for he who begins not at the beginning misses half of the delight of gardening.

Collier's. January 31, 1903, p. 20.

Public Libraries in Rural Life.

T. B.

Next to the public school and the daily paper, I believe that the most potent factor in rural life today is the public library. I am not sure but that it does not rank above the daily paper for in its children's corner its influence is exercised when impressions are made the deepest, and future lines of thought easiest molded. The public library buildings going up throughout the length and breadth of the land are among the brightest signs of the times. The meetinghouse and "the little red schoolhouse" find in the town library a reinforcement which strengthens three-fold their power for good.

Evolution is a matter of time. It is slow. It is the combined force of apparently trivial influences working a permanent change in matter, whether that matter be the material form of life or the elusive something we call the mind. The part the church and schoolhouse have played in the evolution of American life can now be clearly seen in the light of comparison of the past with the present. The rural public library is too recent an institution for us to more than dimly realize that it is a power, which is molding the life of rural districts, even as the church and schoolhouse have done.

The pride taken in the public library buildings is always one of the delightful phases of country life, and the public library is fast becoming the common ground for social intercourse, and for the discussion of serious questions of the day. Even the smallest New England towns have their libraries. What can be done in this line is shown by the little town of New Gloucester, Me. The accompanying illustration is of a library building, which has been built at a cost of only \$1800. The town raises \$325 by tax each year for the support of the library, this going for the salary of the librarian, for heat, light and other incidental expenses, The state gives a small sum yearly which is used for the purchase of books. This little library now owns between 3000 and 4000 volumes, giving a good variety on most subjects. The library is liberally patronized, both by the people in the immediate vicinity, and by those in the outlying districts, and a very keen interest in the books, and in the library building itself, is taken by the whole town. Few of its patrons could afford to buy as many books as they now read. New fields are open to them, which a few years ago were closed absolutely. Their own life is better. They are better informed, and in every way better fitted for life's battles from the broader culture, which must of necessity follow the reading of good books. No town should be without its public library.

American Agriculturist. January 10, 1903, p. 26.

The Outdoor Folk.

Waldo

The outdoor world is full of folks,
Queer little folk who play
And eat and sleep just everywhere
Around you every day.

The Outdoor folk are shy, mayhap,
Or else it is that you
Have never learned your eyes to use
As you were meant to do.

And thus you pass them every day,
These little friends who dwell
Right close beside your daily path,
And know you very well.

Some, soft of foot, are wrapped in fur,
And some flit by on wings;
Some live in trees, some in the grass,
And some are armed with stings.

But if you'll use your eyes and learn
These little folk to know,
A hundred playmates you will find
Wherever you may go.

American Agriculturist. February 28, 1903, p. 26.

Mammy's Full Measure.

T. W. B.

Two lil' pickaninnies lookin' jes' alike,
Ain't no way o' tellin' either lil' tyke.
Never was two blackb'ries growin' on a vine
So like one annudder as dese lambs o' mine.
Has to gib out kisses jes' alike to each;
Wants dem bofe right with me when dey's out o' reach
Bress yo' heart, I dunno how Ah cud get along
If dere wasn't two ter spank when dey's doin' wrong!

Don't know how folks eber is content with one;|
Sometimes seems ter me like dat de good Lord done
Scrimped de measure o' dere happiness for sho',
Else he done fergit an' run mah measure o'er.
Two lil' pickaninnies lookin' jes' de same—
Ain't a mite o' difference 'cept it's in de name!
Mammy's heart am bustin' jes with love o' yo'—
'Spects she's twice as happy 'sif she hadn't two.

American Agriculturist. March 14, 1903, p. 28.

Barefooted Wealth.

T. W. B.

Oh, barefoot boy so brown of hue,
In truth, I'm envious of you!
Your battered hat, your sunburned cheeks,
Your knowledge of the woods and creeks,
The careless whistle you possess
Are wealth I would again profess.
The future without bounds is thine—
The meager narrowed past is mine.

Oh, barefoot boy, dost know that thou
Art richer than thy father now?
To feed the calf they weight of care;
The world thine own if thou but dare!
Thy father toils from day to day,
Forgetful of himself always.
As me count wealth, a poor man he,
And yet—all things are his in there.

American Agriculturist. March 28, 1903, p. 26.

My Camera.

W. B. T.

I have a small folding, film camera which has a personality. I never pick it up without a sense of comradeship. It is my private secretary, if you please, the recorder of my wanderings through the land. It is my little "black optimist," perpetuating the sunshine of my home, for only when the sun throws its rays therein will it record the commonplace little things, baby's laugh and Bobby's first pants, which go to make the gladness of home life.

I have used many cameras of many sizes, but there is none like unto this compact little comrade, slung from my shoulder.

There is no longer a question as to whether a camera is worthwhile. Its perpetuation of familiar scenes, of beloved faces, of pleasant outings and glimpses of wayside life, make it a never-ending delight. I am an amateur, with little time at my disposal, and a film camera, which for my needs is the acme of perfection.

It is of fixed focus, of course, and I have no need of worry for fear I am out of focus. It has three stops, so that I can use it for time pictures, both indoors and out. It folds compactly, so that I can carry it without discomfort wherever I go. Lastly, it uses films, which have little weight and require little space, sometimes a vital factor.

A glance over my album is apt to uncork my enthusiasm. On one of the early pages is an excellent photograph of General Alger, former secretary of war and General Joe Wheeler, striding over the hills of Montauk on a tour of inspection of the camp of the returned army of invasion. There was no time for focusing, they were caught "on the fly," as it were. Following this come fifty-three first class views of typical conditions as they existed among the broken-down Cuban veterans when they first landed on home shores. All were made in one day, as I aided a relief committee in its work of mercy. Sixty exposures were made and fifty-four good negatives secured. The five rolls of film were shipped home that night by mail. What could I have done with five dozen plates?

Again, farther along in my album, is a bull moose, drinking, feeding, going from and coming toward me, each view so sharp and clear that it will bear enlarging to eleven by fourteen. It brings back vividly my first interview with the king of the forest in his own domain, and the helplessness of my comrade with a plate camera, who vainly tried to focus the uneasy subject. These were made last summer during a long canoe cruise where every ounce counted on the portages and where glass was in perpetual danger of breakage. The edict went forth that the number of plates should be limited to twelve, but there was no limit to the number of films. The result is, every interesting incident and phase of the long, delightful journey reproduced for our friends and for our own pleasure. The subjects included landscapes, buildings, figure studies, camp scenes and fifteen studies of a wild moose. Do you wonder that I wax enthusiastic?

This same camera has been with me on many another cruise on long wheeling

tours, tramping across country, to many a mountain top where the climb was hard work, hunting and fishing, snowshoeing and botanizing, and from each trip it has contributed to my album the illustrations for which memory has the settings. I have used it indoors as successfully, both for portraits and room interiors.

I cannot make the art studies of my experienced friend, with his hundred-dollar outfit, but I have learned to appreciate his work as I could not do before. I have learned to understand the value of light and shade and the art that goes to the “making” of a picture. I have learned to choose my subjects, and to see them, not as they appear to the eye, but as they will appear within the limits of a photograph. My large stock of films, filed away, takes up but little room. They are convenient to handle and I am not afraid of scratching them. I lend them, and they return unbroken.

As for being without a camera, I would not think of it. The elements of success are grounded in an understanding of the principles of photography. By studying out causes from effects one soon learns just what one can and can-not do, and then follows a reasonable certainty of good results. In my experience, the amateurs who complain of failures are usually the ones who merely “guess” and expect the camera to do the rest.

Good Housekeeping. April, 1903, pp. 320-321.

The English Sparrow a Pest.

T. W. B.

Vernor Richards is right about English sparrows. They are nothing short of pests. It sounds hard-hearted to advocate killing them, but that is just what should be done. Every nest should be destroyed. These saucy little interlopers are responsible in greater measure than many realize for the disappearance of our native songsters from the immediate vicinity of our homes. As compared with the birds he drives away, all insectivorous, the assistance of the English sparrow in keeping down the insect pests amounts to nothing. From either the economic or aesthetic standpoint the English sparrow is an unmitigated nuisance.

American Agriculturist. April 4, 1903, p. 27.

Voices of the Spring.

T. W. B.

From flower strewn mead and templed hills
A mighty anthem rising, thrills
The heart of Nature, and its theme
In grandeur rolls till it would seem
No spirit crushed or over-borne
No heart so buffeted and torn
But still must needs, uplifted, find
Surcease from sorrow, hope to bind
The bleeding wounds, and faith to voice
All Nature's Song – "Rejoice, rejoice!"

Springfield Homestead. April 11, 1903, p.1

Treasure Seekers.

T. W. B.

Come along with us today
In pursuit of pleasure;
On some warm and sunny shore
We will search for treasure;
We will fill our boat and then
Homeward turn her bows again,
Rich beyond all measure.

Not in gold or silver bars
Is this treasure lying,
Where the pines along the shore
Softly now are sighing;
Sun and cloud and wood and wind,
Happiness, content of mind—
Riches worth the trying.

American Agriculturist. April 18, 1903, p. 20.

Lobsters.

W. B. Thornton.

Lobsters! Bulging eyed, green and ugly, they stare up at me from the midst of a handful of kelp in the ice box of a city market. How woefully out of place they seem! To those who know them only as served a la Newburg or in the delicate green hollow of a lettuce leaf, not even the brilliant red of their coats of mail as they come from the boiling pot can relieve them of a certain hideousness. Unless one has stood on the shore with the wash of the waves in his ears and the salt, wet wind of the sea in his face, watching the white winged dories of the lobster catchers scudding in on the flood tide, one cannot understand the touch of homesickness that sometimes sweeps over me with the first glimpse of a lobster.

It brings to mind an elm shaded street on old Cape Cod. Down the old highway a fish horn sounds. A sober old sorrel plods into view drawing a canvas topped wagon. Surmounting this, at the very front, just over Captain Howarth's head, is a small, red lobster securely nailed to a bit of board. Dozens of his fellows, boiled in their native brine, assorted as to size, lie in the wagon bed.

"Well," says the captain, with a good-natured drawl, "lobsters is ruther scarce this year and I reckon that twelve cents is about right fer that one, he being kind o' hefty. Yes'm, those little fellers is ten cents and that big one is twenty cents, must weigh nigh onto three pounds."

Good old Captain Howarth! He has lived to sell his catch at twenty cents the pound and to complain that they don't pay for the work at that.

On the New England shore the season opens in April. All winter the fishermen have been mending their old and making new "pots," as the traps in which the lobsters are taken are called. Now begins their season of exposure and toil.

A fog, opaque, wet, penetrating, shrouds the bay. Against the rocks an ebbing tide washes softly and sobs along the shingle of the beach in subdued monotone. The raw night air, for it is not yet dawn, is heavy with the salt of the sea. From somewhere in the blankness of the inner harbor comes the intermittent, muffled creak of oars against wooden tholepins. From the east a breath of wind stirs the fog. Then in billowy masses it rolls in toward the marshes, while out seaward there is a fleck of white edging a wave and above it screaming hoarsely a gull swings against the reddening sky. Out of the harbor creeps a dingy brown dory piled high with lobster pots, its single occupant pulling heavily at the oars. The sun flashes full across the bay against the white sand dunes. A flock of sheldrakes sweeps past, northward bound, and the fisherman watching them whistles softly.

For half to three-quarters of a mile straight off shore the dory holds its course. Then the anchor is dropped and the fisherman prepares to place his first pot. The most common form of pot is of wood, often made of laths. It is about four feet long, perhaps two and one-half feet high, flat as to the bottom and arched as to top. At either end is a

funnel shaped entrance, usually of fish net, ending in a ring of wood just large enough for a good-sized lobster to pass through in comfort. Once inside, without the funnel to guide him, he can seldom find his way out again. Another style of pot is cylindrical in shape, made of fish net over iron hooks. This has the same funnel entrance. A door is provided for taking the fish out.

Each pot is weighted so that it will go to the bottom. A bait of dead fish is fastened within and then the pot is lowered with a stout rope, the upper end of which is fastened to a wooden buoy, usually painted white and bearing the owner's private mark or initials. The pots are placed in from twenty to forty feet of water along the bottom frequented by the crustacean, at intervals of a few yards. These are pulled daily, when the weather will permit. Lobsters which are under size—the laws of certain states requiring that a lobster under a stipulated length shall not be retained—are thrown overboard, and the rest are taken ashore to be shipped at once alive to the nearest city market, or to be boiled and retained in the home village or summer resort.

In many a place along the New England shore, alas, the lobster pots no longer yield a paying return. Twenty-five years ago in places off the Maine coast a fisherman could take five hundred lobsters in a day; now seventy-five in a day is reckoned a good catch. In the decade between 1889 and 1899 the catch decreased over fifteen million pounds, or fifty per cent, despite prolongation of the fishing season, an increase in the number engaged in the business, and the employment of more apparatus. In the same decade the value of the catch increased more than four hundred thousand dollars, or fifty per cent. Just here is the situation: increasing demand and dwindling supply, despite the efforts of the United States fish commission to maintain the breed by artificial propagation.

THE LOBSTER'S HOME

The lobster is confined to a comparatively small strip of the Atlantic ocean, from Labrador on the north to Delaware on the south. Efforts to plant this queer shellfish in the Pacific do not appear to have met with marked success. So far as the United States is concerned, lobsters are now the most plentiful off the Maine coast. The fishing is of much importance in Nova Scotia, where is the center of the canning industry.

For years a special study of the lobster has been made at the United States fish hatchery at Woods Hole, Massachusetts. The resulting discoveries in the life history of the fish are interesting. It is estimated that the number of lobsters to reach the adult stage is less than two in every ten thousand hatched. Thus, although a ten-inch female lobster produces about ten thousand eggs and doubles her production with every additional two inches of length, with the present methods of pursuit the lobster promises to go the way of the buffalo and the wild pigeon.

Mrs Lobster carries her eggs about with her for ten or eleven months. They are cemented to long hairs which garnish the "legs" or "swimmerlets" of the tail. Very careful is she of her treasures, and as she crawls about the sea bottom she keeps her tail well folded for their protection. The young lobster just out of the egg is about one-third of an inch long and asserts his independence promptly. His mother throws off all responsibility from the time he breaks clear of the egg membranes, and the great ocean

becomes his kindergarten.

He is now altogether unlike the adult form, being in what is known as the larval stage. He is a free swimmer, a lively and pugnacious youngster with cannibalistic inclinations; in fact, his fondness for his weaker brothers and sisters is one of the serious problems confronting the fish commission in its efforts to propagate lobsters. It has been found necessary to liberate them almost as soon as hatched in order that they may become separated and not have the opportunity of feeding upon one another.

HOW THE LOBSTER GROWS

As with many insects, the growth of lobster fry is by a series of molts, the first of which occurs almost as soon as the creature is hatched. With each molt it casts off its old shell and assumes new characters until the fourth stage is reached, when the characteristics of the adult are fairly well established. Until after the fifth molt, when these babies of the sea are from three to six weeks old, they are free swimmers, true ocean waifs, being near the surface much of the time, destroyed by millions by wind and storm and by surface-feeding fish. By the latter they are regarded as quite as much a delicacy as when in the adult state they are so eagerly sought by man. In the sixth stage they go to the bottom for good and are able to protect themselves by hiding beneath rocks and weeds.

All through life the molting continues at intervals, a suit of armor being out-grown and a new one required. In other words, the lobster wears his skeleton outside, and once every year or so requires a new one.

THE LOBSTER'S HABITS OF EATING

Fish constitute the lobster's bill of fare—dead fish thankfully received and obtained with less effort. For this reason many who are acquainted with the lobster and his habits will never kill one for eating until they are certain his last meal has been digested, and they are particularly careful to get out all of the alimentary canal, lest some of this decayed matter get in with the flesh.

Night is the usual feeding time. Those big claws are useful, not only for catching prey, but for digging up the bottom in quest of shellfish and in cold weather covering themselves with mud. Under certain conditions the lobsters even burrow in mud banks, making tunnels in which they lie in wait with their long sensitive feelers thrust out. The winter is spent in fairly deep water, the movement toward shallow water beginning in April and the outward movement in October.

LAWS FOR HIS PROTECTION

In Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and New York the law forbids the taking of lobsters under ten and one-half inches long. In Rhode Island ten inches is the limit and in Connecticut it is only nine inches. The average female lobster does not bear eggs until over nine inches long, many not until ten or over. As it takes four and one-half to five years to attain a length of ten inches, the need of a uniform limit of at least ten inches and its rigid enforcement must be apparent. A ten and one-half-inch lobster weighs about one and three-fourths pounds. Lobsters weighing as much as fifteen or

twenty pounds are not uncommon. In 1897 three were taken off Sandy Hook, each weighing over thirty pounds, the largest tipping the scales at thirty-three.

EFFORTS AT PROPAGATION

Uncle Sam in his wonderful sea nursery and kindergarten at Woods Hole, is making great efforts to devise some means by which the baby lobsters can be restrained in their cannibalistic tendencies. If five hundred in every ten thousand hatched can be successfully reared to the fifth stage before being liberated, the restocking of the waters of the Atlantic seaboard will be only a matter of time. The success of the plan means hundreds of thousands of dollars to those who go down to the sea in small boats for their living; it means also the preservation of a food supply now becoming a luxury which was once within the reach of all.

Good Housekeeping. May, 1903, pp. 414-417.

Reprinted, in part, in newspapers including *Ridgewood Herald*, May 22, 1903.

A Warning as to Underwear.

T.W.B.

May is the month when many people change from the heavy underwear of the winter to the light summer weight. The majority abruptly jump from one extreme to the other. This is not only foolish in northern latitudes; it is dangerous. There will be cold days, just as there will be excessively warm days.

The very thin underwear of midsummer should be reached by degrees. No outfit is complete or hygienically correct if it does not contain intermediate weights. "It is surprising to me how many people persist in the old-fashioned idea of dressing by the calendar," once remarked a dealer in underwear with whom I was talking. "If they would let the calendar alone and dress according to the day you would hear less about spring colds."

The chief function of underclothing is to assist in maintaining the normal temperature of the body. It is obvious that the problem becomes most complex in the season of greatest changes, spring and autumn. Whoever gives the matter a serious thought must see the absurdity of supposing that an even temperature of the body is maintained by any one given form of dress when the thermometer fluctuates from the forties on one day to the sixties on the next. These changes should be met by constant changes in clothing, and this in the underwear, rather than in the outer clothing. All of the best makes of underwear come in a number of weights in all wool, in silk, in wool and cotton, and in cotton. The variation is so graduated that every change in climatic conditions can be met with comfort and virtual insurance against sickness.

The theory on which the manufacture of hygienic underwear is based is that air at rest is the best-known non-conductor of heat. Therefore, it is aimed to produce a fabric which shall retain a large amount of air at rest within its interstices. Wool is the best-known substance for this purpose. Thus, an all-wool garment is warmest because of the greater amount of air it contains, which, surrounding the body, prevents the escape of the natural heat of the body. It is well known that a piece of new flannel is warmer than a piece which has been shrunk and felted with washing. From the latter some of the air has been expelled, lessening the non-conducting properties. This is the principle which has produced the so-called cellular underwear, which has come into use in the past few years.

But the conservation of body heat is not the sole aim. The covering next the skin must be of such a porous nature as to allow the skin to throw off all its watery and poisonous matters with the least possible resistance. This property must have due weight in the selection of underwear. As warm weather advances it becomes the more important of the two factors. Lighter clothing is worn in order not to retain so much of the animal heat. Just here the individual enters into the problem. With some the amount of animal heat is very great; with others it is small. It is plain that the underwear suited to the former will not be suited to the latter. A careful study should be made of the needs of the individual and clothing selected accordingly, especially at

this season. Mothers cannot be too careful of their children in this matter. Study to keep the temperature of their bodies at normal. Watch the weather closely and make them change their under- wear accordingly. It will save anxiety and doctor's bills. Don't let them have their own way in this matter.

When packing for the mountains or the seashore, see to it that there are suits of underwear of several weights for every member of the family. The thin balbriggan that is seemingly too warm in the heat of the cottage is insufficient on the yacht, and an extra wrap will not answer the purpose. A heavier weight of underwear alone will insure safety.

Good Housekeeping. May, 1903, p. 471.

Little Things a Camper Should Know.

W. B. Thornton.

The tall guide swung his boat from his shoulders into the lake as lightly as a feather. Then he turned to look good-naturedly but quizzically at our little shelter tent pitched in the open beside the trail.

“Reckon it’s go’n ter be a cold night,” he drawled pleasantly. We assented to the probability of his judgment being correct, inasmuch as this was our first night in the mountains, and therefore we were hardly equal to local weather forecasts. “Why didn’t yer pitch in the thick spruce yonder?” he inquired. We pointed out the superior scenic advantages of our chosen location.

“Yaas,” he drawled, shifting his quid. “Yaas, but it’s a blame sight colder.”

Thus this kindly brother of the Greenwood fraternity taught us one of the little things, knowledge or ignorance of which may draw the line between pleasure and discomfort in camp life.

Truly is life made up of little things, camp life especially. Experience begets knowledge, and of knowledge is comfort born. But lest some novice become disheartened in the schooling, I venture to offer some few suggestions in the hope that they may prove of aid to some who are as yet but learning to know and appreciate the wonderful outdoor world.

The primary mistake of the novice at camping is that he takes too much. The camper’s wants are few, how few he realizes only after many trips. So each succeeding outing finds his outfit smaller grown until finally he knows the exact limits of his needs. Remember always that many things make many cares, and that camp life should be so far as possible a care-free life. For a permanent camp much more may be taken than in the case of the voyageur, but even then the outfit should be “held down.” My cooking outfit for two consists of a frying pan with detachable handle, coffee-pot, agate-ware kettle, large spoon, hunting knife and fork. For our table service we carry three agate-ware plates or dishes about an inch and a half deep, two large cups of the same material, two knives, two forks and two spoons. These are ample for all our needs, and our menu is always a varied one. The plates are deep enough to hold soup or chowder and thus serve us in the double capacity of plates and bowls. The kettle holds everything else, and in turn fits into a canvas bag. This allows of packing the cooking outfit in the duffle bag with no danger of blacking up other things.

The outfit should always include a small ditty-bag containing thread, needles, pins, court-plaster, buttons, stout twine and a small pair of scissors. A flask of good whiskey should always be available in emergencies. Remember that in camp a doctor is seldom available, and that in case of accident a strong stimulant may be the decisive factor between life and death. Further, let your medicine-case contain quinine pills to break colds and ward off malaria, sulphur-naphthol or some other antiseptic for wounds and scratches, little things of this sort uncared for being often productive of

much discomfort and sometimes serious consequences. To these add cholera-cure for stomach and bowel trouble, spirit of nitre for fever and collodion to supplement the court-plaster. These will cover all normal demands on the camp doctor.

So much for the outfit. In selecting a camp site choose, if choice be granted you, ground that will have a slight slope away from the tent on all sides. Never pitch in a hollow or on flat ground which catches the drainings from a watershed, however small. If your camp is to be permanent dig a trench around the tent. To obviate the necessity of this in one-night camps and still ensure a dry camp in wet weather, I have had a four-inch flap of heavy canvas added to the bottom of my shelter tent. This folds under and lies flat on the ground inside the tent. The rubber blankets are then spread so as to come well over the edges of the flap, making it impossible for any water to get inside by running under. This simple little device has been tested time and again to my satisfaction and comfort. The pointer of my good-natured mountaineer has also proved its worth many times. A camp pitched in the thickest spruce or other evergreens available is fifty per cent warmer, and in wet weather is drier, than if located in the open.

Dame Nature is ever the friend of the voyageur, if he but know her gifts when she offers them. I once walked into a camp to find the cook in the throes of despair and disgust as he vainly endeavored to start a fire. There had been a smart shower and everything was damp. He had used up every scrap of paper without even a smudge to show for it. Yet all the while a big birch swayed above him, and its thousand leaves laughed softly in the wind. There it stood, his best friend, and he knew it not. One broad strip of its white bark, a handful of dead branches from a neighboring spruce, and his difficulties would have been solved. In dry weather or wet, birch bark, white or yellow, will always burn. Remember that.

Another tip to the wise, the culinary wise – build a small fire for cooking. Make your camp-fire for warmth as large as it please you, but for cooking it is the little blaze, the hatful of fire, that is the willing slave. With a large fire the heat becomes unbearable when you get near enough to manage the pans and kettles. Food burns before it is properly cooked. The surface of the frying-pan heats unevenly. But with your little fire, with its clear flame, you can do what you will. The pancakes brown to a nicety. The bacon sizzles merrily with no danger that the flame will leap into the pan. The heat is all used for service with no surplus for discomfort. It is easily fed, and an even heating surface maintained. It is at all times manageable. Rather than try to do all my cooking over one, I start several for ease, comfort and best results. Try it.

Never believe the man who tells you that sand and water are all you need to wash your dishes. Camp fare entails greasy dishes, and good soap with hot water is the only combination that will keep the dishes fit to eat out of. Be fussy about such things. Neatness in camp is as essential as in the home.

Collier's. May 16, 1903, p. 18.

Memory.

T. B.

Winding among green New England hills is a lonely road, lonely in that man uses it but little, for it is no longer a public highway. Coming down a pine knoll it skirts the edge of a pond and then climbs sharply to the top of another hill. A little way from the brow it joins the present traveled highway. In the angle formed by the junction of the two roads is a farm—an abandoned farm. The weather-beaten old house has stood for a hundred years and today its hand hewn timbers are apparently as stout as when the wooden pegs were driven home. But the outer covering, the shell—time has mishandled it sorely and behind a great fragrant mass of purple and white lilacs it hides the shame of its despoilment.

The outer pastures have been reclaimed by the forest, but the meadows in the hollow and a portion of the pasture along the old road are still within man's dominion. Standing on the sunken doorstep of the house and looking between the lilacs to this bit of pasture a low mound is visible. In the spring it is white with bluets, and later gill over the ground robes it in blue. At its head is a slate slab encrusted with gray-green lichens and bearing the simple inscription:

John Gannet.

1843-1865

He hath given what he could.

On the 30th of every May, a little procession of village folk, led by a handful of gray-haired men, march down the old abandoned road to the grave in the pasture corner and place there a flag and cover the mound with their choicest flowers. It is usually after the services at the little cemetery a mile and a half away, and when the simple decoration ceremony is ended they seldom hurry away, but stop to listen to the murmur of a little brook across the road and to feel the spirit of rest and peace pervading the quiet corner of the old pasture. There is retold each year the story of the fair-haired boy who at his country's call gave up the promise of a brilliant career and later as cheerfully gave his life to carry water to the wounded on a bullet swept field.

They buried him on the old home farm, as was his wish, within sound of the brook he loved and within sight of the house from which he went forth. It is a lonely grave in a lonely spot, but it is very beautiful there. And never by any chance is it forgotten on the sacred day of the soldier dead. And somehow to me, no marching columns with band and flower laden children, no brilliant oration, can ever so convey the real meaning of this day set apart for memory of our fallen heroes as that little group of village folk gathered about that lonely grave by the old brush grown road of New England.

American Agriculturist. May 30, 1903, p. 16.

A Boy's Vegetable Garden.

T. W. Burgess

The boy who raised the crop of onions shown in Fig. 25 is Johnnie Calden, of Merrick, Mass. In 1901, when the picture was taken, he was eight years old. His father worked on a neighboring railroad, and, as a side venture, grew onions at a profit. The boy persuaded his father to plow this idle piece of land for him and sow it to onions. A bushel of seed was used. The boy hoed industriously out of school hours, but the weeds got ahead of him. Instead of despairing, he sold some things he owned and, with the money thus raised, he hired a man to run a cultivator through the rows. Later, he hired other small boys to help pull weeds. He worked faithfully through the long, hot summer and harvested one hundred and nineteen bushels, which he sold at seventy cents per bushel. After deducting expenses his net profit was eighty-three dollars and forty cents. I hope to see more stories of such success in *Country Life*.

Country Life in America. June, 1903, p. 133.

Six in One Nest.

T. W. B.

That is an unusual number of eggs for Mrs. Crow to lay, but six there were in this nest, as the photograph shows. Four is the usual number, though five is not infrequent. A crow's nest is not a thing of beauty, but this much is to be said of it—it is compact and strongly built. This one was lined with bark from grapevine. It was in the top of a tall poplar or cottonwood. I have found them in pine, hemlock, oak, spruce, cherry and apple trees.

American Agriculturist. June 6, 1903. p. 16.

Jes' Fishin.'

T. W. B.

Jes' fishin'—that's enough fer me!
Ain't nothing better, fer's I see.
Ain't askin' nothin' more o' life.
'En jes' ter cut away from strife
An' all the fussin' o' the town—
Jes' cut away an' slippin' down
Ter where the old pier standin' out
Clear in the lake in jes' about
Eight feet o' water, seems ter be
Jes' built fer bass an' perch an' me,
Fergit yer ever had a wish
Fer anything but jes' ter fish.

American Agriculturist. June 13, 1903, p. 16.

Reprinted in newspapers including *Vermont Watchman*, June 18, 1903.

June.

T. W. B.

The timothy is heavy topped in meadows lush and green,
Along the pathway blows the rose and nods with outward lean,
As it would clutch and hold me there
That I should own that June is fair.

O tranquil month, when skies are blue and perfume weights the air!
When life's warm pulse in mead and wold is throbbing everywhere!
Within my heart in glad attune
Love sings, so fair a month in June.

American Agriculturist. June 20, 1903. p. 16.

In the Pasture.

T. W. B.

Grass and flowers and humming bees,
And soft winds sighing amid the trees;
The songs of birds and the cricket's fife;
The secret joy of the brooklet's life;
The stars to watch through the quiet night
Till the dawn grows red with the break o' light—
Such is the life of the pasture folk.
Free of care and ambition's yoke.

American Agriculturist. June 27, 1903, p. 16.

Fresh Fish.

W. B. Thornton

The salt water fish sold inland are of necessity comparatively old, having been much handled. Along the seacoast, fish which have been out of water but a few hours may readily be obtained; at the same time, the seaside fish market will contain much that has been shipped on ice from the large centers of the fish trade in the cities.

A study of local conditions makes this clear. Where weirs or pound nets are established, there is, of course, never any doubt as to the freshness of the fish offered for sale. But where these are lacking, find out what fish are most frequently taken on a hand line, and stick to these. If tautog, cunners, flatfish or flounders, scup, pollock or sea bass are offered, you may be reasonably certain that they come from adjacent waters and are therefore fresh. All these fish are common off the New England coast. Off the middle and southern Atlantic states, the Spanish mackerel and weakfish may be added. But when cod and haddock are offered you, beware! These are also taken on a hand line and may possibly come from your immediate locality, but the chances are that they have traveled in the hold of a fishing schooner, lain in the warehouse of a wholesale dealer, and been shipped by rail, since they saw salt water. The first mouthful will tell you, if you have once tasted a fresh cod or haddock.

In summer these two varieties of fish are usually not as fresh as in winter. That is, they are usually taken in the inner coast waters during the winter, while in the summer they come from the outer banks, necessitating a more or less lengthy sojourn in the holds of the vessels.

The present writer made a trip not long ago with a Boston fishing schooner to see how fresh fish are handled, and the actual degree of "freshness" of haddock and cod when offered to the public. The schooner in question had discovered a bank where the haddock were schooling within a surprisingly short distance of the harbor. Clearing from the wharf at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, she was tied up alongside again at 4 o'clock on the following afternoon with ten thousand pounds of haddock and cod, ready for the fish dealers. The accompanying illustration shows about half the catch in the deck pens of the schooner before being dressed and iced in the hold. These fish were taken from the water from 8 to 11 o'clock in the morning and were in the retail market the following morning. This was exceptionally quick work, however, and because of it the fish brought a better price than the catches of schooners coming from distant fishing grounds.

Mackerel is one of the best and most valuable food fishes of the Atlantic ocean. Like nearly all other fish the delicacy of flavor is dependent upon its freshness. Mackerel are taken in weirs and pound nets along shore, but chiefly by fishing vessels devoted to their pursuit. Nets are used in their capture. The fish taken along shore are preferable, of course, for they are likely to have been handled less and to have been out of water a shorter time. When buying fish ask where they are caught. You can then quickly decide for yourself which are the freshest.

The flesh of most fish is inclined to soften somewhat when long out of water. The flesh of freshly caught fish is firm. Cooked at once it retains its firmness and is flaky under the knife. The less fish is handled the finer its quality. Cod and haddock stand handling exceptionally well, but even these are entirely different when served within an hour or two of their taking. As before stated, these fish are at their best in the winter because of the shorter distance they are transported. In the summer there is such great variety of other fish that cod and haddock are not so much in demand. Mackerel and bluefish are the two great food fishes of the north Atlantic coast in midsummer. Both travel in schools and both are taken in seines or nets chiefly. Power boats are being employed more and more in their pursuit, and this is not only of distinct advantage to the fisherman, but the consumer profits as well. They materially reduce the time between the catching and the eating of the fish.

Better no fish at all than fish with a suspicion of age. Fresh fish stand high in food values, but that which is at all questionable is a menace. If your fishman is honest, he will give you all the information he can as to when and where his fish were caught. But if you do not ask him, he is not going to volunteer the facts. Let me repeat: study local conditions; go to the market with the idea of getting the freshest fish and not with your mind made up to a special variety which tickles your palate.

Good Housekeeping. July, 1903, pp. 68-69.

Bossy's Thoughts.

T. W. B.

What does Bossy think about all the livelong day?
Is it just of pastures green, running brooks and play?
Or perchance does Bossy dream of the days to be.
When she'll fill the shining pail for Bobby-boy and me?
What does Bossy think about all the live-long day?
Are they light or sober thoughts? Tell us, Bossy, pray.

American Agriculturist. July 4, 1903, p. 16.

The Babies on the Farm.

T. W. B.

I grant you all that you may say
In praise of fragrant new mown hay;
Delight in watching grazing kine
Is not a whit more yours than mine;
I joy in bud and flower and song
Of happy birds; in truth, I long
For spring's first scent of new turned soil,
And fall's reward for summer's toil;
Yet none of these possess the charm
I find in babies on the farm.

American Agriculturist. July 4, 1903, p. 16.

Untitled Poem.

T. W. B.

Hark! With a tumult that shakes the earth
A nation remembers her day of birth!
From hill and valley – from sea to sea,
Wherever on earth her sons may be,
Above the shout and the cannon's roar,
O'er plain and mountain from shore to shore
There sounds the note of an ancient bell
Cracked and marred, yet who shall tell
How ineffably sweet is the message rung
From its brazen throat by its iron tongue!

Springfield Homestead. July 4, 1903, p. 1

Cruising and Camping and their Delights.

WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO TAKE – THE LITTLE THINGS WHICH COUNT IN CAMP

W. B. T.

Vacation days are here and with them the old problem—how to spend them to get the most from them. I suppose that sooner or later every boy has the desire to camp out. There something alluring in the very sound of the word “camp.” It suggests all sorts of delightful things, white tents, snapping, crackling fires, voracious appetites, long days of jes’ loafin’ an fishin’, ‘strange sounds in the stillness of the night to send little shivers of delicious fear chasing up and down the spinal column. Well, boys, here’s hoping that everyone of you will have your dreams realized this summer, and that you may know all the pleasure that there is in camping out I am going to offer you a few “points.”

A week or two ago I told you something of canoes and canoeing [not included], but the most delightful phase of the sport I left almost untouched—cruising. To own a canoe and not to have cruised is to have the means for and yet have missed one of the most delightful recreations in the world. And cruising means camping, for no one but your kid-gloved canoeist things [sic] of going to a hotel when on a cruise. His upturned craft or a shelter tent is his roof when night falls.

Springfield boys are peculiarly fortunate in the opportunities afforded them for cruising. You may travel and journey far without finding the equal of the Connecticut river for short cruises. From Greenfield to the sound stretches 120 miles of shining water way, which for safety and beauty of scenery is not to be easily surpassed. Above Greenfield are dams and rapids which add an element of hard work, rather more than is compensated for by the difference in scenery. So Greenfield is by all odds the best starting point.

Outfitting

Remember always that the fewer things in camp the few worries. If you want all the comforts of home, then pitch your tent in your own back yard—you are not of the stuff the camp wants. But if you are willing to “rough” It and not kick when Mother Nature gives you a harder knock than usual, let us make ready the outfit. Personally, I prefer an open canoe of the canvas type, Indian model, broad of beam. For a tent get what you can, but the smaller the better when cruising. I have had a little shelter tent built for me. It is seven feet long, five feet wide and four feet high. It is closed at the rear and has flaps in front. It is waterproof, folds into a very small package which can go in my duffel bag, and requires only two four-foot bamboo poles, enough for two men with all their duffel.

Of course you want a double woolen blanket and a rubber blanket. You should also have a short handled ax, candle lantern, frying pan, kettle, knives, forks, spoons, can opener, cork screw, agateware plates and cups, large hunting knife, matches in water-tight jar and jug for water. These are all that you will require aside from your personal

outfit and provisions. Wear duck trousers and tennis shoes without socks. Then you will not object to hopping over into the water when making a landing. Take a sweater. Have mother make you a small, stout bag in which to put small things, such as buttons, pins, thread, string, scissors, tooth brush, etc. Have a canvas bag made for your tent pegs and another for your cooking and eating outfits. These will, go inside of another about three feet high and 10 inches in diameter. Canned food, etc. will also go in this. In other similar bag pack your blankets tightly rolled, change of clothing and whatever else you may need. Better take along some quinine pills, in case of a cold, a little sulphur naphthol in case of cuts and some surgeon's plaster.

For food, your own individual tastes must dictate. When cruising on the Connecticut, you can always get plenty of fresh eggs, butter and milk at farm-houses along the way. Bacon put up in flat tins is excellent; also ham. Cornola is one of the best of the prepared flapjack flours. Condensed milk can be bought in glass jars and is then easily carried. Butter is easiest carried in a glass jar with screw top.

When you select a camp ground, choose high ground, where the wind will blow away the mosquitoes. Long grass is almost sure to be alive with these pests. If they are very bad, build a smudge to one side so that the smoke will blow across the tent entrance. When you turn in spread out your woolen blanket on your rubber one. Measure your length on it, so that the upper edge comes well up to your chin. Now sitting about a foot and a half from one edge, fold it over and tuck in under your feet securely. Now lie down and bring the nearest edge of the blanket over you smoothly. Holding onto this roll completely over toward the other edge. You will then be in a sort of mummy case, and you will not kick the blanket off in the night. Does it seem a bit funny that I should be so explicit in the matter of how to retire? Mayhap it is, but it is one of the little "know-hows," which make the difference between misery and comfort in camp. I have seen too many men get up in the night to put on their clothes, because they were cold and couldn't sleep. And all because they didn't know the simple little trick of rolling up in a blanket.

When you cook, build a small fire. It is the little fire, the hatful of fire that is the little red gnome and cheerful servant of the cook. With a large fire you will burn your food and toast your hands and face. With a small, clear flame you can work at your will with the pots and kettles. Use driftwood for fuel. Never mutilate or hack good trees on land where you have pitched your camp. Respect property always. Remember that birch bark is the wayfarer's blessing. Wet or dry it will burn. It will start your fire when everything else fails.

Cruising

Now for a cruise. Shipping your canoe to Greenfield you can have it carried to the Deerfield, river. A mile or two of very shallow water brings you to its junction with the Connecticut. Just there on the right-hand bank is a good camping ground. The river from this point down is charming, affording splendid views of Sugar Loaf, Tobey, the whole length of the Holyoke range and both sides of the Tom range. A very easy day's paddle with plenty of time to loaf will bring you to High Rock, the gateway between Tom and Holyoke. There is a good spring here and a fine camping ground.

The next day's paddle will take you down to the dam, around which you will carry on the South Hadley side, putting in at the bridge and running the rapids below if there is water enough. For that night Calla Shasta, or just below, will afford a good camping ground.

From there to Windsor Locks the paddle is delightful, six miles of it being in the canal with a good current. From Windsor Locks to Hartford the country is rather flat and uninteresting. A camping ground can be found about two miles below Hartford.

The next camp will be in Middletown narrows on the left shore, one of the most beautiful spots in the whole length of the river. A spring across the river furnishes good water. It is a place to loaf and spend a day or two if you have the time. From that point down the river and its shores are very beautiful. Just above East Haddam flows in the Salmon river, where a day can be profitably spent with a fine camping ground, splendid spring and good fishing. Another good camping ground will be found just below Essex, on the right-hand shore, almost opposite the light-house. From there to Saybrook is a short paddle, and there will end the cruise, unless you be of venturesome spirit and choose to paddle around to New Haven or New London.

In such a cruise a small lateen sail will be found of material help for you are almost certain to have some favorable winds. Carry both double and single paddles.

Springfield Homestead. July 4, 1903, p. 15.

Fun on the Water.

A CATAMARAN AND HOW TO MAKE IT – SAILING A CANOE WITHOUT RUDDER OR PADDLE”

W. B. T.

What can a wide-awake boy do in midsummer? Rather, put it what can't a wide-awake boy do in midsummer? Vacation days are the days to have some fun. Just what fun is is hard to define, but it is not at all difficult for a good healthy boy to recognize it. Supposing that all of you boys swim, as all boys ought to, the water holds more opportunities for “fun” than a whole summer vacation can exhaust.

I have told you something of canoes and canoeing. But there is much left unsaid. I have not even mentioned sails and sailing, knowing the dismay it would create in certain fond and timid mother hearts. However, there is a craft, a sailing craft, with inexhaustible possibilities for fun, which even mother need not be afraid of. I mean a catamaran.

My first catamaran was evolved from two “boy” built, cheesebox ribbed canvas canoes and it was staunch enough to take us cruising in old Cape Cod bay at a place where harbors were few and far between. And though rumor over half the town had us lost at sea, we sailed bravely in again and had to wait for the discretion of years to realize our fool hardiness. Our little craft was a frail affair to entrust to old Neptune's rough handling, but for lakes, ponds and rivers it was as safe as a life boat.

For the benefit of nervous papas and mammas, let me say that such a craft is practically non-capsizable and nonsinkable. It is like a raft in this respect, so long as they stay aboard the crew are as safe as when sliding down their own cellar doors.

The one of which I was mate, crew and part owner was built when we became tired of paddling about in two single canoes. The canoes were of the usual type of home-built canvas boats, being rather too high for their width, thus being somewhat unsteady. They were decked over with the exception of a four-foot cockpit in each. In the four corners of each cockpit we screwed stout uprights which projected above the gunwales about three inches. Placing the canoes parallel, about three feet apart, a stout cross-piece was bolted to the posts at either end of the cockpits. Thus the forward crosspiece was bolted to the two forward posts in each canoe, while the rear crosspiece and rear posts were treated in-like manner. In this way the two canoes were firmly fastened together.

To these crosspieces a platform of [Inch?] stuff, three feet wide and four feet long was securely bolted. On the underside of this platform, just mid-way, a center-board trunk or well was fastened and the center-board duly put in place so that it could be managed from the platform or deck. Between the bows a stout piece of hard pine supported a step for a 16-foot mast, and also a short bowsprit. A piece bolted across from the two sterns supported the rudder, the tiller lines going to the platform. Our rig was mainsail and jib and as I have said before, with it we boldly put to sea, confident

that we could not capsize and that if both canoes filled, the platform between would keep us afloat.

She was a good sailor and she made some of the old sea dogs open their eyes when we first slipped out of the harbor to the open sea. Her one fault on the big waves of the bay was the lifting of the rudder clear of the water. She sat so on the surface that between short waves her rudder would be out entirely. Two boys with canoes who will join Interests can build a catamaran without much expense and can thus kill two birds with one stone—mitigate mother's fears and have some fun, much fun.

If you are possessed of the Indian model open canoe, try sailing that. No rig equals the lateen for this purpose. It gives you a good spread of sail without getting it so high as to make your craft cranky. A lee board is easily adjusted and then you can do good windward work. Personally I never use one. When I am sailing my canoe it is purely for pleasure, not to reach a given point. As without a leeboard It will still eat slightly into the wind. I am content, for a lee board makes wet sailing, while without it I am as dry as on land. The real fun in sailing a canoe thus rigged is by balancing, that is, controlling the craft by adjustment of weight. No rudder, not even a paddle is necessary. The wind not only furnishes you motive power, but steers you as well. If you are standing too close to the wind and the sail shakes, you simply slip back in your canoe. This lightens the bow and the wind pushes her off a point. If you have fallen off too much, move forward. The stern is thus lightened and being well out of water the wind catches it and behold! you are pointing up again. To "come about," you go way forward and the wind does the rest. Before the wind you sit as far aft as possible and steer with the sail. This method of sailing is a trick brought to a fine art on the St Lawrence river, where the St Lawrence skiff is almost the only craft employed.

But with catamaran or canoe, never be foolhardy. It is only the fool who "takes chances." Stay ashore when a storm is brewing. Don't take a "dare" at such a time. It will not be courage, but "foolhardiness." A good skipper never puts to sea in the face of storm.

Springfield Homestead. July 25, 1903, p.13.

The Revolution by Farm Machinery.

W. B. Thornton.

How growing a bushel of wheat, which once required three hours' human labor, now costs only ten minutes' labor – All the inhabitants of the country could not shell the corn crop by hand in 100 days – Social changes brought by farm machinery – An investment of 170,000,000 of dollars – What the world-wide result will be

Farm machinery may sometime do work for us that will be worth \$1,000,000,000 a year. Theoretically it is already saving us nearly three-fourths that sum; for as far back as 1899, if all the crops to which machinery is adapted could have been planted and gathered by hand, they would have cost nearly \$700,000,000 more than if they had all been planted and gathered by machinery. It has not only added so much to our wealth, but it has made us the foremost exporting nation, and it is changing the character of the farmer by freeing him from monotonous hand-toil. More than that, it is fast changing the immemorial conception of agriculture and the pastoral and idyllic associations that have gathered about it since the time of Abraham. Wealth, industry, commerce, the character of men and even their sentiment are all affected by it.

Yet so sudden have been these changes that we have yet hardly caught their meaning. The cradle-scythe is only a little more than a century old, and the cast-iron plow was first used even later than the cradle-scythe. In other words, a century ago agricultural machinery was almost as primitive as it was a thousand years ago. Now we have steam plows, combined harvesters and threshers and auto-mowers. They have come into use so recently that only a small part of the population have even seen them at work. Yet they are changing our life in all its wide reaches –from commerce to poetry.

All the great crops are now planted and all except cotton are gathered by machinery. Let us follow a crop throughout a season's work and see the changes that have come in its treatment.

The plowman no longer trudges slowly and wearily back and forth across his field. He rides a sulky plow with a spring seat. There are special plows for every need: turf plows, stubble plows, subsoil plows, plows for heavy work, plows for light work, and gang plows turning three furrows at once. So simple are many of them that a boy may drive one. Plowing by steam is not commonly practised in the middle West, but out on the great wheat ranches of the Pacific Coast it is common. On the tule lands of California a sixty-horse-power traction engine drawing twenty-one feet of disk plows will break the ground to a depth of ten inches at the rate of forty-five to sixty acres a day. With mold-board plows designed especially for this work, a strip twenty-eight feet wide can be broken. This means that a man and a pair of horses with a single mold-board plow would have to cross a field twenty-eight times to do the same work that the traction engine does by one trip of its plows. A farmer of the central West who uses a small traction engine and a gang of four fourteen-inch plows says that it costs him from fifty to sixty-two cents per acre to break his ground. He considers steam economical.

The plowing done, the manure-spreader replaces the hand-fork and its backache. While the farmer with a pair of horses drives back and forth across his fields, from the rear of his wagon the fertilizer is mechanically spread evenly over his land. Manure, commercial fertilizer, cornstalks, straw, lime, ashes, or litter from the barnyard, are spread with greater economy, because with greater evenness, than by hand, to say nothing of the saving of time and of toil.

The land made ready for the reception of the seed, machinery still does the work that muscle used to do. The sower goes forth to sow, but not as he once did, dropping his seed into the soil, trudging backward and forward from dawn till twilight. His grass or his grain is broadcasted or drilled in with mechanical evenness, and the machine automatically registers the acreage sown. In like manner his corn is drilled in, listed or planted in hills, his potatoes are planted, and even his cabbage, his cauliflower and his tobacco plants from the seed-beds are set out by machinery, and the work is done better than it could possibly be by hand – this, besides the saving of time and toil. Even in the vegetable garden, seeders for all kinds of seeds are now extensively used. The machines are pushed in front of the operator, and they automatically drop and cover the seeds at the desired distances and depths and at the same time mark off the next row.

Promptly after the crop is planted come the weeds. They once meant the hoe, blistered hands, weary backs, and, in a wet season, a long and weary battle. Today the farmer has his choice from a great variety of cultivators, either guided by handles, the driver walking behind, or made with wheels and a seat, the driver riding in comfort. Thus corn and potatoes are ridged up and the ground is kept clean and in good condition. There are hand-cultivators worked on the same principle as the hand-seeders, and there is a great variety of hoes, rakes and plows for the cultivation of special crops, which have supplanted the old hand-tools on the great seed-farms and market gardens. But it is when we come to the harvest that we find the greatest marvels in mechanical ingenuity. Every one is familiar with the mower, the tedder and the horse-rake to save the hay crop. To these have been added the hay gatherer and stacker drawn by horses and a press operated by horse-power.

[omission in original] harvest and to press a ton of hay by hand requires thirty-five and a half hours of labor; with modern machinery, eleven hours and thirty-four minutes. The greatest saving is in the cutting and the curing of the crop, which by hand require eleven hours and by machinery one hour and thirty-nine minutes.

But it is in the harvesting of the two great crops, wheat and corn, that the greatest advance in agricultural mechanics has been made. Drawn by hose, the self-binder cuts an eight-foot swath across the field of ripened wheat. But instead of leaving it strewn behind as the mower does the grass, it gathers it and automatically binds it in bundles. Or, if a header be preferred, the heads of the standing grain are taken off cleanly and poured in a steady stream through a chute into the wagon that is driven beside it. But even more than these the most spectacular scene of agricultural progress is the combined harvester and thresher which is used on the great grain ranches in California. As far as the eye can reach stretches a sea of golden grain. It is a glorious sight, this immense plain of ripened wheat – the food of a nation awaiting the hand of the reaper. Where are the harvesters who shall garner a crop so large? Measured by the methods

of small eastern farms, the problem of saving such a crop seems hardly less than the emptying of the Great Lakes with a dipper. But the steam-harvester moves steadily forward into it. On one side the grain falls in a great swath. It melts away before the majestic advance of the machine. On the other side with the same regularity drop sacks of grain ready for the miller. The ranchman following with his team picks up a sack filled with threshed and winnowed wheat from the very spot where but five minutes before the wheat stalks stood in the sunshine. In the broad path between the standing grain and the line of brown sacks has passed one of the greatest triumphs of American machinery, the combined harvester and thresher.

This machine is at its best on level plains like those of the great central valley of California, but special side-hill machines for rolling country have been so far perfected that they can go wherever the gang-plow can go. Horse or mule power is used instead of steam for many of these, thirty-two and thirty-six animals being required. Such a machine, with a twenty-two-foot header, under favorable conditions can cut, thresh and sack forty acres of wheat in a day. It requires a crew of four men – a driver, a header-runner, a separator-tender and a sack-sewer. The cost of cutting and threshing is usually about \$1.25 per acre.

Last year there was in operation in the San Fernando Valley of California the largest combined harvester in the world. It consisted of a traction engine capable of hauling seventy-five tons and which takes the place of sixty horses; a header or mowing machine which cuts a thirty-six-foot swath, and a complete threshing machine. The header and threshing machine are run by a separate thirty-horse-power engine getting its steam from the same boiler as the threshing engine. The drive wheels of this monster traction engine are eight feet in diameter, with tires forty-eight inches wide on which are ridges an inch and a half high. It can average three and a half miles an hour in good grain. The thresher has a capacity of 100 acres a day. Eight men are employed on the thresher. The grain is threshed clean and finally carried to a bin from which it is sacked. When twelve sacks have been filled they are allowed to slide off the cart to the ground. This huge machine will work equally well on level or hilly country, having sufficient power to take a twenty per cent. grade without difficulty. It is sixty-six feet long, half as wide, and weighs more than 100 tons. Oil is used as fuel. This harvester has been successfully used for shelling peas and beans as well as grain. It is purely a Californian production.

The amount of human labor now required to produce a bushel of wheat from beginning to end is on an average only ten minutes and the cost of such labor is 3 1/3 cents. Yet when men now living were boys a bushel of wheat represented three hours and three minutes of labor at a cost of 17 3/4 cents. Just previous to the Civil War a bushel of corn represented more than four and one-half hours of human labor at a cost of 35 3/4 cents, while today forty-one minutes of labor produce the same amount for 10 1/2 cents. The potential saving in money, to say nothing of time and strength, thus becomes enormous.

In the great corn belt the corn-binder does what the mower does in the hay field. It cuts the corn, binds it in bundles, and deposits five of them in a spot as fast as a man can shock them up. A still further advance is a corn-shocker which cuts the standing

corn, and, by a vertical rotary reel and a revolving table, forms a perfect shock, which, when bound, is lifted by a crane and deposited where it is wanted. One man and a pair of horses can do the work of two or more field hands.

Husking and shredding, too, are now done by machinery. The corn in the stalk is fed into the husking machine from the wagon. By tapering rolls the ears are snapped from the stalks and then husked. The stalks are shredded and with the husks dropped on an inclined sieve which takes out such of the corn as may have been shelled. The fodder passes on to a fan and is blown through a tube up into the mow. The machine does this work at the rate of thirty bushels of husked corn an hour. Not only is there a saving in time and labor by using this machine, but there is also the addition of a new food-value to the product. This we owe to the shredder. The once nearly useless stalks are made available as a fodder relished by the cattle. Thus the husking-bee with its merrymaking is doomed. And in the last step before the corn reaches the miller behold again the use of a machine. The steam sheller will shell a bushel of corn a minute, while in the old way the labor of one man was required for one hundred times as long. It has been estimated that it would require the entire population of the United States for 100 days to shell by the old hand method the annual corn crop of this country. Almost equal progress has been made in clover-hullers, bean-separators, etc.

So much for the planting and the gathering of the great crops – wheat and corn – and for the preparation of the land for all others. The one great task that has defied the application of machinery is the gathering of the cotton crop, and recent developments indicate an early triumph in this field.

But machinery plays hardly a smaller part in the lesser industries of the farm. The hen has seen herself outdone by the incubator. The cream separator has replaced the skimming-pans of the dairy; the wind-mill pumps running water for the cows. Instead of the whisk-broom and pail of solution, spraying machines drawn by horses take care of the potato bugs. A shearing machine has been used with success on the big western sheep ranches. Even the cow may not escape, for milking machinery seems likely to be invented.

In the minor and incidental work of the farm, machinery is proving an important factor. The gasoline engine furnishes power in a most available form. It is rapidly supplanting hand labor in many ways. It grinds bone for the poultry and feed for stock. It saws the year's supply of wood. It runs the lathe in the farm workshop, thus adding largely to its efficiency. In many other ways it lightens farm work and eliminates much of the drudgery. Lately the gasoline motor has been successfully used to drive mowing machines. By a small steering wheel in front, the machine is made to run just outside the standing grass, and its work is most effective. Auto-mowers are now used in many large city parks. The soft earth of the farm has thus far prevented the extensive use of automobile machinery in the fields, owing to its weight, but in districts where good roads prevail it is already a factor in the marketing of crops, notably in certain fruit sections.

Last summer five of the largest agricultural implement manufacturers in the United States, following the fashion of the time, pooled their interests and organized the

International Harvester Company with a capital of \$120,000,000. No stock was offered to the public, the cash required being provided by the stockholders. Nearly \$50,000,000 more invested in smaller concerns not swallowed up in the merger brings the total investment in the making of agricultural machinery very close to the tremendous sum of \$170,000,000. Yet at the outbreak of the Civil War this industry required but little more than \$3,500,000. The cost of material yearly consumed in the manufacture of farming implements is more than \$40,000,000. The value of the annual products is considerably more than \$100,000,000. It is worthy of note that the agricultural work of the United States is performed entirely with tools and machines of American manufacture.

Illinois leads all the States in the manufacture of farming implements, harvesting machinery especially. In Chicago alone is invested more than twenty per cent. of the total capital in this industry for the United States. Chicago builds more of the costly and complicated machines, such as the combined harvesters, binders and mowers, than all the rest of the country. The great crop-producing States are in many cases among the smallest producers of the tools which have given them their preeminence.

Machinery has changed western agriculture in one way and eastern agriculture in another way. The northeastern States have developed intensive farming; the prairie States and the Pacific States extensive farming. New Jersey and Connecticut, for examples, have more farms than they had a decade ago, but less acreage. Although the farms are smaller than they were, the value of their farm products is half as much again. These farmers stopped growing the great crops when machinery was applied to the prairies, and took to growing crops of truck, making a far greater profit on less land. On the other hand, in the West during the same decade both the number of farms and the acreage increased. Machinery has thus brought a different result and to each a greater profit. The eastern farmer is relieved of using too much land, the western farmer is enabled to use more; and each has profited by the change.

Only a generation or two ago the prairie schooner went its slow way over the plains. The next familiar scene in the story was the weary breaking of the virgin soil with slow plows drawn by oxen. Next came – in the wonderful panorama of prairie development – the smoke and whiz of the transcontinental railroad. Now the steam-plow and the great harvester and binder complete the succession of typical scenes. In the eastern States the isolation of farm life is past. The farmer's wife has been freed by machinery from most of the old-time drudgery. No more wholesome change has come in our practical world, either east or west; for agriculture has been moved further forward among the great industries in the lifetime of men now living than it was before moved since man's earliest pastoral days. The revolution has come so fast that it has not even displaced labor; for farm laborers are less abundant than they were in the old days. The emancipation of the farmer has come without bringing hardship to any class.

American agriculture gratefully acknowledges its debt to American inventive ingenuity and enterprise. It has solved the problem of successful competition with those countries where labor is cheap. The European, the Canadian, the South American and the Australian farmers acknowledge the facts and are hastening to meet the American farmer with his own methods and with his own machines. France and Germany are the

largest foreign buyers of American agricultural implements and machinery, each having taken nearly \$3,000,000 worth during the last census year. Canada and Argentina come next with close to \$2,000,000 each, Russia, the United Kingdom and British Australasia following. The total exports of this kind in 1900 reached the great sum of \$16,099.149, a splendid tribute to the superior efficiency of American farming tools and machinery.

This rapidly growing export trade may easily mean more than appears on the surface. We know what improved machinery has done for the American farmer within the span of a man's lifetime. What will be the effect of its widespread adoption by his competitors for the world's markets? How will it affect the production and prices of the great staple crops? It is not going too far to say that an economic force has been set in motion the result of which cannot be wholly foreseen.

World's Work. August, 1903. pp. 3766-3779

Excerpted in many newspapers, including the *Indianapolis Journal*, July 27, 1903.

Beside the Sea.

T. W. B.

Prithee, tell me if you may,
What it is the breakers say
As they pound along the shore
With a deep and hollow roar.
Why is it their caps are white?
Whence the secret of their might?
What strange tales are these they tell,
Rising, falling, swell on swell?
Is it of disaster grim,
Stricken hearts and eyes grow dim?
Is it of a treasure trove,
Hidden in some coral grove?
Is it of a ship men thought
Lost, come suddenly to port?
O thou happy little man,
Delve and play there whilst thou can!
On eternity's vast shore
Roll life's waves thus ever more,
And men delve beside the sea,
Solving not its mystery.

American Agriculturist. August 1, 1903, p. 16.

Fun on the Water.

Waldo

Of all the entertaining games and contests devised for the amusement of spectators certain certain forms of water sports lead easily in the front rank. Human nature is so constituted that it delights to see a man get a ducking, even though he be prepared for it. This fact has been made the most of by certain canoe clubs, with the result that some of the funniest races imaginable are often arranged. Our illustrations show two of these. In one each paddler sits astride of the bow of his canoe as far forward as he can get. The course is usually about 100 yards long. The contestants face the goal and must paddle the distance thus. Usually they cut big circles, for the canoes are balanced on pivots, as it is no easy matter to keep one's balance and upsets are frequent. This is called a tail-end race. A jump-over race occasions much fun. There are two paddlers in each canoe. At the starting pistol they paddle as in an ordinary race. At a second pistol all jump overboard, then climb in again and paddle to the finish. Our illustration shows two men just going overboard and two who have jumped and are climbing in again. Races in which the men must use their hands for paddles and others in which contestants exchange canoes half way down the course create much fun for onlookers.

American Agriculturist. August 22, 1903, p. 16.

Simple Camp Cookery.

W. B. Thornton.

It chanced that just as the shadows grew long on the western shore of one of the Saranac lakes, one August afternoon last summer, our little canoe grounded on a thickly wooded point. The location was pleasant, and preparations for the night's camp were soon began. All unexpectedly visitors arrived from an unsuspected cottage (they persisted in the pleasant fiction of calling it a "camp") not far distant. For a while they watched the pitching of the tent, but interest soon centred in the culinary department. A pea soup was sending forth an appetizing odor and a freshly caught pickerel sputtered cheerfully in the frying-pan.

"Don't you find camp fare rather monotonous?" inquired the good housewife among the visitors.

"That's what always killed camping for me," remarked another. "I like being out and all that sort of thing, but camp fare is – well, I can stand it for a day or so, then I want to get where I can get something to eat." Just there lies the secret of nine-tenths of the dismal failures of camping parties, which have neither a guide nor professional chef. Contentment of the stomach is vital to complete enjoyment of camp life.

Each summer finds more and more people seeking health and recreation in the closer communion with nature afforded by camping out. By this I mean true "camp" life, sojourning in a lean-to or under canvas in a sort of civilized barbarism, a getting back to a semblance of primitive life, a rubbing of elbows, as it were, with the great "out-of-doors." For the inexperienced who would thus "camp out, doing their own work and "roughing it" in honest fashion, these hints on the preparation of a simple and practical cuisine are offered.

For the permanent camper – that is, the one who has no intention of changing his abode during the time of his outing – there are canned goods in endless variety, and on each can are full directions for cooking and serving. But for the cruiser, the "voyageur," who must count every ounce of weight, and whose out-fit consists of a kettle, a coffee-pot, and a frying-pan, a very narrow limit is placed on canned goods. And, at best, an ordinary "canned" menu gets monotonous. However, some canned goods are desirable. Bacon is, and must ever be, the food par excellence of the camper. You who have never come in from a hard day's tramp or paddle, to have eager nostrils greeted with the odor of sizzling bacon and the aroma of freshly made coffee mingled with the spicy breath of the pine forest – you, I say, have yet to know the fullness of life. Bacon may be, usually is, taken by the side and sliced as wanted. However, I prefer the canned. It is usually of better quality, is sliced thinner than you can easily slice it yourself, thus making a daintier and more appetizing dish; does not have to be guarded from flies or thieving weasels, and, lastly, is not continually greasing everything in camp. It comes in glass jars, which have weight against them. It also comes in flat pound tins convenient for packing.

Thin bacon requires little more than a thorough heating through on both sides, unless wanted crisp, when much of its delicacy is destroyed. Spread slices flat in the pan that they may cook evenly. Fry over clear embers.

If apples are available (either ripe or green), quarter, remove cores, and cut in small

pieces, leaving skin on. Pour off half your bacon fat and fill the frying-pan heaping full of apple. As it fries down, stir to bring all into the fat and to keep from burning. Cook until no hard pieces remain. Sweeten to taste before removing from fire. Bacon and apples served thus in camp make a dish for a king. Slices of stale bread fried in bacon fat will afford a welcome variation. Be sure that the fat is as hot as possible, as then the bread will not soak it up.

Canned baked beans are always a welcome dish in camp. To a can of beans add half a can of corn, and heat, stirring thoroughly. Save the remainder of the corn to stir into the flapjack batter in the morning. Corn flapjacks are among the things which make camp life worthwhile. There are several prepared flours which require no more than the addition of water to make very palatable pancakes. However, milk is always preferable, and an egg is a distinct addition. The egg will help out when milk is not available. Condensed milk can be used quite as well as fresh. Be sure to thin it enough, as otherwise your cakes will be too short and will break. Blueberries or huckleberries stirred in furnish a delicious variety. Fry on the first side until nearly done through, then turn and brown the other side. This way the berries will not stick to the pan as badly as otherwise. In like manner clams or oysters can be put in if you chance to be where they are available.

A variety of condensed soups come in powder form, are convenient, easily prepared, and, when well-seasoned, furnish a delicious first course. Of these "Erbwurst," a German preparation of pea soup, is perhaps the best. A flavoring of beef extract added makes as fine a soup as any chef could desire. Evaporated vegetables, called "Julienne," add much to these soups.

A few cans of smoked beef come in nicely. Frizzled beef can be prepared in a very palatable manner, even though butter and fresh milk be of the unattainable. Freshen the beef by scalding in hot water. To a table-spoonful of cold bacon fat, add a like amount of flour, rubbing it in smoothly as the fat melts. Then add milk, stirring in until of the desired consistency. Some prefer a thick cream, while others like a thin cream best. Condensed milk, especially the unsweetened, properly thinned answers very well. Add the beef, pulled apart into small pieces, and cook for a few minutes. Butter, when obtainable, is, of course, better than the fat. Eggs scrambled, a large spoonful of milk for each egg added, and the beef picked into small pieces stirred in, will furnish a dish and will bring every plate for more.

Potatoes are always an important item, but are bulky to carry on long trips. Evaporated potatoes can now be bought and are a great success. I would not think of going into the woods without them. Enough for a trip of several weeks can be carried in small space. Soaked over night and fried in the morning, they can hardly be told from the fresh article.

If you have never tried birds or fish baked in clay, do it at the first opportunity. Draw the bird, and without removing feathers, roll in a thick ball of clay. Bury in the embers and keep a hot fire. When the clay has baked so that it cracks at a slight blow, pull out and break open. Feathers and skin will adhere to the clay, leaving the meat with all its natural juices retained. Fish can be treated in like manner.

Collier's. September 19, 1903. p. 21

Reprinted in newspapers including *Bridgeton Pioneer*, October 29, 1903.

Oysters.

W.B. Thornton

Can a connoisseur, given a Bluepoint and a New Haven oyster taken from the shell, tell by the flavor alone which is which?

The oysterman looked across to where in mid-river a tonger was at work filling a dugout with oysters. Standing upright amidships in his antiquated craft (hollowed out of a huge pine in Cayuga lake, New York, in 1832 and in constant use down there on the Connecticut oyster beds ever since), the tonger whistled to himself as he plunged in the long tongs, two rakes working together like a pair of scissors. With arms extended he worked the long handles back and forth, finally bringing them together sharply, lifting the oysters held between the rakes into the canoe. On the shore a gang of "cullers" were performing the monotonous work of sorting seed oysters for shipment to California.

The oysterman turned to a pile of handsomely shaped oysters in a corner of the float. "Nice looking oysters, ain't they? Man from Long Island has bought those. He's going to plant 'em. Six months from now those will be in the New York market and then they will be Bluepoints."

He winked solemnly. Then he added that although he had been in the oyster business all his life, as had his father before him, he could not without seeing the shells tell a Bluepoint from any other oyster of equal size, grown under similar conditions. Thus I learned anew how much is in a name.

As a matter of interest there is but one species of oyster, *Ostrea virginica*, along the eastern coast of North America. The western coast has at least five species, but only two of these are of importance, and these do not compare with the eastern shellfish. Thus it is apparent that a Bluepoint, a Providence river and a Chesapeake bay oyster are one and the same thing, so far as species is concerned. The difference is merely a matter of environment, a difference in food supply and conditions in growth.

The noted Bluepoint comes from the Long Island shore, from what was once a natural bed. It gets its name from the little town of Bluepoint, off which the beds were discovered. These oysters were of handsome shape and extra appearance and at once commanded fancy prices. It was only a matter of time when these and neighboring beds would be worked out, and then it was found necessary to resort to "seeding" or "planting," that is, covering the beds with young oysters from other localities. These, carefully selected as to shape, develop rapidly under the advantageous conditions of the Long Island beds, and become the luscious first course of the epire.

The oyster is rich in phosphates, but is almost entirely lacking in fat-making, muscle-building material and those elements which go to make up physical force and vitality. While it is wholesome and easily assimilated, the actual food value of the oyster is not sufficient to rank it with our great food fishes—the cod, haddock, mackerel, etc. Renewed attention has been called to the danger from typhoid germs in oysters by

the recent edict of Emperor William banishing English oysters from the German royal table. British shellfish have been held responsible for several outbreaks of typhoid fever, due to contamination from sewage-polluted water. The typhoid bacillus has been known to live even in salt water. While there have been no very serious epidemics of typhoid on this side the Atlantic directly traceable to oysters, there have been enough cases to warrant sounding an alarm and to arouse the state boards of health in some of those states where oysters are extensively grown.

The most noteworthy outbreak of this nature occurred at Wesleyan university, Middletown, Connecticut, in 1894. Between October 20 and November 9 twenty-three students were stricken with typhoid fever, four of whom died. A rigid examination of the sanitary conditions about the college pointed to oysters obtained of the same dealer. The developments showed that at a distance of three hundred feet from the bed where the oysters were fattened was the outlet of a private sewer from a house in which were two cases of typhoid. The chain of evidence was conclusive. A less serious outbreak of typhoid at Marion, Massachusetts, in 1900, led to a similar discovery.

The young oyster begins life in a larval state. He is a free swimmer then, and comes to the surface, where he remains but a short time. Leaving the surface he is still active, but soon settles down to begin life in earnest. He attaches himself to any hard or firm body with which he may come in contact, the first essential of which is that it be clean. In the vernacular of the fisheries he is then known as "spat." With nothing hard to attach to, the young oyster would soon be smothered in mud. The oysterman, appreciating this, spreads the bed evenly as possible with shells. This material is called "clutch." The pile of shells shown in the accompanying illustration is valued at twenty-five hundred dollars for this purpose. In warmer waters the growth is fast, two-year-old Chesapeake bay oysters often measuring two and one-half to three and three-quarters inches long and from two to three inches wide. Long Island and Connecticut oysters make slower growth.

Despite his castle of hard shell the oyster has several enemies, the three worst being the starfish, which opens him by main force; the winkle, which carries an ingenious saw wherewith to cut off the end of the shell, and the diminutive drill, which looks like a snail, but can bore as neat a hole as could the cleverest jeweler. The starfish are most dreaded, and the oystermen fish for these with tangles of rope yarn.

There are two classes of beds—the outside and the inside. The former are located sometimes several miles off shore in water often ninety feet deep. The beds are worked from steamers or power boats, a dredge being put over from either side. The "inside" beds are in brackish water around and in the mouths of and some distance up creeks and rivers. These are worked from small boats by means of tongs. Before being marketed the oysters are brought in and "fattened"; that is, they are submerged on floats in water, which, while not absolutely fresh, is less dense than that from which they were taken. This causes the denser fluids in the tissues to pass slowly outward, the less saline water passing more rapidly inward. A swelling of the tissues results, the oyster looking plumper, whereas, as matter of fact, there is often an actual loss of nutritious ingredients. This fattening is usually done in rivers and creeks, which sometimes contain sewage.

Two-year-old oysters are shipped in the shell to California in carload lots. These are called "seed" oysters and are put down in Pacific waters, where they thrive and are ready for market in another year. However, they will not breed there, so that the best oysters on the Pacific coast are of eastern origin. The native oysters find little favor. Oysters opened are shipped as far west as Omaha and Sioux City, but to do this in warm weather a preservative is used. "It is absolutely harmless," a shipper assured the writer, but he admitted that if he were west he would cut oysters out of his menu.

The popular idea that oysters are unwholesome during the months without the letter "R" is apparently not founded on fact. Along the coast where they are grown, they are eaten as freely as in winter. They are not as palatable during the spawning season, but they are not harmful.

Occasionally oysters turn green. In America there is a very strong and popular prejudice against these, whereas in England such oysters are regarded as extra and are sought after. It is probable that our English cousins have the right of it, for the coloring is due to vegetable organisms upon which the oysters have been feeding, and not to a copper product, as generally supposed.

The states of Rhode Island, New Jersey, Maryland, North Carolina and Virginia have no records of typhoid which could be traced to oysters. New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts have already taken measures looking to the protection of their oyster beds from contamination. The state board of health of Virginia is falling in line, and at the next session of the legislature will try to have protective measures passed.

Good Housekeeping. November, 1903, pp. 481-484.

Excerpted in many newspapers, including *The Leavenworth Times*, December 31, 1903.

My Dog Fido.

T.W.B.

My dog Fido, him an' me
Chum together, yes siree!
Play all day, nen Fido keeps
Watch all night an' never sleeps
Fear somebody 'at is bad
Should hurt me; an' he's glad,
Fido is, when I come play
An' sorry when I go away.
He can speak an' fetch a stick
An' do most any kind of trick;
He can run like lightnin' too,
Twicest as fast as me or you.
Sell him for a top an' drum?
'Ain't I said at he's my chum?

American Agriculturist. November 14, 1903, p. 16.

Reprinted in newspapers, including the *Selma Times*, December 10, 1903.

The Home Beautiful.

Waldo

Rambling far in the country one day recently I came to a pretty little farmhouse, sunny white as to its exterior, and as to its interior—but of that presently. The inner man making crying demands, I sought the good housewife and laid before her my needs. It was just the hour of the noon meal, and with that hospitality which one finds in its genial warmth and heartiness only on the farm, I was admitted to the family circle.

And if the house was attractive without, it was more so within. The dining room (dinner was served in the dining room, not the kitchen) was not only a model of neatness, but it was attractively papered, its walls bore several carefully selected pictures, and its furnishings were of modern design, combining the artistic with comfort.

Later I was entertained in the “best” room, not the “best” room of my acquaintance in many a farmhouse, stuffy smelling, opened only for formal visitors, with rigid, uncomfortable chairs arranged primly against the walls—not this, but a bright, cheery room with the sunshine pouring in and unmistakable evidence that it was used every day by the family at large, not by guests only.

And the furniture—but for the smiling face of Mrs B— opposite me I should have thought myself suddenly transported to certain daintily furnished city flats in which I am on occasions a fortunate guest.

And Mrs B—, perhaps reading my thoughts, turned the conversation to house furnishings. “We made up our minds, when we were first married, my husband and I, that the pretty things in house furnishings were not made solely for your city folks,” said she. “And so we fell to studying catalogs of furniture dealers, and then bought one piece at a time as we could afford it. I don’t see any excuse for the uncomfortable, homely things one so often sees,” she added.

Nor do I. The home is the place wherein we spend the greater part of our lives. It should be the most attractive place on earth. A chair or a table or a lounge is but a single article of furniture, but it has possibilities for ugliness or beauty, discomfort or comfort. It is a factor in the home beautiful. It is one of the things that count. A home in the best sense of the word is the farm home. Why not add to its attractiveness by means of artistic and still serviceable furnishings?

American Agriculturist. November 28, 1903, p. 16.

Such is Fame.

No byline

Truly is the mark of genius beyond all hiding. The always delightful author-artist, F. Hopkinson Smith, has his title to fame and gentle memory written clear in many ways. He has the mark of genius even to his dress. Mr. Smith is remembered in the beautiful Franconia Notch of the White Mountains, not for his attainments in the field of art, but as a lover of the rod and “picture feller,” but more especially clearly for his trousers.

It happened last summer that a follower of Isaak Walton, returning from an afternoon spent with the trout on one of the smaller mountains of the Franconia range, was hailed with the hail of all anglers: “What luck?” from a mender of wagons by the roadside, bare of foot and picturesque. The talk from fish and fishing fell to fishermen. “Do you know Frank Smith?” inquired the wagon-mender. The fisherman admitted knowledge of many Smiths of high and low degree but was not positive in his identification of the specified Frank.

“Frank Hopkinson Smith, I mean,” continued the mender of wagons.

Pleasant reminiscence lighted up the face of the wheelwright. “Yes,” said he, and spat reflectively, “used t’ know him well. Great feller, Frank. Never knowed anybody quite like him. Used t’ see him pretty often ‘most every summer for fifteen year. Made pictures and fished. Never dressed like other folks. When anybody got anything like his he jes’ lined out fer something different. Wore the first short pants ever seen on a man up here, and the hull darned suit looked as if it was made outen an ingrain carpet with great big figgers. Ain’t ever seed another suit like it and don’t expect to. Mighty good feller and painted mighty purty pictures. But them pants – say! I can’t fergit ‘em! They was the gol-durndest pants I ever see!”

Saturday Evening Post. December 26, 1903.[scrapbook]

Burgess continued to contribute verse (as “T.W.B.”) and nature-study articles (as “Waldo”) to the *American Agriculturist*, but just a few pieces of his were published in *Good Housekeeping*.

The most prominent of his stories, credited to “W.B. Thornton”, was probably “Photographing a Moose at Home,” which recounted a close encounter with a bull moose during a camping trip. It was published, along with Burgess’s photographs of the animal, in the illustrated monthly, *The National Magazine* [source: Internet Archive *National Magazine* collection] in March.

The section also includes “Birds,” credited to W.B. Thornton, a brief story about bee hunting, that appeared in the *Buffalo Evening Times* on April 25. It seems to have run originally in the May issue of *Housekeeper* magazine.

Photographing a Moose at Home.

W. B. Thornton.

“Curiosity is the one characteristic that the animal world has in common, genus homo included.”

Jackson ceased the rhythmical swing of his paddle, the blade hanging poised for a stroke, the drops of water running in merry chase down the edge of the blade and refracting the sunlight as if they were diamonds. Jackson is nothing if not intense.

The canoe, under the impulse of my own stroke at the bow, and missing the guiding hand of the steersman, swerved slightly toward the west bank.

“I’ll prove it,” said Jackson, his blade describing a swift arc in the water and straightening the little craft on her course. “It’s not an individual trait; it’s a general trait. It’s —” But just then we shot around a bend, to see the white line of the foaming rapids sharply cutting the immediate perspective and to feel the quickening impulse of swift water. “Trail on the right.” Jackson broke off abruptly, and shot the canoe shorewards till she gently grated on the only bit of beach we had seen in half a day’s paddle.

It was one of those spots which command admiration. The most phlegmatic observer could not deny it momentary attention. It was not grand. It contained nothing majestic. It was simply beautiful, a fit abiding place for the spirit of the wilderness. The beach, if I may so dignify the little strip of gravel and rock, formed the base line of a tiny, triangular clearing which already the forest had begun to reclaim. From its apex the trail, an old tote-road, turned sharply up a slight hill, the impenetrable second-growth hardwood suggesting an ambush whence our every movement was noted by furtive eyes of many wilderness people. On the far side of the river, the unbroken forest came down to the water’s edge. Against its somber background a single swamp maple flung its crimson banner in token of Autumn’s swift approach, while close to the water’s edge, every hundred yards, a solitary cardinal flower burned, as it were a candle on the altar of Summer’s forgotten vows. The river, amber-tinted where the sun fell across the shallows, smooth and black where it slipped along the farther bank, was churned into foaming rapids by gaunt brown and gray rocks a quarter of a mile below. And the roar of the conflict drowned the scream of an eagle swinging high overhead. “Great!” said Jackson, as his camera clicked, and thereby I knew that it bore the stamp of Jackson’s approval, for he is not demonstrative.

But the night’s camp was to be many miles hence, and the portage demanded attention. It was my turn to shoulder the canoe, Jackson taking one of the two heavy packs. The portage was a mile and a half long. Half way over, my view confined to some ten feet of mucky trail directly ahead, I was momentarily startled by a crash in the wood on my right. Then dismissing all thought of it, as probably due to a frightened deer, I devoted myself to the business in hand, and plodded on. Jackson saw and heard nothing. Returning for the other pack and odds and ends, we had gone perhaps half a mile when a rustling in the brush to one side of the trail caught our attention.

“Porcupine!” said I, with an assumption of knowledge born of previous acquaintance. “I’ll go in and drive him out,” I added, for Jackson still awaited an introduction.

“Curiosity –” began Jackson, suddenly reverting to the old argument. But a heavy crash in the brush in front of me interrupted him. “A tremendous big buck or a bear,” was my first thought.

Carefully parting the thick growth of young maples and moose-wood, I peered into the thicket. There, facing me, not fifty yards distant, stood a moose. Cautiously I signalled Jackson. Creeping to my side, he drew a long breath and then stood motionless. The big animal in front of us might have been carved in stone, for all the movement he made. In the deep shadows of the thick growth we could not make whether we were facing a cow or a bull. Jackson finally broke the tension by remarking that the moose out didn’t seem to be afraid, and he guessed we were near enough for comfort. I told him he had expressed my own thought most ably. Then we went back to the trail, full of the joy of having seen our first moose.

“Couldn’t have photographed it in there, even if we’d had our cameras; too dark,” remarked Jackson reflectively. “I’d like to see it in the open,” he added.

Just then a slight noise up the trail behind us caught my attention. There stood the animal in the open trail, in the full sunlight, looking after us. “Oh, for our cameras!” gasped Jackson.

We now had a splendid view of the animal, in all his homely proportions. We could see that he was a three-point bull, the horns not yet entirely out of the velvet, and one of them broken, so that it hung down on one side. From this we promptly dubbed him “Crumpled Horn.” He seemed to have no fear of us, and in proportion as a realization of this grew upon us, a wholesome respect for this king of the forest developed into – let me call it – “excitability of the nerves.” “Big fellow, isn’t he!” said Jackson, more as a statement of conviction than as a question.

“Yes,” I assented.

“By Jove, he is a big fellow!” he repeated after a prolonged stare, as if clinching an argument.

“Supposing,” said he, “he should take a notion to charge!”

“Supposing!” said I.

“What would you do?” he inquired.

“I presume I should run,” I replied lamely.

Now Jackson has a way at times of conveying his opinion without the employment of direct speech. With his eye he measured my length of leg and then took a comprehensive view of Crumpled Horn’s long limbs. “I think we had better be going,” said he.

We tramped in silence a little way, albeit with many a furtive look behind. Then

very humbly I ventured: "What would you have done?"

"I don't know," he grunted.

Thus did we acknowledge the real quality of our emotions, and each respected the other's reticence.

As a matter of fact our position would not have been entirely satisfactory had Crumpled Horn been in a belligerent mood. We were unarmed, save for revolvers, mere popguns, and big trees, climbable in a hurry, were none too handy. As for myself, I was haunted by thoughts of the return trip, for it was my turn to take the heavy pack, wherewith flight was out of the question.

Without further incident, the landing place was reached and the pack adjusted to my back. Of the three cameras it was decided to leave out the smallest one, on the chance that we should get a glimpse of the moose on the way back.

"If we only had a photo to back our story when we get home; folks will never believe us," I bemoaned.

"I know it," said Jackson; "they'd laugh at us. What an ideal place this would have been to have made his portrait, – sun, surroundings and everything perfect."

"If he were real obliging, he'd come down here and have his picture taken," I said.

Jackson was stooping over to pick up a paddle, and, as he did so, glanced up the trail. He straightened up with a suddenness that startled me almost as much as his subdued exclamation:

"He's coming!"

Hitherto, I had always had to have help in getting out of that pack-harness, but now Jackson hardly dropped his paddles quicker than I wriggled out from the binding-straps. On our right was an abrupt bank, perhaps three feet high, which appeared to offer the only vantage point. Up this we scrambled and squatted behind the only big tree immediately available. We reasoned that the bank would bother Crumpled Horn, should he be in an ugly mood, – sufficiently to give us a start at least.

Down the trail he came as leisurely and unconcerned as if he were indeed lord of the woodland realm. He acted for all the world as if he knew that we were trespassers on his domain and that we were at his mercy, pensioners on his tolerant good nature as it were. Immediately he entered the clearing he saw us behind the tree and stalked directly toward us, apparently much interested in a bright red jersey which I wore. Knowing the effect of a red rag on the king of the home pasture, I could not avoid disquieting fears as to its possible effect on this woodland monarch, especially as he evinced such marked interest. At thirty feet he paused, and I heard Jackson's shutter click. "Only film on here," he muttered.

Crumpled Horn took a few steps nearer and surveyed us. The eye of a moose is very small in proportion to the size of his head. A small eye invariably conveys an impression of wickedness. It is uncertain, sardonic. It suggests treachery. Friends looking at the accompanying portrait, taken at only eight feet, have tried to convince

me that the eye is mild and ox-like. We tried to think so then, but the effort was a failure. We saw the eye, not the photograph, and its size was against it.

After a brief survey of us, Crumpled Horn walked over to where I had abandoned the pack and sniffed at it. Then, turning his back on us, he strode to the water's edge. Courage had returned by this time, and we seized this opportunity to slip down to the pack, get out the other cameras and another roll of films. Presently the moose returned for another inspection. We boldly stood our ground while he came near enough to sniff contemptuously at some bread held out on my hand. Afterward he obliged us with every pose we could desire, so that I don't think we claim too much in saying that we have one of the finest sets of photographs of a moose, at home in his native wilderness, ever taken. Sun, surroundings and every condition were seemingly perfect.

There we left him gazing out over the brown running water, king of the wilderness. Later, as at the other end of the portage we launched Otetiwi, our little craft, in truth "Always Ready," Jackson remarked, as he affectionately patted the little black box which has recorded so many of the pleasant phases of our wilderness trips, "In here is the proof that curiosity is the one characteristic universal in the animal world."

National Magazine. March, 1904, pp. 699-703.

Reprinted in many newspapers, including *Greensburg Republican*, April 11, 1904.

A Deep Revenge.

T.W.B.

I'm losted here, 'cause I runned away.
An' I guess I'll stay an' stay an' stay
Forever an' ever, an' never no more
Go back home where I lived before.
My muver'll be sorry she scolded then,
When she sees my empty chair, an' nen
She'll cry, I guess— an', an' it's goin' to rain,
An' I guess I'll run back home again!

American Agriculturist. April 9, 1904, p. 16.

Attracting the Birds.

Waldo

There are two reasons why it is desirable to attract birds, the right kinds of birds, about the house. One is purely economic; the other is aesthetic. The value of the right kinds of birds as aids in controlling insect pests in the orchard, on the shade trees and in the garden, cannot be overestimated. And who, listening to the songs and twitterings of the feathered friends of the shrubbery, can fail of better and higher thoughts, a brighter outlook, a more hopeful view of life.

So it is doubly wise to attract the birds. How shall we do it? By providing shelter for such as require or desire sheltered nesting places, and building material for such as prefer no roof save of leafy green. There is no surer way. The one bird not wanted is the English sparrow. Unfortunately this interloper will be the first to claim bird boxes when they are put up. He prefers grain to insects. No other birds will nest near him. He is a pest. Drive out the English sparrow, then put up bird boxes, and you may have a host of feathered friends about you to entertain and aid you.

Three forms of boxes are here illustrated. The first is a section of a hollow log or limb with a bottom and roof nailed on. Any farm boy can find plenty of dead limbs just suited for this purpose, and it will be the work of but a few minutes to make an attractive bird box.

Less rustle but quite as attractive to bird folk is the one shown in Fig 3. It is best made of weather-beaten boards, and should be at least 12 inches deep, 5 to 6 inches wide inside. The hole should be near the top, 1 1/2 inches in diameter, and the roof should be slanting and project about 2 inches. These are safeguards against marauding jays, red squirrels and cats.

It is a good plan to arrange the roof so that you can open it and inspect the box. Otherwise mice or English sparrows may become established. Those who desire to study the nesting habits of the birds may have the side of the box arranged for a door with a pane of glass set behind it, so that when the door is opened the movements of both old and young birds can be watched. In such a case care should be taken not to let the rays of a hot sun fall directly into the nest, as his might be fatal to the young birds. Such a box in which a chickadee family was reared is shown in Fig 2. This box was attached by a footboard to the sill of a window, and the movements of the birds could be watched from within the room in all weathers and without disturbing or annoying them in the least.

This is the month to put up boxes. Bluebirds, wrens, swallows, martins, chickadees, and if the boxes be out in the orchard, sometimes woodpeckers are among the birds who will avail themselves of your hospitality. Every one of these is an inveterate hunter of bugs and grubs, and for that reason a most desirable tenant. I hope every boy and girl who reads this page will put up at least one bird box, and later will let the Young Folks' Editor know what varieties took possession. Remember to drive off the English sparrows.

American Agriculturist. April 9, 1904, p. 24.

Saucer Wild-Flower Gardens.

T.W.B.

The snow has not fairly gone when the first shy, delicate blossoms appear in woodland, and by the wayside. Now is the time to start a saucer garden in your window. If you have never tried it, you have a great pleasure before you, for these little wild flowers are of a delicacy no cultivated blooms can hope to attain. Begin with a large flower pot saucer. Take up by the roots the first hepaticas you find in bloom. Add the early saxifrage, whose minute white blossoms grace rocky ledges, and a clump of the first bluets. Then as they appear, add bloodroot, the various violets, anemones, cowslips and polygala. Crowd them in together, for these flower folk are accustomed to crowding, and keep wet. One such saucer which I helped to fill last spring, was a glory of white, blue, yellow, purple and green for weeks, and then when through blooming the plants were transferred to a little rockery in a shaded corner where they grew vigorously and where we shall look for them this spring. Such a floral saucer will furnish endless delight to an invalid.

American Agriculturist. April 9, 1904, p. 24.

“Birds.”

W. B. Thornton

Apropos the series of interesting bird lectures that Dr. Carlos Cummings has been giving before the public school children at the Library, the following and they will be entertained by the keeper; written by W. B. Thornton, will be of interest to the school children [sic]:

Bird study as a fad is beginning to pall on the vacationist who has not the true love of the feathered folk, and a new outdoor recreation is wanted. Some of golf and opera-glass hunting of birds bright young women who spent last summer in a western Massachusetts town, tired which never sat still, felt this need and supplied it. They turned bee hunters. Discovering a veteran bee hunter, and overcoming a feminine distrust of the little insect who so sharply resents interference with her affairs, they were initiated in the art of lining bees and thereafter every tramp afield was with an object in view.

Bee hunting possesses a charm peculiarly its own and it can be practiced wherever flowers grow, even with-in the limits of the town. Yet seemingly there are few who know this or are at all aware of the stories of sweetness to be had for the seeking.

The necessary outfit consists of a box three inches square and as many deep. This is divided into an upper and lower story by means of a slide. The cover is fitted with a glass window. In the lower compartment is placed a piece of comb filled with a syrup of sugar and water. The slide is pushed in place and the nearest posy bed or clover patch is sought. With the box in one hand and cover in the other it is an easy matter to trap a honey bee busy robbing a flower of its sweets. Watching her through the glass window, the moment she quiets down the slide is gently drawn. It does not take the bee long to discover the syrup and she at once begins to load up with this treasure.

The box is now placed on a post and a sharp watch maintained. Presently the bee is sated, and circling for her bearings, starts straight for the hive or tree. When she comes back, for she will surely return, she will bring another with her, and in turn this one will bring a third and so on until a line is established. Then while one or more fill the syrup the cover is replaced and the box carried forward along the line of flight. From the stopping point a new line will be started as before. Thus in time will the bees lead straight to their home.

Buffalo Evening Times. April 25, 1904, p. 3

Cape Cod Turkey.

W.B. Thornton

The true "Cape Cod turkey" is herring, albeit a few persons set up unsupported claims in behalf of the cod, on the ground that the former is but bait for the latter. In the town of Bourne lie Big and Little Herring ponds; lakes they would be elsewhere. In their immediate neighborhood Sally McLean found the scenes and characters for her famous Cape Cod Folks. The outlet of these ponds is a pretty little stream known as Herring river, though really no more than a fair-sized trout brook. Up this stream since waters have sought the sea, in each recurring spring, countless numbers of silvery-sided alewives have fought their way to the spawning beds in the ponds above. As the river reaches its height the stream becomes literally choked with fish; now and then one is forced out upon the bank by the crowding of its fellows. The fisherman has but to reach in his hands to scoop them out. To this day the head of each family in the towns of Bourne and Sandwich is entitled to one barrel each of alewives, if caught, upon payment of twenty cents for each barrel. The Herring Pond Indians are exempt from this payment of twenty cents. The right to take the fish is auctioned off yearly by the town, the successful bidder complying with certain restrictions. On Sundays, Wednesdays and Saturdays no fish may be taken, but the stream must be kept clear of obstructions and the fish allowed to run unhindered to their spawning grounds. On Fridays he must catch for the heads of families who may come to claim their rights, allowing all fish not wanted to go to the ponds. On the three remaining days he may fish for himself, taking the fish only at the fishhouse built over the stream and only with a scoop net. Some of these are sold to peddlers to be sold fresh or smoked, and the remainder are barreled and sold to fishing schooners for bait.

The Cape Cod turkey is marketed by the stick, a dozen on a stick thrust through the eyes or gills. Yarmouth bloaters are not to be mentioned in the same breath with these herring. What the trick in the smoking is I know not.

A Cape Cod turkey is cooked by putting in the stove on top of the oven where the heat from a brisk fire passes over to the chimney. It is left in until the skin is parched and even burned. It is then taken out, the skin scraped off, the head and such of the tail as has not already burned off, removed, when the fish is ready for the table. All odor goes up the chimney.

Good Housekeeping. May, 1904, pp. 508-509.

Excerpted in newspapers, including *The Tennessean*, May 2, 1904.

A Wonderful Little Architect.

Waldo

Have any of you bright-eyed boys and girls ever found a nest of that tiny pulsating, gleaming gem of the bird world, the ruby-throated humming-bird? As dainty as its dainty self is the home of this swift-winged darting sprite. Usually it is composed of fern cotton or soft material of similar nature, so cleverly covered with lichens on its exterior as to defy detection. I remember the first one I ever found. In fact I have it now, although it was nearly 20 years ago that it was cut down after its builders were through nesting. It was in an old apple tree on the edge of the woods. I knew it was there, yet search as I would I could not find it. Occasionally Mr or Mrs Humming-bird would dash almost into my face as if defying my best endeavors. After hours of search I found it, so exquisite it seemed impossible that it could be the work of a bird. I have found these nests in pines and elms and I knew of one deftly built on a clothes line.

The ruby-throat is a fearless midget, approaching quite close to human beings in its quest for nectar and minute insects in the hearts of bright blossoms, and fighting desperately when its home is threatened. It seems almost impossible that such a tiny fellow can be capable of sustained and extended flight. I remember that certain old folk of my boyhood days used to insist that the humming-birds spent the winter hibernating in the mud. As if such bright, airy creatures could soil their beautiful plumage by contact with earth. As a matter of fact they spend their winters in far-away Central America. The young when hatched are not much bigger than bees and they are fed with partially digested food. The process of feeding is very curious and is called regurgitation. Can you young folks remember such a big word? The parent bird thrusts its bill down into the throat of the young, pumping up from its own stomach food already partly digested. Curious, isn't it?

American Agriculturist. May 28, 1904, p. 21.

A Sweet Vesper Singer.

Waldo

Of all the melodies with which copse and woodland ring during the nesting season of the birds, none are so wondrously sweet as the songs of the thrushes. Of these which is the sweeter is a mooted question. For myself there is a depth, a mystery, a suggestion of peace and ineffable calm in the ringing notes of the veery or Wilson's thrush, such as no other song possesses. And next to the veery I love the wood thrush.

As the dusk steals through the woodland aisles and the eventide falls softly the spirit of the forest speaks, and through the voice of the wood thrush invites you to participate in the vesper service. No pen can describe its sweetness or the wonderful quality of its tones. And I cannot believe that there is a nature so hardened that it will be entirely unaffected by this evening hymn of this little chorister in brown coat and spotted vest.

The range of this bird is wide. It is found throughout the east and west as far as Minnesota. It breeds as far north as Quebec. It is one of the birds in whose protection the hand of every man and boy should be raised.

American Agriculturist. July 2, 1904, p. 17.

Fish Cakes with Beet.

W. B. T.

One cup of cod, well picked and fine;
Potato, twice as much, be thine,
Diced raw and measured and, perforce,
Put on and boiled till done, of course.
Drain well, then mas and stir till light,
Add salt and pepper and not quite
A teaspoon of butter add;
'Twill much improve the whole, egad.
Chop two small beets, an egg beat well,
Then mold and fry and –ring the bell.

Good Housekeeping. September, 1904, p. 346.

Reprinted in newspapers including *Charlotte News*, August 27, 1904.

Fishers in the Deep Sea.

W.B.T.

“Hoist the stays’! and balloon jib!” The skipper’s order brought a tired crew to man the ropes with a will. The fog bank in which we had been blindly groping for five days was forgotten. The lap of the waves against the bow once more became musical and there was even something joyous in the wall of the fog horn. It meant that the last set of trawl had been made—that we were homeward bound.

Down In the fo’c’sle, when all but the watch had turned in, song and story—grim stories of the pitiless sea and more pitiless men—went the rounds, and ever and anon the wall of the fog horn came down through the open hatch. When morning broke the fog bank lay behind us over the restless waters of the Georges, those wonderful fishing banks of the north Atlantic, and with every sail set, close hauled, we were bowling toward Boston—homeward bound.

It is a hard life these sturdy fisher folk live, these catchers of fish for your Friday dinner. The farmer’s hours are long, but they are seldom longer than from daylight till dusk. But the fisherman—I have seen him cheerfully turn out at a half hour after midnight and in the murky glare of a torch with a single companion drop astern of the ship in his dory, to be instantly enveloped in the white smother of fog. Hours later, after hauling something over a mile of fish laden trawl, fortune favoring, he would be picked up by the schooner. Then came breakfast, the dressing and icing of the fish, the rebaiting of the trawls, something over 1100 hooks per man, dinner, an hour’s rest, another set of the trawls, supper, dressing down and rebaiting and finally at 6.30 or 7 o’clock in the evening a chance to turn in. Then it was out again at 1.30 and meantime a watch to stand sometime during those precious sleeping hours. These were the working hours while on the fishing grounds. But homeward bound gave a chance to make up lost sleep.

Contrary to prevailing opinion, summer fishing is the hardest fishing and most disliked by the fishermen. This is because they must go out to the banks, the Grand banks and the Georges, a week to two weeks at a time, with all the attendant danger of storm and greater still the perpetual menace of the fog, where no man knows at what instant he may be run down by another vessel, or losing his bearing while out alone in his dory, be swept away by the rushing tide to drift for days in an open boat without food or water, perhaps to perish thus. This is the summer fishing and it is made necessary by the schools of dogfish, a species of small shark, which frequent the shore waters, useless as food, and driving away the other fish. In winter they seek warmer waters and then the fishermen fish but a few miles off shore, within easy running distance of port in case of bad weather. Then, too, fish bring a better price, they are in port often and so get chance to run home frequently and despite the severe weather, the work is less nerve racking.

Sturdy, fearless, hard workers, these fishers of the north Atlantic coast, fun loving yet with something of the ocean’s tragic mysteries graven in their bronzed faces. And so, if it chance that some day from a steamer’s deck you shall see one of these little fishing schooners rushing in, every sail set, her lee rail awash and a bone in her teeth, waft her a God-speed and a good market, for she is “homeward bound.” And you of the land know not its meaning.

American Agriculturist. September 3, 1904, p. 18.

Flowers as Subjects.

W.B.T.

Flowers, wild flowers in their native haunts—what more fascinating subjects can the amateur photographer who loves nature find! True, my friends some-times laugh indulgently and call me a crank when I spend the better part of an hour “fussing” over a little shy blossom in an endeavor to secure a likeness. But the results, when they are good, are worth all the trouble.

A fairly long bellows is necessary in order to get near enough to secure a photograph of any size. The greatest difficulty I have encountered has been in getting a firm support for my camera near enough to the ground. I have had a tripod with legs only a foot long made. Even this fails me sometimes and I am forced to build a support of stones and sticks.

In such work as this floral photography where the object is so close to the camera, a long exposure is necessary. The arbutus, shown herewith, were given one second with a 22 stop in full April sunlight. The flowers, being pure white, were a trifle dense, and local reduction was resorted to.

The matter of a suitable background is always perplexing. The background is, of course, out of focus, and often of such confused composition that it spoils the effect of the photograph. An example of this is shown in the small cut at the beginning of this article. The dog’s tooth violet or trout lily is sharp and clear, but the unfortunate background spoils it. A piece of white cloth, kept in motion back of the plant, would have obviated this. It is well to carry pieces of cloth of black, white and some neutral color. Artificial backgrounds are not always necessary. This fall I made a beautiful photograph of the delicate fringed gentian, using the natural background.

Patience is a prime requisite to insure success. Some of the flowers are so delicately hung on their long stems that the least breath of air sets them in motion and of course ruins the picture. I have found early morning most free from these disturbing little air currents. Many who make a hobby of photographing flowers pluck the blossoms. This is far easier work, but to my mind even the most artistic arrangement lacks a subtle, indefinable something which the growing plant possesses. I would like to hear from others interested in this sort of work.

American Agriculturist. November 5, 1904, p. 22.

The Way It Seems to Me.

T.W.B.

Folks say I'm queer 'cause friends o' mine
Ain't just what they call nice—
A snake, a toad, a big barred owl
An' half a dozen mice.

They're pets an' "friends" an' that is what
All real true pets should be.
An' why folks draws away from them
Is more than I can see.

God gave 'em life and each was made
Accordin' to God's plan;
An' if in His sight they are good,
Why not in sight o' man?

Well, anyhow, they're friends o' mine,
An' though folks say we're queer,
I love 'em an' they always seem
To like to have me near.

American Agriculturist. November 5, 1904, p. 26.

The Night Before.

T.W.B.

They wouldn't close their eyes, they said;
They couldn't go to sleep;
They just had got to keep awake
And ceaseless vigil keep.
They'd surely catch good old St. Nick
And give him a surprise—
But Santa sent the sandman first
To fill their pretty eyes.

American Agriculturist. December 24, 1904, p. 22.

1905

Burgess contributed more verse accompanying illustrations as “T.W.B.” as well as conservation-oriented articles about wild flowers and raptors in the *American Agriculturist*. Some of his articles, “Wash Day Chat,” and “Why Be Bound Down,” however, were explicitly promotional, the latter going so far as to promote a particular brand of washing machine advertising in the issue. This propagandistic trend can also be seen in a poem appearing on the front page of the July 1 issue—“Who Would Not Be a Farmer?, ” and another, “A Nation’s Hope” appearing on September 2.

Meanwhile, Burgess was exploring humor writing in the pages of *Good Housekeeping*, with monthly installments of “The Bride’s Primer,” illustrated by F. Strothmann, and later published as a book. Burgess, perhaps not coincidentally, was newly married. “A Presidential Dream,” reprinted in newspapers, was inspired by Teddy Roosevelt’s thoughts about “race suicide.”

The Bride's Primer I, II.

No byline

This is a Bride. What is the Bride do-ing? The Bride is cook-ing. The Bride wears a small white Apron and Ruf-fles. Is she not sweet? See the hot fat fly! The small white Apron and Ruf-fles are just the things to catch the drops of Fat.

See the Smoke! The Bride does not like the Smoke. It makes her Blue eyes Red. How does the Bride make the Smoke? She shuts the back Draft to make the Fire burn. The Smoke is nice to make the white Ceil-ing brown.

Good Housekeeping. January, 1905, pp. 16-17.

The Bride's Primer III, IV.

No byline

See the Bride and the Bread. It is her first loaf of Bread. Is the Bread not light? Yes, it is full of air. How it sticks to the Floor. Yet the Bride is not glad. Perhaps the Bread was too long in a warm place.

What has the man brought? It is a Roast for the Bride. What kind of Meat is this? It must be Beef. Tell the Bride not to cry. Next time She will ord-er Beef by the pound and Lamb by the leg.

Good Housekeeping. February 1905, pp. 142-143.

The Bride's Primer V, VI.

No byline

What is this which goes up? It is the Ketch-up. Oh, how red it makes the Wall! The Bride made the Ketch-up but she did not seal it tight and it grew sour.

Where did the Groom get the House Coat? It is a Gift from the Bride. Yes, the Groom is please with the Gift. But he would like to choose his own Coat.

Good Housekeeping. March, 1905, pp.298-299.

Wash-day Chat.

Waldo

“See that woman bending over her tubs—she looks worn to a frazzle,” remarked a pretty young woman to her companion as they drove past a farm-house.

“She not only looks it, but she feels it. I know. I have seen my mother just that way, too tired to sleep when night came and not really over the backache by the end of the week. Oh, I know, for I have done the family washing myself when mother was ill and I’ve ached so that I couldn’t think of anything else. I tell you, more than one woman’s life has been wrecked by the wash tub. Mother and I made a regular holiday, celebrated it, don’t you know, the day we banished the old wash methods. Bah! they seem like a bad dream now.”

“What do you do—have your washing done out now?” inquired the first speaker.

“Not much! We do it ourselves, but we use a washing machine. The men can talk all they please about the labor-saving machinery for sowing and harvesting, but not one of their machines has contributed more to health and happiness than the modern washing machine. Why, Maud, I’d no more think of doing a washing in the old way than your father would of cutting that big meadow of his with a scythe.”

This scrap of conversation came to me as the carriage passed me on a hilly road. It set me to thinking and I resolved to make some investigations. The result was a most agreeable surprise and perhaps the mothers and daughters who read these pages will be equally interested.

“It only takes 1 1/2 to two hours to do a large family washing ready for the line,” writes a New York housewife, and then adds, “In my machine we can wash anything from fine lace curtains to a rag carpet.”

A cheery letter from Ohio states that \$50 would not tempt the writer to sell her machine if she could not get another. Then she adds, “It reduces the labor of washing 100% and the wear and tear on clothes to a minimum.”

“My little boy, nine years old, considers it a great treat to run my washing machine for me,” writes another, “The most dainty articles can be washed without the least injury.”

In much the same vein is a letter from the sunny south. “I can fill my washer with clothes and turn the handle while sitting down. My seven-years-old cousin frequently relieves me of this work, and his washing is as clean and white as mine,” testifies this Virginia housekeeper.

These are a few of the tributes paid washing machines. Reading between the lines, it is easy to see how great the relief is and how much has been added to home joys by these washing machines.

I wish that all our Tablers would try these machines and give us their verdict.

American Agriculturist. March 25, 1905, p. 27.

The Bride's Primer VII, VIII.

No by-line

What have we here? It is the Bride and her Maid. Can the Maid cook a meal? No, but she can make May-on-naise. How sweet the Maid looks as she brings the Card. The Bride must be proud of the Maid

Here is the New Maid. She is not sweet but she can broil a Steak. The Bride is proud of her Cook-ing. What is the Bride do-ing? She is giving orders to the Maid. The Maid will be a-fraid to Dis-o-bey.

Good Housekeeping. April, 1905, pp. 422-423.

Preserve the Wild Flowers.

Waldo

To the farm boy or girl it may seem a little strange that a great movement for the preservation of wild flowers has become necessary. Yet this is true. Even as certain of our birds are becoming rare through the shooting by plumage hunters and reckless so-called sportsmen, many of our rarer wild flowers will soon be extinct, because of the depredations by unthinking and careless people who pluck them up by the roots.

All through the eastern states the demand in the cities for the trailing arbutus and certain other of our beautiful native flowers in the early spring, has practically resulted in the extermination of these beautiful blossoms in certain sections. It is for the preservation of these flowers that a movement has been begun, for unless something is done it is only a question of a few years when they will become extinct. The Wild Flower Preservation Society of America has been organized, and at a recent meeting in Philadelphia plans were discussed for the education of the public to a realization of the great need of care of our choicer blossoms.

Of course a distinction is made between the wild flowers which have become noxious weeds and the more beautiful wild flowers which beautify our woodlands and fields and in themselves are not harmful, If you know of certain rare plants do not, because they are simply rare, pluck them up. How much better to allow them to grow and sow seed and thus propagate the race.

And you, boys and girls, who every spring seek the beautiful trailing arbutus, do not pluck up the roots. Even if you must leave a beautiful cluster of blossoms, do so, rather than pull the roots from the ground. This exquisite little blossom often grows with such short stems that to pluck it is impossible unless a section of the root is taken. This means such serious harm to the plant that in the course of a little while the plant will be exterminated. Already hundreds of beautiful hillsides, where once the shiest of all blossoms grew plentifully, are now without a single plant. Protect the wild flowers even as you protect the birds.

American Agriculturist. April 29, 1905, p. 21.

The Bride's Primer IX, X.

No by-line

See the Bride and the Hen! What are they do-ing? They are work-ing in the Bride's Gar-den. The Bride likes to work in the Gar-den. So does the Hen. See how the green Things come up! It is not kind of the Hen to scratch in the Gar-den.

What does the Bride see? Ugh! It is a great green Worm! Is the Worm a-fraid of the Bride? No, it is not a-fraid. The Worm likes the pretty green Plants in the Bride's Gar-den. How nice of the Bride to leave the Gar-den to the Worm.

Good Housekeeping. May, 1905, pp. 524-525.

Some Misunderstood Friends.

Waldo

It is a lamentable fact that on the majority of farms the appearance of a hawk or an owl is the signal for a scramble for the gun. This is because, unfortunately, these birds occasionally are tempted by a plump chicken to raid the poultry yard. These predatory acts have given the two tribes a bad name, which all the good they do does not offset. This is due to the fact that the loss of a chicken is almost invariably observed, while countless thousands of rats, mice, gopher, moles, etc. are destroyed by these birds, unobserved by the farmer and his boys.

Out of 255 stomachs of the screech owl examined, none contained pigeons or poultry, and 80% of them mice, insects and English sparrows. Of 572 specimens of the barred owl, long and short eared owls, 1 1-5% contained poultry or game birds, 9% small wild birds, 52% mice and 26% insects. The great horned owl is the one black sheep in this family. Dr Fisher in his United States bulletin on hawks and owls points out how great would be the injury to the farmer and gardener if owls should be exterminated. Certainly we should befriend in every way possible the four first varieties mentioned, of whom four out of every five individuals dine on mice and insects.

Of the hawks, more are the farmers allies than his enemies. The marsh hawk kills an incalculable number of mice and vermin. All of the data thus far secured shows that this species of hawk lives very largely on a class of rodents which do farmers and fruit growers a great amount of damage. Once in a great while a chicken will be carried off by this bird, but this is but slight compensation for the good the same individual has accomplished in the destruction of vermin. The same is true of the red shouldered hawk and the red-tailed hawk, both of which are universally called chicken hawks, a name they have never earned and which is working them irreparable damage. An examination made by the United States department of agriculture showed that out of 220 stomachs of red shouldered hawks only three contained poultry.

The dapper little sparrow hawk could very properly be called the grasshopper hawk, because of the great number of grasshoppers which he disposes of. The sharp shinned hawk, cooper's hawk and goshawk are the only hawks which are a serious menace to the poultry yard. All other hawks should be encouraged as distinct aids to the farmer and fruit grower.

Now, boys, study up your hawks and owls and let us see if we cannot remove this stigma from would-be friends. Because a hawk is a hawk, or an owl an owl, do not ruthlessly destroy their nests or young or shoot the old birds. Find out first what the species is. Watch them feed and see how seldom they do any real damage and how often they lend their necessary aid in the destruction of vermin. Be just, boys, and just because these splendid big birds are known as hawks or owls, as the case may be, don't get out the shotgun.

American Agriculturist. May 13, 1905, p. 22.

The Bride's Primer XI-XII.

No by-line

How bright the hue of the Clothes! Why does not the Bride seem pleased? Did not the Maid intend to dye the Clothes? No, but she did not know the Bride put her Sweater to soak with the Wash.

See the Wa-ter fall on the Ta-ble! Has a Hose burst? No, a boy is Spray-ing the vines with To-bac-co. The Bride for-got to tell him of her first Tea. Next time he will spray the vines in the Morn-ing.

Good Housekeeping. June, 1905, pp. 664-665.

Why Be Bound Down?

T.W.B.

I have noted the letters in regard to washing methods and it is really a matter of surprise to me that it has taken so many women so long to discover the advantages of washing machines. Why a woman will persist in such back-aching work, work so detrimental to her physical well-being, work that wears so persistently upon her nerves, making a wreck of her, I cannot understand. As in so many other cases when improvements have been advanced, there has been, and is, a conservatism which it is hard to overcome. Possibly it is that women regard the claims for washing machines as too good to be true. This is not fair to the makers or to themselves.

As with other great advances the washing machine has been evolved from a somewhat crude and unsatisfactory machine to a machine that is perfection in every detail. Those who found the early washing machines unsatisfactory are now using the modern machines with delight. All testimony goes to show that these machines will not only do a washing cleaner and easier than it can be done by hand, but they will actually do it with less wear and tear on the fabric, will produce cleaner, whiter clothes, and will handle anything from the most delicate fabric to a rag carpet. In view of the fact that so many manufacturers offer to send these machines entirely free of expense for one month's trial it is a matter of surprise that so many women will persist in the old-fashioned method of doing their washings, dreading the weekly ordeal, yet seeking no relief.

In another column in this issue will be found the advertisement of one of the leading makers of washing machines [The OK, H.F. Brammer Mfg. Co., Davenport IA]. The offer there is most liberal, and no woman should pass it by unheeded. The use of one of these machines simply means that at the end of a year the saving in vitality, in strength, in comfort, and the gain in health, and in resultant happiness, are not to be easily measured.

American Agriculturist. June 10, 1905, p. 17.

All Among the Daisies.

T.W.B.

Daisies golden hearted, all abloom for me.
How I love you, love you, nodding light and free.
White robed flower fairies, little winds I wis
Should not be withholden from a stolen kiss.

American Agriculturist. June 17, 1905, p. 16.

Afternoon Tea.

T. W. B.

Will you sit down with us and have a steaming cup of tea?
You're pretty well? I hope you are. Yes, thank you, so are we.
Pray let me introduce you to Miss Polly Ann Louise,
And Arabella Simpson Jones sits opposite if you please.
Two lumps of sugar? I like three. Perhaps your tea is weak?
Yes, Arabella's somewhat shy—you seldom hear her speak.
What, going now! You really must? We'd like to have you stay.
My goodness, there is Bobby Wood! Guess I'll go out and play.

American Agriculturist. June 24, 1905, p. 18.

The Bride's Primer XIII, XIV.

No by-line

Where is the Bride go-ing? She is go-ing to a Farm for a Va-ca-tion. Does the Bride know how small a Room she will have? No, but she will know soon. When she goes a-gain she will not need most of the Hall for her Bag-gage.

See the big Blaze! The Blaze scares the Bride. Will the Stove Ex-plode? No, the Stove will not Ex-plode. If the Bride did not turn on so much Gas-o-line at first there would not be such a big blaze. The Bride would love Camp Life if it were not for the Blaze.

Good Housekeeping. July, 1905, pp. 40-41.

Who Would Not Be a Farmer?

Thornton W. Burgess

THE CITY

Brick and mortar and iron, reek and filth and grime,
Heat and stench and fever, avarice, greed and crime!
Men have builded a city and herded therein to dwell
Souls that are held in bondage, slaves of the factory bell!
Toil! toil! toil! toil! Shackles and fetters and gyves!
Toil! toil! toil! toil! What matters a thousand lives!

THE COUNTRY

Trees and flowers and meadows, birds and brooks and hills,
Gowing grain and sunshine, the song of a hundred rills!
God created the country, His gift to the sons of man,
A heritage forever, part of an infinite plan.
Work, play! work, play! They bring their own reward;
Work, play! work, play! His is the harvest hoard.

American Agriculturist. July 1, 1905, p 1.

Brindle's Surprise.

T.W.B.

Mo-o-o! Mo-o-o! What is this I see?
Funny kind of clover so it seems to me.
Never saw it growing quite like this before—
First I'll take a nibble, then I'll take some more.
Mo-o-o! Mo-o-o! Goodness! What is this?
Think you I will wake her if I steal a kiss?

American Agriculturist. July 8, 1905, p. 18.

The Bride's Primer XV, XVI.

No by-line

See all the Dishes! Has the Bride any more Dishes? No, these are all she owns. Did the Groom leave the Dish-es for the Bride to wash? No, the Bride came home from Vacation ahead of time. The Bride will not try to sur-prise the Groom a-gain.

This is the Bride's first Jell. Does it not look nice? Yes, but it has not jelled. Will it not jell? No, the Jelly will not jell. Tell the Bride to boil her next Jell more. Per-haps if she boils it longer then the Jelly will jell.

Good Housekeeping. August, 1905, pp. 176-177.

A Presidential Dream.

Thornton W. Burgess

A president, by Morpheus held, right strenuously slept,
While secret service guardians their faithful vigil kept.
Upon his careworn brow appeared grim worry's furrowed trace:
He muttered o'er and o'er again, "The suicide of race!"
Then came a vision—dazzling, fair—De-lighted he beheld
Himself as saving those for whom had fate already knelled.
Forth from a vast establishment in grave, majestic flight,
Throughout the land—north, south and west and toward the dawning light,
Long-wing-ed birds with longer legs upon a mission bent,
By one who knew the need of them, with a God-speed were sent.
The president looked on, then spoke, as one in slumber talks:
"I make you secretary, sir; department, sir, of storks."
And then, alas! that it should be, the president awoke!

Good Housekeeping. August, 1905, p 185.

Reprinted in newspapers including *The Daily Nonpareil*, July 30, 1905.

The Bride's Primer XVII, XVIII.

No by-line

Look at the Bride in her new Skirt. Did the Bride make the Skirt? Yes, the Bride made it her-self. Why does the Groom laugh? Per-haps the Bride did not join the Gores as she should. Tell her that bi-as Edges do not go to-geth-er.

Why does the Bride cry? It must be from vex-a-tion. Will not the Fig-ures match? Yes, if the Pa-per is cut right. See the nice large Bub-bles of air. Did the Bride mean to tear the Pa-per? No, she got it too wet with thin Paste.

Good Housekeeping. September, 1905, pp. 240-241.

Social & Educational Features.

T. B. Waldo

In all the wide range of activities and pleasures there is nothing quite so wholly a family matter as a typical agricultural fair. Father's interests are there in the livestock and agricultural displays; mother's in the domestic and fancy work exhibitions. And the children, who shall say that the children's interests are not there, very much there? It is this family spirit which makes for the best success of a fair, and the management which takes into consideration this fact is the management which succeeds best.

Just what part each member of the family shall have in the fair is largely a matter of circumstance and inclination, but every member should have a part, no matter how small. If mother is not sufficiently interested to enter a loaf of bread, a jar of butter, her cake, or some beautiful product of her deft fingers, or father does not enter for some of the premiums, it is not to be expected that the boys and girls will take the interest in the practical side of the fair that they should. Each child should be encouraged to grow something, or to make something, to enter in competition for the prizes which every up-to-date fair management offers in its premium lists.

That there is a growing tendency to interest children more, and to encourage their efforts, is one of the happy signs of the times. The educational features which are being made much of in some of the best state, county, and even smaller fairs, tend to give the right incentive to the children to show what they can do with their own peculiar talents. This feature is one which cannot be too warmly commended, and its place among the exhibits should be made most conspicuous.

The great complaint among patrons of the fairs during the last few years has been that in, many instances the practical side has given way to the entertainment side. This is unfortunately too true. The horse racing and the vaudeville features, fakirs' row, and the gambling devices, have grown to be such conspicuous features of some fairs that the original purpose in organizing a fair has almost been lost sight of. Now, however, there is a healthy reaction, and it is to be noted that the groups surrounding the domestic and educational displays include not only the feminine visitors, but fond fathers are quite as interested in the work of the children as the mothers.

REALLY SEEING A FAIR.

"What did you see at the fair?" asked a white-haired old grandmother of her sturdy grandson, who had just returned from the annual agricultural display at the county seat. The small boy thrust his hands in his trousers' pockets and regarded his grandmother steadfastly for a few moments. "The fact is, grandmother," said he, "I saw so much that I don't know what I did see." In this he hit the keynote of the trouble which older heads have had in attending a great exhibition. They see so much that they see nothing; in other words, they see, but they cannot remember; everything is a confusion in the mind. This is, in part, because they do not do their sightseeing systematically.

Are the boys of the family especially interested in any one subject? Are they fond of sheep, or cattle, or horses, or machinery? Take them to these displays first. Begin with the one that interests them most, and go over it thoroughly with them. Take an interest in each whether you are especially interested personally or not; sympathize with them when they enthuse. When they have thoroughly examined these exhibits and gotten all there is in them, then lead them to other exhibits in order. Ask questions of the exhibitors. When, you have finished with the livestock, then move on to the next department. Take each in turn. If prizes have not been awarded, exercise your own judgment in the matter as to probabilities, and get the boys and girls to do like-wise. Then later, when awards are made, come back and see how near you were to picking the winners.

The physical state has much to do with the enjoyment of a fair, and with the good that can be gotten from it. If you are tired, seek the rest room, if there is one; if not, seek some quiet and retired spot and rest before you try to see more of the exhibits. Do not try to do all at once. The mind wearies as well as the body, and refuses to grasp all that the eyes see. Do an exhibit thoroughly and then rest, if it be but a few moments.

THE PICNIC LUNCH.

Not a few of the fairs offer wholesome dinner at a small sum, where good farm dishes are served with generous hands. But if the family be large, even the nominal figure asked for such a dinner makes a hole in the family pocketbook. In such cases lunch is usually brought. It is in this lunch hour that lie great possibilities for the social side of the fair. Every fair-ground should have, though few do, a grove or picnic spot provided for those who choose to bring lunches with them. Fresh water should be available, plain tables and seats provided. The expense would not be large, and the returns would amply repay for the trouble. A lunch with no place to eat it, or with only the carriage or empty shed, is a most unsatisfactory meal. It is apt to be hurried through as rapidly as possible. This should not be.

Man is a social creature, and at no time is he more social than when catering to the needs of the "inner man." A grove in which a party of neighbors can get together to lunch is sure to be so far appreciated that it will be actually one of the prime attractions in drawing people to the fair. This seems like a broad statement, but it is true, nevertheless. At no time during the year does the farmer have an opportunity of meeting so many friends and acquaintances from his own immediate district and from neighboring towns and counties, as at the fair; friends whom he sees but once a year he sees there. He likes to talk with them;— he likes to exchange views. No less does his good wife enjoy meeting her friends, and yet how few fairs take this into consideration and provide a place for such social intercourse.

Some of the larger state fairs now make splendid provision for the women and children. Day nurseries and rest rooms are provided. That these are appreciated is attested by the way in which they are patronized. The smaller fairs which cannot afford buildings for this purpose, can at least afford to put up tents, where mothers and children can find comfortable rest from the excitement and jostling of the crowd, and, as has already been pointed out, can make a feature of the lunch or picnic hour.

SANITARY CONDITIONS ARE IMPORTANT.

Another point in which fair managements, especially the small fairs, are remiss, is in providing suitable lavatories and in looking after sanitary conditions. Such provision as is made is almost invariably inadequate and inconvenient. No attention is paid to the fact that hundreds must use these facilities, and that many will take offense, because of the unsanitary conditions and the unhygienic arrangements. This matter should be given thorough and careful attention.

Above all, demand the very highest moral tone in fairs. Thus only can the welfare of the family be safeguarded. Questionable entertainments, betting pools at the races, games of chance, all these are to be denounced as vigorously as if they had invaded the precincts of your own home. At the agricultural fair they become a family matter. Patronize the fairs by all means and leave not one member of the family at home. But demand that the fairs be worthy of your patronage and the presence of your children

American Agriculturist. September 2, 1905, p. 7.

A Nation's Hope.

T.W.B.

Who are the men of the morrow?
Seek ye the boys today.
Follow the plow and harrow;
Look where they rake the hay.

Walk with the cows from pasture;
Search mid the tasseled corn;
Try where you hear the thresher
Humming in early morn.

Who are the men of the morrow?
Look at you sturdy arm!
A nation's hope for the future
Lives in the boy on the farm.

American Agriculturist. September 2, 1905, p. 29.

The Bride's Primer XIX, XX.

No by-line

Watch the nice Smoke puff! The Bride loves a Cheer-ful Fire. But the Bride does not love to Choke. What is the Groom say-ing? Per-haps he has Learned that green Wood will not Blaze.

This is the Bride's Cozy Corner. Is it Cozy? No, the Corner is not Cozy. Then why is the Bride Pleased? Be-cause it is a Fad. The Bride has not learned that Fads in poor Taste pass soon.

Good Housekeeping. October, 1905, pp. 384-385.

Lucy and her Piggie.

W.T.B.

Oh, here's a little Piggie, his tail all in a curl,
And he belongs to Lucy, a merry little girl.

He has a little brother and some sisters in a pen;
I guess if you would count them you'd find that there were ten,
Not like this little Piggie who keeps his tail in curl
And who belongs to Lucy, the merry little girl.

For this nice little Piggie has his tail tied with a bow
And out with Lucy walking he daily likes to go,
This handsome little Piggie with tail all in a curl
And who belongs to Lucy, the merry little girl,
This pig who has a brother and some sisters in a pen,
Enough if you should count them to number up to ten.

One day they met a Bow-wow who gave Piggie such a fright
His tail lost all its curl and he ran home with all his might,
This funny little Piggie with his tail tied with a bow
Who out with Lucy walking did daily like to go
This handsome little Piggie whose tail was in a curl
And who belongs to Lucy, the merry little girl,
This pig who has a brother and some sisters in a pen,
Enough if you should count them to number up to ten.

Good Housekeeping. October, 1905, pp. 388-389.

The Bride's Primer XXI, XXII.

No by-line

What a sweet Do-gie! He is the Bride's own-est own. The Dog-gie likes Thanksgiving. He has the first help of White Meat and Stuff-ing. What ails the Groom's Mother? Per-haps She does not like the sweet Dog-gie helped first.

See the Bride at the Pi-a-no! Is it a Hand-some Pi-a-no? Yes, the Pi-a-no is Hand-some. Then why does the Bride hide it? The Bride thinks it is the Thing to do. But Sure-ly the Pi-a-no would like a fair Chance.

Good Housekeeping. November, 1905, pp. 514-515.

The Bride's Primer XXIII, XXIV.

No by-line

See the Bride's Scold! Her Temp-er is hot but the room is Cold. Why is the room cold? The Groom let the Fire go out. The Bride's Temp-er will cool when the room warms.

Whose Ba-by is this? It is the Bride's. See the Man blow the Trum-pet! Does he not look fool-ish? Ne-ver mind! He is hap-py. What will the Bride's pet Dog do now?

Good Housekeeping. December, 1905, pp. 664-665.

1906

In May 1906, Thornton Burgess's wife Nina died while giving birth to their son, Thornton W. Burgess III. This event does not seem to be directly reflected in his writing, though the Thanksgiving poem, "Separation," is more intensely grief-filled than Burgess's typical work.

Burgess had the lead story, "Fire," in the January issue of *Good Housekeeping* and wrote a series of stories titled "The Fairies of Life," about the germination of seeds. Other articles of note include: "The Case Against the House Cat," which was excerpted in a number of newspapers including the *New York Tribune* and argued that cats were a threat to public health and the environment; "Beyond the Frontier," a short story featuring the phonograph; and "Christmas Eve at Gorman's Grocery," credited to "Arthur Chapouille," a comic dialogue based around a store owner fielding phone calls from "unreasonable" women.

The promotional trend of the previous year in the *American Agriculturist* continued, with articles, "Wash Day No Harder Than Others" and "Economy in Footwear," promoting brands of washing machines and shoes that had placed advertisements in the magazine. Meanwhile, in *Good Housekeeping*, Burgess started writing special monthly stories geared to encouraging readers to closely examine the issue's advertisements. Examples of these, plus a fuller explanation, may be found later in this volume in the "Pauline Stories" section.

Fire.

Thornton W. Burgess

Fire is the most willing servant a woman has, and the most treacherous," remarked a grizzled fire chief, viewing the blackened interior of a once perfectly appointed kitchen. "Failure on the part of women in the kitchen to appreciate this one fact is the direct cause of a large percentage of our fires. 'Fire!—Treachery,' ought to be flaming red letters and hung in every kitchen and in every cellar where the ash barrels stand." Then the speaker gave the following instance, drawn from his long experience as the head of the fire department in an eastern city:

"Late one evening in mid-winter I received a telephone call from the home of one of the city's leading bankers. He wanted me to come up to his house. He could smell smoke, but the house had been examined from top to bottom with no trace of fire. He was positive that there was no fire, but he couldn't go to bed with an easy mind.

"It was a nasty night, two feet of snow on the ground and more falling, drifting under a high wind—the kind of a night the fireman thinks of his horses and prays that the fire fiend be kept in bonds. When I reached the house, the banker met me at the door with an apology for bringing me out. But the minute I was inside the hall I smelled trouble, and coming direct from the fresh air of outdoors I was able to trace it better than the tanker could. I made up my mind that it was located in or near the library. I jumped for the telephone and ordered the nearest chemical to get there in the shortest time possible. The banker heard me.

"What are you doing that for? he demanded. 'There isn't any fire here!'

"There is, and a bad one,' said I, feeling the walls and floor all over.

"Pooh! Where is it?' says he.

"I don't know, but it's here all right.'

"Meanwhile I had pulled back the rug. 'Give me a lift with this marble bust,' said I. But he refused; said it was all foolishness. So I lugged the bust over to a sofa, got a step ladder and felt of the ceiling. It was hot. 'Here's your fire,' said I.

"No such thing! he snapped. That ceiling's just warm from the chimney.'

"I didn't stop to discuss the matter, but bolted for the hall door to look for the chemical. Just as I went out the door there came a muffled explosion from the library and out came Mr Banker, white as a sheet.

"Chief!' he yelled, 'My whole house is afire!'

"Meanwhile I had caught sight of the chemical, the horses staggering from exhaustion. No other apparatus could possibly get there through the snow. It was up to the chemical. With the crew and a couple of men who were passing, to help, we managed to give the horses some aid and got the wagon within two hundred feet of the house. That was near enough and we soon had a stream on the fire.

“A hole had blown out directly over where I had pulled back the rug, and with the admission of fresh air a pretty blaze had started, eating through some heavy scantling and floor joists.

“That fire had started from over-heated bricks in the chimney around an open fireplace, and had been smoldering away for hours between the ceiling and the floor above, giving no sign except to the nostrils. That’s the treachery of fire.”

This is but one of a dozen stories told by this chief, and his experience is that of every fire-fighter in the country. Carelessness is the human equation entering into nearly all fires. This and ignorance, either of the common causes of household fires or of what to do when an incipient blaze is discovered, are responsible for the destruction of hundreds of American homes annually “Lose your head and you lose your home” is an aphorism which may well be quoted in time of fire. And this applies quite as much to the head of the house as to his “better half.” Asked what to do in case of fire, our fire chief promptly replied: “Don’t have a fire.” What he meant was this:

Don’t empty hot ashes into a wooden barrel. It is better not to use a wooden barrel, anyhow.

Don’t shake the range or furnace and immediately take up the ashes. Clear the ash pit first and then shake down. It is the freshly shaken down ashes and coals that make the trouble.

Don’t keep a hot fire continuously in an open fireplace for too long a time. The thickest wall of brick will heat through eventually.

Don’t leave hot fat on the stove.

Don’t have unprotected woodwork close to a furnace.

Don’t allow paper or other light, inflammable stuff to accumulate in the cellar or elsewhere.

Don’t allow greasy rags to lie in dark corners or closets.

Don’t have lace curtains near unprotected gas jets.

These cover the more important and most frequent causes of fires. Leaky gas jets are not infrequently the occasion of bad outbreaks. Gas stoves possess elements of danger which all too frequently are overlooked. “Gas stoves break the monotony of life for us pretty often,” said a fireman. Then he explained that a tiny hole often develops in the supply tube not far from the burner. Sooner or later a lighted match is passed over it or flame from the burner reaches it and a blaze so small as to escape notice is started. The stove is left for an hour or two, the flame eats a constantly increasing hole until the tube is burned off, and a full flow of gas starts a conflagration.

The common method of hunting with a lighted match for gas leaks is a dangerous practice, as the following incident shows: A householder, detecting the odor of gas in the cellar, examined all the pipes, going over them carefully with lighted matches. Nowhere could he detect a leak, and at last he gave up the search. A few hours later his house was seriously damaged by fire. Investigation showed that a lead gas pipe had

been melted off. During the morning search for gas the match had passed over the leak, starting a flame so small that by daylight it was invisible. Gradually it had melted the lead, with the final disastrous results.

Just here let me offer an infallible test for leaking gas pipes given me by a veteran fire-fighter. With a shaving brush or other small brush and an ordinary soap lather, go over a suspected pipe. If there is a leak, no matter how tiny, it will blow bubbles in the lather. A leak too small to produce a flame will thus disclose its whereabouts.

One of these undetected leaks occurred in the swivel joint of a swinging gas jet in a large dry goods store. A foot or more away was a cluster of electric lights. No one approached the gas jet with a match, yet a fire started there. Examination revealed a bit of bare wire feeding the electric cluster, a bit of metal touching the wire and occasionally producing a spark. When the gas jet was swung a certain way the leak in the joint opened, the gas flowed across, a spark was made on the wire and fire followed. Thus of little things are great disasters born.

But fires will occur with the most careful. It is a danger from which no home is exempt. It is one of the possibilities which every man and every woman should face squarely. "What shall I do in case of fire?" It is the duty of each individual to sit down and think this problem out fully for himself or herself. He owes it to his home; he owes it to his neighbors. To trust to inspiration when the emergency occurs is a fatal blunder, nine times out of ten.

First, the exact location of the nearest alarm box should be known, and how to operate the alarm—if one lives where there is a fire department. Not a few property owners do not know the location of the nearest box. Especially is this true of women. Every member of the household, to the youngest child, should learn this beyond the possibility of forgetting.

It is usually quicker and better to turn in an alarm than to telephone. The exception to this rule is in the case of hidden fires, smoldering in walls or undiscovered places. Telephone, the central station. From there orders to the chemical nearest you will be sent, the chemical being all that is needed for this kind of a fire, as a rule.

Never throw water on burning oil or fat; fires of this nature must be smothered. Water scatters the flames and makes a bad matter worse. Seize the nearest rug or woolen garment and smother the flames. It is the only way unless you have a chemical extinguisher. And this opens up another phase of the problem of conflagrations in the home.

The fundamental principle of fire-fighting with chemical means is the exclusion of air, which fire must have in order to exist. Carbonic acid gas displaces air, thus in effect smothering the flames. All chemical extinguishers, whether the engine of the city department or the tank which the lady of the house can handle, work on this basis.

In a picturesque little town in western Massachusetts stands a quaint old church, the center of village life, even as it has been for nearly a century and a half. A few years ago, during a tempest, lightning struck the belfry, passing down through the building into the ground. An hour or so later a boy discerned smoke issuing from between

clapboards at the front. The alarm was given and two neighboring storekeepers rushed to the rescue, each armed with a chemical extinguisher, the only ones in town. The fire was located in a closet beneath the stairs. When the door was opened, a rush of flame drove everything before it. Water was useless, for it was impossible to get near enough to throw it effectively. But the two extinguishers, throwing streams more than forty feet, drove the flames back instantly. As soon as the tanks were empty they were recharged and fresh streams were turned on. The fire never got beyond the closet and in a few minutes was out. The fine old house of worship was saved.

This set the town fathers seriously to considering the fire problem. The town owned a ladder wagon with equipment of ladders and buckets. This was its sole protective scheme, as it is with hundreds of small towns and villages today. A vote was immediately passed to buy twenty extinguishers of the type used in saving the church, these to be leased for a period of ten years to individuals scattered at convenient points throughout the village. This was done, each lessee agreed to surrender the extinguisher to the town upon request of the proper official; he was also permitted to surrender it to the town at any time, the town in either case to reimburse him such proportion of the amount paid as the unexpired portion of the term of lease bore to the whole.

That was several years ago. A majority of the lessees of fire extinguishers have telephones, so in case of fire all the apparatus can be summoned quickly. There has been no bad outbreak of fire since the extinguishers were put in, but there might have been. It was discovered one day that the roof of the blacksmith shop was ablaze. The alarm was given and within a few minutes two extinguishers had put out the fire. The owner of one of these protectors owns also a blue flame kerosene stove and had at that time a careless servant who turned the oil on full, lighted it and went away. A little later the "hired man" came into the kitchen, to find a pillar of flame shutting off approach to the stove. Water was of no avail, but he remembered the extinguisher. In less than three minutes the fire was out. A neighbor, also a member of the town's protective system, discovered a serious fire in the chimney of his quaint old farmhouse. His extinguisher was brought into play at once and his house was saved.

Without an adequate water system, with no large and costly apparatus, this little town has solved the fire problem. True it is that the underwriters will make no lower rate because of the presence of the extinguishers, but the town dwells in an atmosphere of security worth many times the amount of its outlay.

"A good chemical extinguisher in the house is the cheapest insurance I know of," says the fire chief. "If every house had an extinguisher, it would materially lessen the work of my department. As it is, our men put out most of the small fires by means of these tank extinguishers. One should be located in every kitchen, for that is the danger point. There a woman would become so familiar with it that she would turn to it instinctively in time of need. Water often does nearly as much harm as the fire, but with the chemical, damage is reduced to a minimum. I have seen a costly piano, white with the chemical, washed off, and with a commercial solution repolished so that no trace of the chemical remained. So little acid is there that I have had the spray full in the face, filling both eyes, yet experienced no inconvenience." An extinguisher costs but four cents to recharge, bicarbonate of soda (common cooking soda) being one of the chief

ingredients.

In a majority of the extinguishers now on the market the principle is the same. The soda and acid brought together in about three gallons of water produce large volumes of carbonic acid gas, which forces a stream forty-seven feet, by actual measurement. Extinguishers should be recharged once a year, though the writer knows of a case where one was successfully used which had not been looked at for five years. Beyond this annual recharging, which requires not over five minutes, an extinguisher needs no care and no attention.

Good Housekeeping. January 1906, pp. 3-7. [lead story]

Excerpted in many newspapers, including *The Madisonian*, January 25, 1906.

The Fairies of Life I.

W. B. Thornton

Bunny had watched Grandpa for five whole minutes without asking a question. Very, very still he had stood while Grandpa made little piles of funny red and white and yellow and brown things, some of them so small, so very, very small, that Bunny could hardly see them. Grandpa did them all up very carefully in little squares of white paper each tied up with pink string.

Bunny wondered and wondered what they could be, but Grandpa was so very busy that he forgot all about the little boy standing there so still. By and by he looked down into Bunny's big round eyes. Then he reached over and pinched Bunny's fat cheek.

"Well, little man," he said. "Grandpa has his seeds all ready to plant."

"What are seeds?" asked Bunny.

Grandpa reached down for Bunny and lifted him up on his knee. "Seeds are wonderful little houses in which the most beautiful fairies in all the world sleep—the fairies of life."

Bunny reached out to touch a tiny yellow seed not bigger than the head of a pin which had slipped out of one of Grandpa's papers. "Is there really and truly a fairy in there, Grandpa!" he whispered.

Grandpa took the little seed in the middle of his broad hand. "Yes, Bunny." he replied, smiling, "yes, a Fairy of Life is surely in there. And with her is something else."

"Oh, what?" cried Bunny, looking very hard at the tiny seed.

Grandpa reached up to a shelf just over his desk and took down an empty can. Turning it around Bunny saw a picture in bright red. "Do you know what that is?" asked Grandpa.

Of course Bunny knew, for Bunny was very fond of them. It was a bunch of tomatoes.

"Well," said Grandpa, "right inside this little seed with the Fairy of Life is a teenty, weenty plant. Bye and bye if you will wake the fairy up she will start this teenty, weenty plant to growing. And it will grow and grow until it is taller than you are, until it is even taller than Grandpa, and on the plant will grow ever so many beautiful red tomatoes."

Bunny sat very still for a few minutes. That little hard, yellow seed had become the most wonderful thing in all the world. Bunny felt almost afraid of it. Then he thought of something that made him catch his breath and snuggle lose up to Grandpa and pull Grandpa's head down close to his own.

"Grandpa," he whispered, "do you s'pose I could wake up the fairy and see her?"

“You couldn’t see her,” said Grandpa, “for nobody ever sees the Fairies of Life. But you can wake her up, and then if you will be patient and wait a whole week, seven days, Bunny, perhaps you can see the little green plant which she will make grow.”

Bunny’s eyes sparkled. He jumped down from Grandpa’s knee. “Grandpa,” he cried, hopping up and down, “please show me how to wake up the fairy!”

(To be continued)

Good Housekeeping. February, 1906, pp. 176-178.

Wash Day No Harder Than Others.

Waldo

A woman with a prejudice—who shall convince her? A neighbor of mine whose wife does all her own work, including the weekly wash for a family of five, spent all of last winter trying to argue her into adopting new and labor-saving methods. As well talk to the wind. “James Gordon,” said she, “do you mean to tell me that you honestly believe that the dirt can be taken out of your woolen undershirt in any way but with a rubbing board and plenty of elbow grease? Your mother was the best housekeeper I ever knew, and do you mean to pretend that she would ever have countenanced any of these new-fangled notions about washing?”

James is what the Scotch call “a man o’ pairts.” Realizing the futility of arguing longer he let the matter drop, apparently, but in reality he made a study of washing machines.

Last fall his wife went away for a brief visit and when she returned she found a washing machine installed. She could do no less than give it a fair trial. Was she convinced? Not argumentatively but practically, yes. She still talks in favor of the old back breaking method, but though her husband has told her that he will not feel hurt if she goes back to it, as sure as wash day comes around just so sure is she to ask him to bring up the washing machine. Why? Because her clothes look as well as ever, they show no increased wear, she is through in just half the time she used to take and the back aches are a think of the past.

There are several good washing machines now in the market, each accomplishing its end, namely, the forcing of water through the cloth, some by one means and some by another, but all of them designed to save time and labor and wear and tear on the clothes. It is safe to say that no other single invention with the possible exception of the sewing machine, can compare with the washing machine in lightening woman’s labor. For those who have running water a water motor to be attached to the faucet is made now, and with this the work is still further reduced.

How a woman of to-day can week in and week out wear herself out over the wash tubs when she can at such comparatively small expense secure such immediate and lasting relief I cannot understand. Write to some of the washing machine companies who advertise in these columns [page 47, Handy Washer. “The O.K. Washer is Guaranteed;” page 49, “How The “1900” Gravity Washes Clothes in Six Minutes”] and see what liberal terms they will make you. Then buy a machine and wonder why you have been a slave so long.

American Agriculturist. February 24, 1906, p. 46.

The Fairies of Life II.

W. B. Thornton

Grandpa sent Bunny out to the barn for three small flower pots. When the little boy finally set them in a row in their saucers on Grandpa's desk, Grandpa was waiting with three of the little squares of paper untied and spread out smoothly.

On one Bunny saw six of the little yellow fairy houses just like the one he had held in his hand a little while before. On another rested a queer shaped, hard, smooth something which made Bunny think of the nice brown beans which he enjoyed so much every Sunday morning. But this was a little larger than those and it had queer yellow lines all over its brown surface.

"What is it, Grandpa?" asked Bunny, pointing it out with a chubby finger.

Grandpa looked over his spectacles at the eager little face upturned to his, and Bunny wondered what Grandpa was laughing at inside, for there were lots of the tiniest little wrinkles around Grandpa's eyes and they were never there except when Grandpa laughed. "That's another seed, the house which another Fairy of Life has chosen to sleep in," said he.

Bunny looked at it very hard; then he looked at the little yellow seeds of the tomato; finally he looked up into Grandpa's eyes.

"I s'pose, Grandpa, that there must be ever and ever so many fairies asleep in this 'cause it's so much bigger than these teenty weenty houses," he ventured.

"No," said Grandpa, "there is only one."

"And if we wake her up will she make a plant grow with nice, big, red tomatoes" asked the little boy.

"No," replied Grandpa. "She will make another kind of plant to grow. "Bunny," he continued, "what is the very worst thing you ever tasted!"

Bunny thought very hard for a few minutes, then all at once he puckered his face all up. "Castor oil," he shouted, and made another funny face.

"Well," said Grandpa, and the wrinkles began to come around his eyes again, although the rest of his face was very sober, "this is what castor oil is made from."

"Then don't let's wake that fairy up!" responded Bunny promptly.

"Oh, yes; let's do!" said Grandpa, "for we don't have to make castor oil, and the fairy in this seed—for this is a seed, too, Bunny—will make a very beautiful great plant to grow, ever and ever so much taller than you, Bunny, and mamma will like to have it in the middle of her big round flower bed next summer. So we'll try to wake her bye and bye."

On the third paper were a lot of still different seeds, even smaller than the tomato seeds. Grandpa explained that from these would spring the merry yellow and purple

and white faces of the pansies Bunny loved to pick.

“Now!” said he, “we’ll try to waken all these fairies.” First he filled each pot almost to the top with fine black earth. Then in one pot he scattered the tomato seeds and in another the seeds of the pansies. Over these he sifted more earth and with his hand pressed it down firmly. In the third pot of earth he made a round hole with his finger and into it popped the queer brown and gold seed, pressing the earth down over this as he had over the others.

“Now, Bunny Boy,” said he, “we’ll put some water on them so, for the little plants are very thirsty when they first start to grow, and now we’ll put the three pots in the window where the sun lies warm all day, for these little fairies only waken when their queer little houses are hidden in the warm, damp earth. So every day you must put just a little water in these pots.”

Bunny promised he would. Every morning after breakfast mamma would give him a little pitcher of water and he would carefully pour it into the three pots. Oh, how he wondered if the fairies were awake yet and if they had started the little plants! How he counted the days. One—two—three—four—five—six—could it really be true that down in that brown earth, which looked just as it did when Grandpa filled the pots, the wonderful Fairies of Life were starting really, truly plants out of those queer little seeds?

[To be continued]

Good Housekeeping. March, 1906, pp. 288-290.

The Case Against the House Cat.

W. B. Thornton

Oddly enough a member of one of the most blood-thirsty tribes of animals in the world has come to hold an intimate relation with the homes of men. Beautiful, sleek, social, Puss holds a warm place at the hearths and in the hearts of mankind, and what has she done to deserve it? Chiefly this: she has amused and captivated the children, comforted the loneliness of old age and, sometimes, kept the house free of mice. Right well has Puss fulfilled these missions.

But is it wise, or safe, or justice for the feline race itself, to ignore the facts concerning the multiplication of pet and stray cats in recent years and the consequences thereof?

Conceding the pet cat a large and permanent place in the American home, the time has come to take account of stock, to reckon the cost of the present multitude of cats in bird life and human life, and consider means for bettering the lot of all concerned, including our fascinating friend with the silky hair and velvet paws.

There is a widespread and timely interest in the preservation of bird life, and among the most earnest and vigorous workers is a great body of women. They deplore the cruelty and heartlessness of the hunter and the small boy with his air gun and slingshot. Yet the cherished pet is an agent more destructive than all others combined. State ornithologist Edward Howe Forbush of Massachusetts has given the subject close study for many years, and he estimates the average number of birds killed per cat to be fifty per year. Some closely guarded pet cats kill less, while wild and half-wild ones kill many more. He says:

“I base my estimate of fifty birds per year per cat partly on my own observations, partly on statements of others. When I lived in Medford three cats cleaned out nearly all the birds’ nests in the neighborhood. Cats watch robins’ nests and when the young are hatched, take them. In good hunting grounds ten old birds and forty young per year is a low estimate. Probably very few cats will make such a record the first year, but as they grow older and get to roaming they can easily excel it. I have known one eat to kill all the nestlings in six nests and two of the old birds in one day.”

William Dutcher, president of the national association of Audubon societies, writes: “I consider the house cat that is permitted to run wild, one of the greatest causes of bird destruction known. The small boy with the air gun or other weapon is not in the same class with the cat because he is not always after birds, while the cat is; the boy can be reasoned with while the cat cannot. The uneducated foreigner can be suppressed by fines and imprisonment, but there are no laws to control the cat.”

John Burroughs, the eminent naturalist, writes in answer to my inquiry: “I look upon the domestic cat as one of the greatest enemies of our birds. The cats probably destroy more birds than all other animals combined.”

The testimony of Frank M. Chapman, one of the best-known authorities on birds in the United States, is to the same effect, while the bureau of biological survey of the United States department of agriculture states that “for many sections of the country Mr Forbush’s estimate of fifty birds per annum per cat is probably conservative.”

Dr Clifton F. Hodge, head of the biological department of Clark university. who has contributed valuable text-books on nature study to the curriculum of the public schools, and who so far as known is the first to successfully domesticate that rapidly disappearing game bird, the ruffed grouse, the experiment being ended abruptly through the agency of cats, has learned from long and close observation of bird life just how savage is the instinct in the pet feline, to say nothing of the thousands of homeless cats which infest country and city. Of the well-fed pet cat and its love of bird flesh Dr Hodge offers the following testimony: "A cat last year killed and ate nine canaries and English sparrows at one meal and the cat had been well fed shortly before. The fact is, birds and not small rodents constitute most of the natural food of cats, and if they can get them they will pay little attention to rats and mice."

Although the dearest pet the present writer ever owned was a cat, my personal observations lead me to agree with the opinions already quoted. Last summer, weeks of watching and planning for photographs of birds at home came to naught through cats, the nests of three pairs of robins, one pair of bluebirds, one pair of chipping sparrows and one pair of kingbirds in one orchard being emptied of young by well-fed pet cats.

While the pampered pet is unquestionably guilty, the greater damage is done by strays, wild and half-wild. And here again a tender human heart is often to blame. People will abandon a pet to find its own living rather than have it killed, and will plead that the litter of new born kittens be allowed to live. This not merely wrongs the birds and the community at large, but the cats themselves. During the nesting season of the birds the stray cats will live luxuriously; in other seasons they will be on the border of starvation.

Along the seacoast, particularly at popular summer resorts, is a large and constantly increasing feline population, homeless and doomed to cruel suffering during the winter months. The cats were forsaken by heartless summer cottagers. The cities are full of homeless creatures. The American society for the prevention of cruelty to animals mercifully put out of misery 53,938 cats during the first nine months of 1905 in New York city alone, while its figures for nine years up to 1903 are 465,065, according to Bird Lore.

In view of the facts and figures just given, the reader may be prepared for the truth that the cat is not a domestic animal, legally; has no standing before the law. The following decision by Judge Utley of Worcester, Massachusetts, in discharging a defendant accused of killing a trespassing cat, states the animal's legal position:

"Here is a case where a man found a cat on his premises and was perfectly justified in doing what he did. Whether he meant to strike the cat or not is immaterial. Some time ago in this court I discharged a man for shooting a cat that was stealing his chickens. I see no reason in this case why I should change my opinion. A cat is the worst untamed animal in Christendom. You cannot control it. A dog will mind you, but a cat is beyond control. A man has a perfect right to protect his property from a person or animal preying upon it."

But there is actual evil to the health of the home in the outdoor freedom of a pet cat. A cat mingles with diseased strays, and creeps into all sorts of filthy places, where she may pick up germs of contagious diseases. Dr Hodge says: "A child comes down with diphtheria or scarlet fever. 'Where could it have caught it? It has not been out of the house.' It has played with a cat that has been mixed up generally with other cats,

rats and mice, and spent its nights going into all the filthy places within ten blocks. The cat may have diphtheria and no one even think to look at it.

“Many contagious diseases are common to both man and the cat. This often makes a sick cat as dangerous a source of contagion as a sick person, even more so, in fact, on account of the way children handle their pets, and because the presence of disease is not likely to be known and recognized as quickly as in the case of a person. Diphtheria, whooping cough, grippe, exzema, ringworm are some of the diseases in which the contagion has been definitely proved to have come from the cat and caused the disease in man.

“Even if the animal does not contract the disease, her manner of life, contact with rats and mice, habits of snooping about in all manner of filthy places, even the licking of the fur, by which any infectious matter eaten or clawed over, is likely to be smeared over the whole animal, render the cat one of the most common and likely means of spreading infectious matter. Boards of health recognize this and are often obliged to order the killing of cats to prevent the spread of epidemics.

“Practically every cat that comes into the laboratory is diseased. Almost all are mangy, all of any age have catarrh of the nasal passages, the sinuses being filled with pus. Tubercular lungs are not uncommon, and all cats are more or less infested with fleas. The discovery of Dr Carraquillo, recently announced, of the germ of leprosy in the flea, is pointed out as a possible explanation of the alarming epidemics of leprosy in flea-infested localities, and again brings the cat under suspicion as being one of the main factors in dealing with this problem.”

Dr Hodge bases these statements on the results of a thorough investigation made by Dr Caroline A. Osborne at Clark university. A child hugs a cat close to its face, affording the best opportunity in the world for germs to enter the mouth or nasal passages. Doctors say that a cat bite is apt to prove far more serious than a dog bite, doubtless because of infected matter in the teeth. A cat scratch is not infrequently a serious matter. Why? Infection of the claws. Boards of health recognize the possible source of danger in pet animals and make rulings accordingly. The city of Meadville, Pennsylvania, has for years had the following rule:

“No dogs, cats or other household pets, shall be permitted to remain in any house in which there may be a contagious disease; if any such animal has been exposed to the contagion it must be disinfected when removed, and not returned until after the house shall have been fumigated.”

When the authorities find they cannot exercise control according to this rule, the animals are declared a public nuisance and shot.

“A great many people,” says Dr Hodge, “especially in the west, are being well instructed in modern bacteriology and in reasonable and intelligent cleanliness. One of these goes into a grocery store and sees a cat lying on the counter, turns around and goes out and never enters that store again; goes into a meat shop and finds a cat about, possibly on the cutting block, goes out never to enter that store again; goes into a boarding house, sees a cat, looks further; goes into a dry goods store, sees a cat lying on a bale of dress goods, goes elsewhere; enters a furniture store, finds a cat on the softest sofa, smells cats, or sees cat hairs about, moves on.

“Cats are, practically all of them, alive with fleas. Dr Howard of Washington

speaks of scraping many fleas eggs from the dress of a lady who had held a cat on her lap. Decent people do not wish to carry home fleas' eggs with their goods. Most cats have mange, and we want none of their scabs about. Most New England cats have catarrh and are continually sneezing."

Turning to the humane side of the question Dr Hodge continues: "From years of observation I am convinced that all the animal suffering caused by all the laboratories does not amount to one drop in the bucket as compared with the suffering and distress endured by the thousands of neglected, abandoned, tramp and stray cats which infest both cities and country. When we add to this the suffering which these animals cause, the mangling of birds, squirrels and rabbits, and the wholesale killing of parents, allowing the young to starve, we see where the great field of really humane work ought to begin."

A solution of the cat problem is offered by the same authority. "Let anyone who keeps a cat," he says, "distinctly understand that he must adopt adequate and effective means to retain it on his own premises all the time, and also to prevent it from killing birds that are protected by law. It is sheer nonsense to enact laws fining a man ten dollars for killing an insectivorous bird, and at the same time allow him to keep an inconsequent and uncontrolled cat (a dozen, if he chooses) that will kill fifty a year. I am unalterably opposed to licensing cats. At first thought it might seem that the method of license could be applied to cats as well as to dogs; but it is clear that the animals are too different in habits—cats more definitely nocturnal in character. Dogs are above-board, sociable, and hunt by chase in the open, while cats are sneaking, solitary, and hunt by stealth."

Rabbits, for example, are confined; so, also, are the blue-blooded aristocrats of the cat tribe, the valuable Angoras. These pets do not suffer from their restraint. A roomy cage or a collar with a long cord fastened to a traveling ring on a long wire, as dogs are often tethered, would give all needed exercise. At the annual meeting of the national association of Audubon societies, in New York last November, the cat problem was discussed, and the following resolution was adopted: "That in the interests of humanity and bird protection the national association of Audubon societies indorses the movement to make the owners of cats responsible for their acts and welfare." When some such action is taken, and not till then, will the cat cease to be a public nuisance, a menace to the public health, the most potent factor in the destruction of bird life, an object of pity to the merciful.

Good Housekeeping. April, 1906, pp. 387-389.

Excerpted in many newspapers including the *New York Tribune*, July 29, 1906.

The Fairies of life III.

W. B. Thornton

On the morning of the seventh day Bunny could hardly wait until he was dressed, so impatient was he to look in the three little pots standing in a row on the window sill. And when at last mamma gave him a kiss and said, "Run along, Bunny," he did run as fast as two plump legs would carry him. And when he had climbed up in a chair and looked into the three little pots what do you think he saw? Why nothing at all but the brown soil which he had watered so faithfully for six whole days. Bunny had felt so sure that he would see a lot of little green plants that he had to wink very hard and very fast to keep back the tears. "Grandpa," he called softly, for Grandpa was busily reading the morning paper, "Grandpa, I don't think the fairies is waked up."

Grandpa looked over his spectacles at Bunny. Then he put down his paper and the funny little laugh wrinkles were around his eyes and he walked over to where Bunny was standing in the chair.

"So you think the fairies are still asleep, do you, Bunny?" he asked.

Bunny said "Yes" very doubtfully, for somehow he felt that Grandpa didn't think so. Grandpa looked into the three little pots, one after the other.

"H-m-m-m," said he, and pushed his spectacles clear up on his forehead, "I think they are awake. In fact, they have already told me that they are. What are those two bright little eyes of yours for?"

"To see with," was Bunny's prompt reply. "

And yet Grandpa's old eyes which have to have glasses, can see more than those sharp ones of yours. My, my! That shouldn't be," and Grandpa shook his head slowly.

Once more Bunny looked into the pots, but look as he would he could see nothing but the brown earth.

"Do you remember little man, how you helped pat down the earth and how smooth we made it!" Grandpa asked.

Yes, Bunny did remember.

"Well," continued Grandpa, "look and see if it is just as smooth now as we made it."

In two pots Bunny thought it just as smooth, but in the third he presently saw some little wee cracks, so small that he hadn't noticed them at first. With a fat little forefinger he pointed them out.

"Sure enough," said Grandpa. "And that is how the fairies have told me that they are awake. Those little cracks are made by teenty weenty plants which have left the little seed houses and are growing just as fast as ever they can and are pushing up, up, through the brown earth, trying to reach the sunshine and fresh air. And it is this

pushing that has made the tiny cracks, just as you made cracks in the snow crust, before it broke when you slipped your shovel under it and lifted up. Tomorrow, I think you will see the little green plant popping up into the sunlight.”

Sure enough. When Bunny looked next morning a teenty weenty bit of green greeted him, and then pretty soon there were two bits, and then three. In a few days Bunny knew that all the Fairies of Life had awakened, for the prettiest little green plants were growing in every pot, and my, how they did grow!

One day as Bunny and Grandpa were looking at them a new thought came into the little boy’s head. “Grandpa,” he asked, “what becomes of the fairies now that their little seed houses are all gone. Do the fairies die?”

“No, Bunny, the Fairies of Life never die,” said Grandpa. “They are living right in these very plants this minute. And the plants will grow and grow until by and by they will have flowers and the flowers will turn to seeds and in the seeds the fairies will go to sleep again until someone wakens them just as you and I have done. Just you take the best of care of these little plants and you will see just how it all will be.” And Bunny said he would.

[To be continued]

Good Housekeeping. April, 1906, pp. 423-425.

The True Inwardness of Paint.

W. B. T.

How can the householder get his dwelling painted as it should be done? What is the cause of the flaky condition of the paint on ninety-nine houses in every hundred?

Most of us who have sojourned in the country have been impressed with the fact that houses there, particularly old ones, retain their paint longer and better than the majority of houses in cities or large towns. Why? The present writer put the question to a painter of the old school, grown gray in the wielding of brushes.

“Because the paint was good and it was brushed in,” he replied.

I took his explanation to a wholesale paint dealer and it was promptly confirmed. This implied that in the city or large town the paint is not good and it is not “brushed in.” This led to further investigation, and the following deductions:

That houses are not painted today as they were fifty years ago.

That the man who would have his house well painted must buy the paint himself or engage a painter in whom his faith is implicit.

That he must personally supervise the work to have it done rightly.

That the competitive contract system is the root of the present evil and the foundation of the graft which has crept into the business.

The usual method of today is to secure bids from a number of painters, the contract going to the lowest bidder. This means figuring so closely that oftentimes the line of honesty is overstepped in order to secure the contract and still make a reasonable profit. Two factors enter into this form of graft—quality of materials and labor. If the paints can be adulterated, the work rushed, there will be a margin of profit.

Benzine at a third to a quarter the price of linseed oil, judiciously used, will help the competitor for a cheap job. Good white lead is expensive and a little adulterant will not be noticed. Cheap help, driven hard, can slop the paint on in short order and be rushed to another job. No one will notice corners and spots under the eaves which have been skipped, and as for “brushing in” what does the average householder know about that?

So the contract is executed and for a few weeks the house looks well. Then sun and weather apply the test. The paint looks dull. It begins to flake off in scales, leaving the bare wood, or rub off in a dust when you pass your hand over it. Why? Benzine and the absence of pure linseed oil; paint slapped on and not “brushed in.” In two years’ time you are looking up painters again and your house is an eyesore. Then you recall that as a boy your house was not painted oftener than one in six years, sometimes not as often as that, and yet at its worst it did not look like this. The paint never flaked off. You cannot remember ever to have seen this dusty effect. No, your father’s house and your grandfather’s were painted on honor. Your own was painted on contract.

Go to a reputable dealer and buy your paints yourself, unless you know a painter in whom you have absolute faith. A dealer will estimate the quantity you will need. You can buy the ingredients separately and have your painter mix them, or you can buy paints ready mixed. The latter, from the best firms, are pure, and you can rest assured that you are getting what you pay for. Moreover, they are mixed by an exact rule, not subject to variations of individual judgment. These are what I shall buy when I paint my house, and I shall do it on the advice of a large dealer, and practical painter who would as lief sell me the raw materials as the ready-mixed paint.

Having bought the paint, have the work done by the day. It will cost more, but it will pay in the end. The more quickly the contract painter can finish his job the more money in his pocket. The man working by the day is aware that he has nothing to gain by hurry, accordingly he will “brush in” the paint. His brush will not simply pass over the surface once, as with the contract painter, but back and forth, back and forth, until the paint is worked into the grain of the wood.

If possible, contrive to look the work over several times a day. Personal supervision is a factor not to be ignored. It will prevent “soldiering” and sloppy work.

In these days of the gasoline torch, a not infrequent method of removing paint, indoors and out, is by burning. It is the quickest and, in many cases, the most effective method, particularly where paint is several layers thick. But before allowing this process consult the agent of the insurance company carrying the risk on your house. Some companies forbid this method of removing paint and others will allow it by special permit. Find out how your company stands. While with proper care the risk is not great, there is always the possible element of danger due to carelessness. As a rule, the danger is greater inside than out. Never allow the use of the torch until you know that your insurance fully protects you in the event of resulting damage.

Good Housekeeping. April, 1906, pp. 474-475.

Economy in Footwear.

W. B. T.

When I was a small boy the possession of red top boots with copper or brass tipped toes was sufficient to make the possessor the proudest boy in school. Those brass tips are largely memories of the olden days but for wear, especially in the rugged country of my New England farm home, there was nothing like them. Later I lived to see the day when possession of such shoes was the occasion for much taunting from more fortunate schoolmates who possessed the trimmer and neater looking shoe of to-day, and now it has been many years since I have seen a pair of those little red topped brass toed protectors of busy feet.

But they would wear, no matter how they looked. My how they did wear! And that is what they were made for. In those days homespun clothing took the place of the ready-made suit of today and shoddy goods were unknown. The homespun wore like iron and the shoes wore in the same way.

Today style has in a great measure taken the place of the good, honest wearing qualities of the old time homespun. Likewise of the red topped brass toed shoe. One has to know goods to be sure of getting just what is paid for.

Several years' experience in the shoe business taught me much. In the first-place the cheap priced shoe is the cheap built shoe and it is cheap indeed. Quality tells in a shoe every time—quality of leather, and quality of workmanship. Moreover, shoes run in grades with comparatively little variation. If you get a good shoe of a given make, get that same make again and you will have that same grade shoe. Buying hit or miss results in good, bad and indifferent shoes. Because a shoe looks well do not think it necessarily will wear well. Shoes are made for appearances just as shoddy clothing is made for appearances. They may have the style but they don't have the quality. Therefore, my advice is to find a satisfactory make and then always ask for it.

In these columns from time to time I have noticed advertisements of certain shoe firms. [Page 32: "Old Homestead Shoes by Rice & Hutchins, Inc., Boston; "W.L. Douglas shoes"] They are advertising their product direct from the factory to the consumer. Do you know what this means? It means that they are putting their goods out on their worth. The manufacturer who jobs his goods can afford sometimes to put out cheap goods. He is selling it here, there, and everywhere; if there is fault found with the shoes the jobber often gets the blame. But the manufacturer who puts his shoes out direct to the people is dependent upon the people for his trade. Therefore, when you buy from the factory you may be reasonably certain that you are getting all that you pay for. If you buy a \$5 shoe you will get a \$5 shoe. In fact you will get more than a \$5 shoe, because there is no middle-man's profit. The manufacturer has to be honest because he wants to sell you more than one pair of shoes. His profit in the long run comes from selling you a great many pairs of shoes. That is what he is after. He wants to build up a private trade. To do this he has to give what he advertises.

When you have found a shoe that suits you, you can always send for that particular shoe. You will be satisfied and the manufacturer will be satisfied. You will get your full value and you will save money in the long run. Just try it!

American Agriculturist. April 7, 1906, p. 33.

The Fairies of life IV.

W. B. Thornton

Bunny watched the little plants push and push up through the brown earth in the flower pots. Every morning when he went to look at them, they were a little taller and the leaves were a little larger. And how different they were! The little tomato plants were not at all like the castor bean, and the pansy plants didn't look a bit like the other two. One morning Bunny forgot to water them. That afternoon Grandpa called him to the sunny bay window where a place for the pots had been made. Grandpa looked very serious.

"Look at your dear little plants, Bunny," said he. Bunny looked. The earth was all dry and hard. Each little plant hung its head and its leaves drooped sadly.

Bunny's eyes filled with tears and there was a queer little choke in his throat as he said, "Why, why, Grandpa, what's the matter with them?"

Grandpa was very sober. "Were you ever very, very, very thirsty," he asked.

Then Bunny remembered. "Oh, Grandpa, I forgot to water them!" he cried. "Will they die!" Bunny's lip quivered.

"Not this time, though they would if left in this hot sun without water much longer. They are, very sick little plants now, but if you will water them and nurse them carefully the Fairies of Life will help you and the little plants will get well and strong again."

Bunny ran as fast as his legs would take him for the little green watering pot which was his very own, and that evening when he went to bid them good night the little plants looked almost as well as ever.

One warm May day Grandpa called Bunny from the sand pile where he was digging. "Well," said he, "what do you say to giving your plants a little of this great, beautiful, outdoor world!"

Bunny looked doubtful. He loved those green plants in their red pots. "Won't they be lonesome, all alone out here?" he asked.

"No," said Grandpa. "Down in the brown earth of those pots each little plant is sending out tiny white roots. Just as the green stalk and leaves that you see and love so grow day by day, so the wonderful roots grow bigger and larger and with new branches. Unless they grow the part you see cannot grow. Now all these little roots want more room. They are crowded in the pot.

"Did you know, Bunny, that these roots, even the teenty, weenty ones, no bigger than a thread, are full of little mouths"

Bunny didn't know it and he was becoming very much interested. "In the brown earth are different kinds of food which plants like and the good Fairies of Life, with the help of sunshine and water, prepare this food for all these little mouths, which take it

in and send it up to make the plant grow and grow. Now shall we put these little plants where they will have plenty of room and plenty of food!”

“Yes, let’s do right away.” cried the boy, who was beginning to think how dreadful it would be if he couldn’t have room enough to grow or enough to eat.

First they went to Mamma’s big, round flower bed. Grandpa had dug it up and worked it over with a rake and now it was smooth and fine, almost as fine as Bunny’s sand pile. With a trowel Grandpa dug a little hole right in the middle. Then he took up the pot with the castor bean, turned it bottom up and struck the bottom sharply with his trowel. Out came the castor bean plant with all the earth, and then Bunny saw the hungry little roots. Just as it was, Grandpa set the plant into the hole and pressed the warm earth all about it. Then every six inches all around the edge of the bed he set one of Bunny’s pansy plants.

“Now for the vegetable garden!” said Grandpa, catching up the last of the flower pots. There Bunny found a special corner kept for his tomato plants.

How those plants did grow! Everyday, rain or shine, Bunny went out to see them. It was not long before he found a bud on a pansy plant and then one morning there was a smiling little yellow face to greet him. The castor bean grew so fast that Bunny was sure that it was going to be a really truly tree, and he thought the Fairies of Life must be working very hard indeed to feed such a hungry fellow.

By the middle of August, the castor bean plant was much taller than Bunny, so that he could almost hide under it, and everyone who saw it exclaimed, “What a beautiful plant!”

Little yellow flowers appeared on the tomato plants and then a wonderful thing happened—the flowers fell off and in their places appeared wee, green tomatoes. These grew and grew and by and by turned a beautiful red. Bunny had the first one sliced for breakfast. Just as he started to eat it Grandpa came in. “Well, Bunny,” he exclaimed, “what are all those little yellow hard things in your tomato!”

Bunny looked at them very hard for a long time. “Why, Grandpa, I guess they are seeds,” he said.

“And what have you learned about seeds?”

Bunny thought a moment. “Why—why, Grandpa,” he exclaimed excitedly, “they are the little houses in which the Fairies of Life sleep!”

The end.

Good Housekeeping. May, 1906, pp. 542-543.

The Germ in the Refrigerator.

[WITH APOLOGIES TO THE SKELETON IN ARMOR]

W. B. T.

Speak! Speak! thou fearsome guest,
Unseen, yet gruesome pest,
Leaving no hour of rest
 For those who seek thee!
How didst thou dodge the broom?
In which unsullied room
Didst thou this hour of doom
 Await, we bespeak thee!

Vainly we cleaned and swept;
Spotless our house was kept;
Where couldst thou then have crept
 From those who sought thee?
Speak and thy secret tell!
Where couldst thou safely dwell?
What patron fiend so well
 Such cunning taught thee?

Then in unhallowed glee
Thus spake the germ to me
Till I was forced to see
 How he had hidden:
“Easy it was to hide!
Safely could I abide—
Ten thousand more beside,
 Safe, though unbidden!

“None did pursue us there;
Ours to do or dare;
Strongly we built our lair,
And thus we waited.
 Soap we had none to dread!
Merry the life we led!
Millions were born and bred—
 The house was fated!

“No sun could reach us here!
Hot water came not near!
Naught had we then to fear,
 Safe from detection.
Often in food we sent
Scouts out on mischief bent;
The refrigerator lent
 Us its protection.”

Good Housekeeping. May, 1906, p. 567.

Reprinted in newspapers including the *Minneapolis Journal*, May 10, 1906.

Woodcraft.

W. B. Thornton.

Always carry a reliable pocket compass when in unfamiliar forests.

Without a compass, the sun by day and the north star by night will give the points, except when cloudy. The tops of big pine trees almost always dip toward the north.

If lost, don't lose your head and begin aimless wanderings. Sit down, cool off and think it over. Climb the nearest tall tree and endeavor to locate familiar objects. Failing in this, try to follow your back trail to familiar ground. Hopelessly lost, follow the first running water you strike. It will keep you in one general direction and lead out somewhere.

Carry a belt ax for blazing trails, cutting firewood, etc. If you blaze your way you will never get lost.

When following a strange blazed trail, keep your attention on the marked trees. A hundred yards off the trail you may become hopelessly confused.

A small fire to cook with, no larger than absolutely necessary. Never use snappy wood in dry time. Always quench every spark before leaving a camp. Watch that it does not run in the dry under moss. Always clear the ground of leaves and inflammable matter for some distance around before starting a fire.

Birch bark, wet or dry, green or dead, is the woodsman's best friend. It will always burn.

In wet or cold weather, pitch camp in thick spruces. It will be drier and many degrees warmer.

Carry condensed food of some kind. It may save life in the event of being lost.

Carry as little stuff as possible. He who goes light goes best.

Wear wool. It will prevent colds, even though wet through in cold weather.

Kill no more of fish or flesh than your needs require.

Sleep with feet to the fire; never the reverse.

Never shoot at an object until you can see it plainly and be sure of its identity.

Never locate your camp in proximity to dead timber, likely to fall.

American Agriculturist. June 30, 1906, p. 774.

Vacation Discoveries.

T.B. Waldo

*When John assured me in convincing way he'd solved the problem of a quiet day, and that the Fourth that year as still should be as ever Sabbath calm beneath a forest tree, we sped rejoicing toward a hamlet fair, a sleepy town far from the noise and blare that made the city hideous. Content, we sought the sleep by peaceful silence sent. Alas! At midnight pandemonium broke! The church bells rang! An ancient cannon spoke! Wild yells, a horrid din of guns and horns outraged the erstwhile quiet night till dawn! A quiet Fourth? The city knows it best, where police grant at least some hours of rest.

M. Adman.

*This fact, by observation taught, firm in my inmost soul is wrought: That they who lake or seaside seek to spend a month, nay, but a week, are all—aye, every mother's son, possessed of wealth save only one. And I, alas that it should be, must here confess that I am he. Though year by year a little more I have to spend, 'tis as before: Go where I will, 'tis passing queer, all folks are rich it doth appear, and I alone mid all the throng must count the cost to go along. I found whate'er at home they be, all folks are wealthy by the sea.

Everyman.

*Blank's my next to next-door neighbor when we are at home in town. Saw him pass the house twice daily; knew he married Nellie Brown. Down at Sconset Bay last summer met the Blanks and found that they had the cottage next to ours for a quite extended stay. Fact is, Blank's a right good fellow, just to give the chap his due; plays a rattling game of tennis and is clever with the cue.

Find his tastes and mine agree, so that—well, you know just how it is—Blank and I have got acquainted—walk together down to biz. So I've found, no matter where we spend the summer, it appears we are bound to get acquainted with someone we've known for years.

R. Goodman.

*When Bobby reached the stage of pants and off to school was sent, my heart went with him step by step and fear with pride was blent. For oh, it seemed that danger lurked each foot along the way—the reckless auto, clanging ear and careless driven dray! But through it all my Bobby boy came safe and sound of limb, until at last vacation brought relief from care of him. For on the dear old farm at home, with meadows green and fair, what harm, pray tell, what danger foul could come to Bobby there? And so I turned him out to romp from dawn to set of sun, and, light of heart, I kissed the scamp, so wild to play and run. No more my soul was torn with fear; my sturdy little man beyond my sight I now could trust, nor risk of danger ran. The first day in the swimming hole my Bobby nearly drowned! The next within a grass-grown well my precious boy they found! Twice from an apple tree he fell, and one whole day was lost; he nearly smothered in the hay and by a bull was tossed! A broken arm, bruises galore and clothes—oh, such a sight! Vacation had much longer been, my heart had stopped of fright.

M.

*The waiter so smug and unseeing to people not given to feeling, who brings you

tough steak and an under-done cake, this disdainful, superlative being I've discovered succumbs to the clutch of a coin in the palm; though not much of a fee still it is enough for the biz and a wonder is wro't at the touch of. And so, though the habit's pernicious and borders, I fear, on the vicious, it often is best in a fee to invest for the world's, as a whole, avaricious. Thus a five per cent tip well invested will return, as I often have tested, in comfort and ease tenfold, if you please, though the graft sh'd at once be arrested. I.

Good Housekeeping. July, 1906, pp. 40-41.

An Appeal to the Aesthetic.

W. B. T.

I am a dweller in the city and a sojourner in the country. My view point is that of the average summer guest in country districts, but in voicing it I am conscious that I run the risk of giving mortal offense. The truth of the matter is the average farmer is too much lacking in an appreciation of the importance of the aesthetic side of life.

More and more' the people of the cities flock to the country for the summers. This year more than ever before, the trend of these guests is to quiet, beautiful spots as much away from city influences and city life as possible. The appeal to these people is from the natural beauties combined with the good air and the pure food which the country offers. None of these alone is sufficient to draw them; there must be the combination. This is a point which farmers are very apt to lose sight of. They will advertise the good air and the show places of natural scenery, or the good, fresh food which they have to offer, but they seem to forget that in their own home surroundings they must combine all these things which are to draw and hold the summer guest.

HOME BEAUTY A GOOD INVESTMENT.

As a matter of good business investment, it pays to beautify the home. No class of people have the natural opportunities that farmers have and no class of people so utterly ignore, or, perhaps I should say, fail to appreciate their possibilities. Drive through the country in any direction and note how barren the farm houses are. Why? Because the man of the house never has time to do a little landscape gardening. Because he does not consider this germane to the problem of making the farm pay. Because in nine times out of ten, he is a little ashamed to be seen puttering with plants and flowers.

To-day, as never before, farm real estate being sought for summer homes by people of moderate means. Such property will sell 100 times quicker if the home surroundings are attractive. These people are coming into our rural districts and are doing much to show the possibilities of natural beauty in the home surroundings, and what their influence will be, time will show. It cannot help but be for good.

The expense in time of setting out Judiciously a few ornamental trees (and they may be wild trees, costing nothing but the labor of digging) is infinitesimal in comparison with the results to be attained. The bare wall of a house becomes a thing of beauty if covered with the crimson rambler rose. The expense? Almost nothing.

AN EXAMPLE OF SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS.

It was my fortune, or ill fortune, not long since to drive some six or seven miles along what had been a beautiful country road, until the telephone company was granted the right to set its poles. The one motive sought by telephone and telegraph companies is to run their wires in the straightest line possible and effectually to prevent any present or future interference with these wires. If they must sacrifice a beautiful tree for this purpose, it is cut as quickly as the farmer grubs up hard-hack in his pasture. Along this road in question the company had cut out all underbrush by the roadsides

to prevent young trees from ever attaining a height sufficient to reach their wires. Beautiful elm after elm had been slashed ruthlessly. In some cases, all the limbs on the side overhanging the street being taken off. The result was six miles of road from which every attractive feature had been removed. It had previously been a delightful drive for summer guests in the village. Now the sun beats down and it is a scorching, dusty road, shunned by all who drive for pleasure.

A little appreciation of the aesthetic value of the roadside shrubbery on the part of the tree warden of that town would have been dollars and cents in the town's treasury. He had the right to dictate as to what should and should not be cut by the telephone company. He could have made that company cross the road with their wires when necessary to, avoid a beautiful tree. He could have prevented absolutely their touching the roadside shrubbery. In short, he could have preserved to the town, the beauty of that one road and at the same time inflicted no great hardship on the telephone company.

It is not the great natural scenic beauties which give the greatest charm to country villages. It is the natural adaptation of shrub and tree, of vine and flower, to its environment and beautifying of home places and country roads which make each town dear to the guests who annually seek it. I, as a summer guest, would urge the formation of civic clubs in town and village. I would urge that they take up these problems and begin a campaign of education which shall in the end result in a beautiful country made more beautiful by a cultivated appreciation of the beautiful in common things.

American Agriculturist. July 21, 1906, p.16.

Meadow Voyagers.

T. W. B.

Little folks and little ships
Sailing go together
On a most portentous voyage—
Never mind the weather.

Wond'rous ports they're bound to see
Shine the sun or shower
Strange discoveries they make
Every blessed hour!

Who is this or what is this?
Perhaps an ugly fairy!
See how brave they are and bold—
Not the least bit scary.

By and by they'll homeward turn,
All their voyages over,
Little ships and little folks
Through the nodding clover.

American Agriculturist. August 11, 1906, p. 17.

How to Camp.

W. B. Waldo

The secret of successful, comfortable camping lies in the art of discarding. It is not what you take, but what you leave behind that will make a camping trip a success. There are certain essentials, of a course. —a good axe, blanket, rubber blanket, tent, warm clothing. gun, fish rod; provisions and cooking outfit, but even in these two last items there is chance for discretionary judgment as to what is a necessity and what a luxury.

A permanent camp reached by wagon or boat, will admit of many of the comforts of home. But when you “hit the trail,” and must have a new camp with the coming of each night, the absolute essentials are all that make for real comfort. Weight is counted in ounces then.

This means the elimination of nearly all canned food. Condensed foods in many forms are now put up, soups and milk in powder form, potatoes and other vegetables, evaporated beef extract in capsules, etc. These things are a material saving when there is much “packing” on the back to be done.

Locate a camp site on a knoll with a good drainage and near a spring when possible. Heavy spruce or hemlock will give warmth and protection from storm. If using a tent, make a shallow trench around it with the axe unless the ground is well-drained. A temporary shelter is made by resting one end of a pole in the crotch of a tree, the other resting on the ground. Cut a lot of small poles, leaning them at an angle against the ridge pole. Thatch these with spruce or hemlock boughs, tips down.

Balsam makes the best bed. Use tips with stems no larger than a pipe stem. Lay thickly and evenly, with butts pointing to the foot. Spread a rubber blanket next and then a woolen blanket. If mosquitoes or flies are troublesome, drive two forked sticks about 18 inches apart on each side of the bed near the head. These should stand 18 inches high. Lay two light rods across and cover the whole with cheese cloth, tucking it under the rubber blanket at the top and sides and leaving enough to lie in a loose roll in front. This makes a tent for the head and insures a comfortable sleep.

The whole cooking and eating outfit should pack inside the camp kettle. Frying pans with detachable handles make this possible. A canvas bag into which the kettle will just slip will save clothing, etc, from the soot with which cooking utensils are bound to be covered.

The cooking fire should be small, but brisk. It will allow of close approach without toasting face and hands as the usual large fire will. For convenience in cooking, drive two forked sticks into the ground six feet apart. These should bring the forks some three to four feet above the ground. Across these lay a pole, then cut a number of forked sticks long enough to hang from the cross pole, and, when a kettle is hung from a nail driven at an angle near the lower end to form a hook, keep it at the proper distance above the fire. Leave enough wood above the fork to make a handle.

To build a camp fire drive two stakes slanting away from and some six feet in front of the camp. Against these roll a heavy back log and on top of this place one or two smaller ones. Place the ends of two round sticks of green wood against the lower log for fire dogs and then build a fire of light stuff. The back logs will reflect the heat into camp and will burn all night. Black or yellow birch or sugar maple makes the best back logs.

For a smudge to get rid of mosquitoes, black flies, punkies, etc, build a small, but brisk fire of chips and when they are burning well cover with punk, or, nothing better being available, ferns and damp moss.

American Agriculturist. August 18, 1906, p. 18.

Straight Talk to Housewives.

B.W.T.

The astonishing thing to me in many of the farm homes which I visit is the indifference to unpleasant or positively offensive odors around the house or outbuildings. Housewives who are models of neatness, whose kitchens are spotless, who pride themselves upon the immaculateness of house and person, will throw greasy water and slops just outside the kitchen door so that always that spot is a matter of offence to the nostrils. Or they will pour dishwater and greasy cooking water down the sink day after day, month in and month out, without ever objecting to the odor always hanging about the sinks, or ever doing ought to mitigate this nuisance.

Worse than this, they do not seem to recognize the peril that they harbor in their very midst. In such places lurk germs of all kinds awaiting only the favorable moment to spread disease. Because you have lived years thus, do not belittle the danger. The menace is always there. It but awaits the appointed time of favorable conditions to lay waste.

And it is all so needless in this day of cheap disinfectants and knowledge of their use! There is absolutely no excuse for foul odors about house or buildings. Whenever they exist, they can be promptly and absolutely suppressed with the least possible effort and at an expense not worth the counting. Better still, with them will die the germs. I wish I could make all housewives realize the value of liberal use of disinfectants around their kitchen sinks and dooryards. It is one of the simplest, surest health measures of which I know.

American Agriculturist. September 15, 1906, p.25.

Beyond the Frontier.

Waldo

The sun had set in the glory which is all its own in the Canadian northwest. From a nearby slough came the subdued quack of a mallard duck. The shadows lay dense in the patches of willow scrub. For miles we drove across the prairie without sign sound to suggest human habitation. The air cooling rapidly as it does in that northern latitude, suggested October rather than August. The horses plodded on wearily and we, not less weary with our 50-mile drive, were turning thoughts to far away homes.

It was just then that, faintly first, but then rising clear, sweet and mellow, the notes of a cornet reached us, and it was playing "Home, Sweet Home."

So exactly in accord was it with our thoughts and mood that for the moment I think we all forgot where we were and, involuntarily, the driver stopped the horses.

When it ceased, one of our number himself possessed of no small skill with the instrument in question, voiced the feeling of all as he said, "Jove, but that fellow's an artist!"

He spoke truly, for ten minutes later we drove up to a clay chinked log cabin to find, not the cornetist, but a phonograph and the record to which we had listened, was made by a soloist noted on two continents.

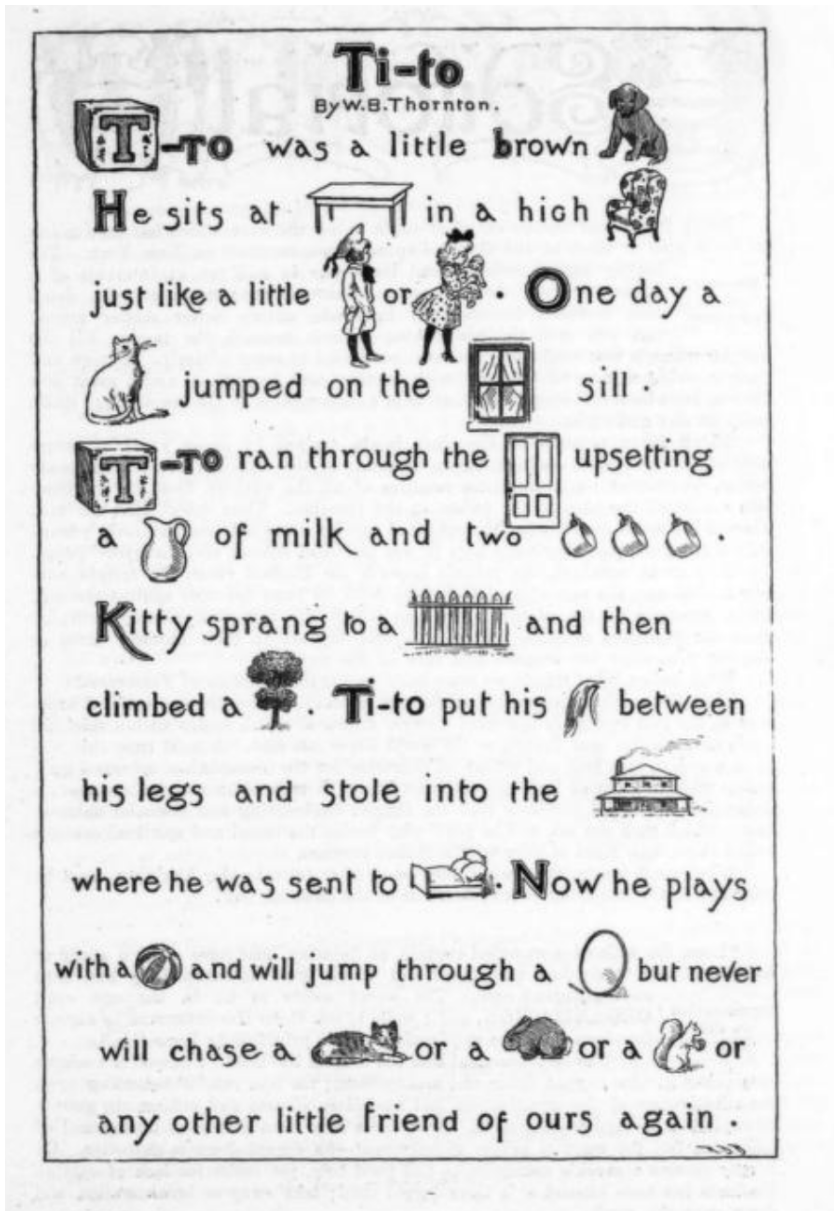
Never before had I realized to the full what this little wizard machine with its marvelous reproducing powers means. There in that little rude cabin on the very frontier of the civilization Canada is pushing forward as she comes into her own, the children of the settler were gathered, listening to music from masters before whom the world of music bows down. What a means of education, to say nothing of the entertainment afforded!

That evening, spent under such strange circumstances, was one of the most delightful in my recollection and in my heart, I echoed the words of our driver as he turned the horses' heads toward the distant town, "God bless the phonograph."

American Agriculturist. September 29, 1906, p. 17.

Ti-to.

W.B. Thornton



Good Housekeeping. October, 1906, p. 401.

Separation.

Thornton Waldo Burgess

Today is Thanksgiving, they tell me, and expect me to join with the rest
In making a holiday of it—of course I will do my poor best.
But how my heart aches as I sit here, alone in the midst of a crowd,
Alone with a hundred around me and a heart that is crying aloud!
For I hunger, God knows how I hunger, for the sight of her face, understand;
And vainly I grope in the darkness to feel just the touch of her hand.
For sixty long years, night and morning, I felt her warm fingers caress,
And heard her half-whispered “I love you” the depths of her nature confess.
The years are three-score since I won her, and yet as I sit here today,
A thousand times more I’m her lover than when I first let her away.
I want her, I want her right with me! right close in her chair by my side!
Can’t they see that the years are as nothing, that she still is my beautiful bride?
How can I give thanks, O how can I? They don’t understand when they’re told
That the spirits God joins in his wisdom he never allows to grow old.
“Too aged to care”—Do they think it? Do they really believe it is true!
Then tell them that age has affection such as youth in its strength never knew.
Thanksgiving! It can’t be, it can’t be! There is nothing of thanks in my heart;
For I want her! I want her! I want her! Oh why do they keep us apart?

A Voice from the Home for Aged Women

Thanksgiving; they say it’s Thanksgiving; if they say so of course it must be,
But somehow I can’t make it seem so—it isn’t Thanksgiving to me.
It isn’t! it isn’t! it isn’t! O Lord, thy poor servant forgive;
Thou knowest the heart and its hunger, yet permittest thy servant to live.
Forgive, O dear Lord, the rebellion, for thou understandest the cry
Of the soul for its mate and how lonely the long weary days dragging by.
Thanksgiving! Yea, Lord, I do thank thee; ‘twas just for a moment—no more;
Thou gavest us many Thanksgivings together, an even three-score.
And now in thy infinite mercy this beautiful home dost provide,
And yet O dear father I want him—I want him right here by my side!
I need him now, Lord, in the gloaming, as never I needed before.
And he—O dear Lord, he must need me! He always did need me of yore,
And his need must now daily grow greater—none other can e’er take my place.
For comfort, for care I am thankful and hourly pray for the grace
To believe that thy merciful wisdom will allow no mistake to be made,
Though gladly I’d suffer privation with his precious, dear presence to aid.
It isn’t rebellion, Thou knowest; it is merely the hunger of love.
I thank thee this day, O my Father, that there’s no separation above.

Good Housekeeping. November, 1906, pp. 476-77

Survivors of Thanksgivings Gone.

SPECIMENS OF ANTIQUE FURNITURE FROM THE COLLECTION OF W. B. NICHOLS.

T. B. Waldo

It was just at the edge of the twilight. From the drawing room across the hall came the subdued murmur of women's voices, and we of the sterner sex had just settled down to the quiet contentment of good cigars and the memory of a Thanksgiving bounty which left nothing to be desired. A log in the old-fashioned fireplace broke suddenly and the leaping blaze threw into ruddy relief our silver-haired host and was reflected from the rich red, polished back of the ancient armchair in which he sat.

I think we all noticed it at the same instant, and the same thought was in the minds of all—what a rare picture of olden times it made.

Someone asked the age of the chair and I think none of us has forgotten the pride with which the old gentleman told us that for over one hundred and fifty Thanksgiving days this very chair had graced the head of the family table. It was a splendid specimen of the Dutch rush-seated armchair of very early in the seventeenth century, rare indeed today. Made of cherry, it had attained a rich, beautiful color with age.

At once the talk drifted to days long gone and it transpired that almost every one at the table had in his possession some piece of furniture which had participated in Thanksgivings when the original spirit of the day was quaintly kept.

While this armchair was the pride of our hostess, we found that she had certain other treasures which she held quite as precious. One of these was the exquisite example of the Gothic style of chair, shown in our illustration, so ancient she had not been able to trace its origin. It had been in her own family over one hundred and thirty years. The frame, of walnut, shows only in the richness of its color its great age, while the covering of the seat is, so far as can be ascertained, the original covering, its once strong colors being now only so softened by age as to delight the eye by their quiet harmony. Such a specimen is a prize indeed.

Among other things a Sheraton table and a genuine Dutch lowboy were exhibited with particular pride. The former, of the period which saw the passing of the eighteenth century and included the choice productions of the early nineteenth century, is of mahogany, its fluted spindle legs and top proportioned to a nicety, making it always a delight to the eye.

But of all the quaint pieces in that charming old house, and there were many, the one which most delighted us was a lowboy, a genuine Dutch lowboy, a product of old Holland very near the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is of walnut veneer of a type always rare, and this one the more so because it is of only three-quarters size. Such a find comes to the collector but rarely and those who own a specimen of the Dutch lowboy of this period are to be congratulated.

The inspection of these rare pieces of furniture turned the drift of conversation to the Thanksgiving of long ago and quaint customs now almost forgotten. One of our party has in her possession a candle-stand or table not frequently seen even in the days when candle stands were in use. It has what is known as the saucer top, circular with a raised edge, and beneath this on one side, is a convenient little drawer. The stand is of the single pedestal type, having three feet. It is of cherry and has been so carefully preserved that it is quite as handsome as when first it graced some great-great-great-grand-mother's guest chamber.

Another member of our company had made a rescue from the attic of an old New England farm house, which is now one of the choicest possessions of a richly furnished home. It is what has been known since the early days of the seventeenth century as a thousand-legged, sometimes called a hundred-legged, table, and in certain sections known as a gate table. As a matter of fact its legs number eight, but open out in such a way for the support of the two side leaves that the effect is of many times that number. This table is of mahogany and of special interest and value because of its small size. Genuine thousand-legged tables are always to be prized, but when fortune favors with one so small that folded or even with one leaf up, it is not an over large sewing table, the owner is to be congratulated.

The description of the candle-stand reminded our hostess of another of her treasures, which she had found in the barn loft on the old maternal homestead, and we were taken to inspect an octagonal candlestand, not quite so rare as the saucer-top but a specimen which brought forth a chorus of delighted exclamations from the entire party. When discovered it was black with age and paint, covered with dust and cobwebs and altogether disreputable. But the ball and claw feet at once discovered its antiquity and worth. It was promptly rescued and turned over to the loving hands of a cabinet worker. The paint removed revealed mahogany and an inlaid top, and now the little stand, restored to all its former beauty, is truly a bit of real art.

Last of all we were shown a beautiful specimen of what even the tyro in our midst recognized as a treasure indeed—a genuine block-front bureau of solid mahogany, with the original brass trimmings. It was made something earlier than 1750 and is a specimen such as is rarely picked up now.

So ended a Thanksgiving in which, through the medium of beautiful handiwork that during the coming and going of many generations had so linked the present with the past, there was none among us, I think, but felt the influence of the men and women who appointed this day in dull November, not as a holiday, but as a season of grateful thanks and worship.

While the pieces here so briefly described are rare enough to command high prices from collectors, they still come to light from time to time and are worth bearing in mind, for such finds are almost invariably the result of lucky chance.

It is very much to be regretted that so many otherwise good pieces have been mutilated by the cutting off of feet in order to make the specimens lower. Always make special note of the feet and legs, remembering that, while in some cases these can be

restored if missing, the article untouched by the saw is the one at the top of the scale in value.

Not always to the seeker but to the watchful come these opportunities for acquiring treasures in antiques. Most of us can recall such which we have allowed to pass unrecognized at the time because of ignorance. Under dust and dirt and, not infrequently, many coats of paint, the most valuable specimens have lain for years discarded and unrecognized solely because of lack of knowledge.

Many have taken up the collecting of antiques as a fad only to discover a pursuit of real educational value to say nothing of the actual service rendered in preserving handiwork of worth to the historian, the art student and the home-builder.

Good Housekeeping. November, 1906, pp. 498-501

The Blacksmith's Shop.

T. W. B.

Before his door I needs must pause whene'er that way I go,
To peer within the dusky shop and watch the fire's glow
Flare into flame shot through with sparks that up the chimney leap
And in its throaty void are lost, as in some mighty deep
Of chaos thoughts we glimpse but of, that flash and then are sped,
Are seeming lost. Yet who shall say that spark or thought is dead?
The heat of one the iron bends to daily use of man,
The other molds a human life to some inspired plan.
Before his door I needs must pause and hear the anvil ring
With labor's honest music, which the echoes backward fling;
To watch the smith the metal turn to do his chosen will,
A welded thought from his own mind, or good it be or ill.
God bless the smith whose anvil rings to turn the plowshare out;
Whose busy hands the long day through put discontent to rout!
And God bless him who, working at the hidden fires within,
Doth weld a link that helps to hold his fellow man as kin.

American Agriculturist. November 10, 1906, p. 22.

Aunt Jane's Philosophy.

Waldo

Deed I'se seed a sight o'trouble,
But all trouble has an end!
Deed it has, an' jes' yo' member
Steel doan' break when it can bend.

Spect I knows jes' what I'se sayin',
'Cause I'se lived thru strenuous days;
But I'se allers found some sunshine
All along the roughest ways.

Jes' yo' bend an' then yo' stiffen
When yo' feels yo' footin' strong—
'Spects yo'll find it mighty sprisin'
How yo' totes dat load along.

Ain't no use in buildin' stun heaps
Right across yo' right o' way—
Tote 'em to the aidge an' drop 'em;
Road grows smoother ev'ry day.

American Agriculturist. November 10, 1906, p. 26.

Christmas Eve at Gorman's Grocery.

Arthur Chapouille

Hello!—Yes, this is Gorman's. — Who?— O, yes, Mrs Harmsworth. — Certainly. — No trouble at all, Mrs Harmsworth. — “One pound figs, quarter pound orange peel, two pounds loaf sugar.” — Will that be all? — Yes indeed, we'll surely get it to you tonight. — Goodby.

Here Mack, take this order — Mrs Harmsworth, Appleton street? Got it? Yes, I know Bill's on his way up there now, but what good does that do us? Probably by the time you get started she'll — Wait till I answer that phone! — I thought so! Add to that order, Mack, one of those barley candy horses for the kid's stocking. Women are—

Hello! Hello! — Can't hear you. — Thompson! — Oh, Thomas. Good evening, Mrs Thomas. Yes, our team for your section has started. — Well, it may be after midnight, but if you really must have it — Not at all, Mrs Thomas; always glad to oblige customers when we can. — Goodby.

Johnson, you go nearest the Thomases; take up a pound of Sultana raisins. Stop your knocking and get busy! I can't help it if fool women will — There's the phone again — another of 'em, probably!

Hello! — Mr Gorman is talking. — Thank you, Mrs Tobey; I wish you a great many. — Yes, I know how it is; all of us apt to forget. — I didn't quite catch that. — Oh, yes. Hold the line just a moment, please. — Hello! Hello! Mrs Tobey? — I caught the team just in time. — “One pound shelled popcorn.” Is that all? — Goodby.

Three blocks out of the way for a pound of popcorn and weather a howling blizzard! Why in the dickens didn't she wake up a week ago! All right, Mack, take that extra blanket — you'll need it. Hurry up with those orders, Harry — Mack's waiting and it's late now! Just a minute, Mack —

Hello! — Certainly. — Is it very important? — Hardly see how we can do it, Mrs Longworth. — Is it absolutely necessary? I don't like to disappoint — Never mind, Mrs Longworth, we'll get it to you somehow. — Goodby.

A grape fruit and a dozen lemons to Mrs Longworth of Allendale street, Harry, and rush 'em on to Johnson's team; don't think he's started yet. Showed her those grape fruit this afternoon and she said she didn't want 'em. Some women need interpreters for their own minds. Bill's forgotten this order for Mrs Lincoln on Mulberry street. Oh, phoned in after he left, was it? I might have known it. Sorry, but guess it's up to you, Mack.

Hello! — Mrs J. C. Humphry, 22 Early place. All right, go ahead. — “One pound bacon, one can green peas” — Is that all? — Is this Mrs Humphry talking? — Well just ask her if this order won't do early in the morning day after tomorrow. Tell her our teams are late now and overloaded. — Yes, I'll hold the line. — Hello! — Must have them tonight? — We'll do the best we can. Goodby.

Wonder she doesn't forget to eat! Pity she doesn't just now. If her trade wasn't worth so much, I'd cut her off on this. Phew, what a storm! Don't wait for anything more, Mack. Better take two latterns. Be as easy as you can with the horse—he looks about in now. Answer the phone, somebody! What's that? Wants to talk with me personally!

Hello! – Yes, this is Mr Gorman. – Who? Oh, good evening, Miss Ward. – Complain of one of my men, how's that? – Downright cruelty? Oh, I guess not, Miss Ward. Hansen isn't that kind. – Yes, I know the storm is something dreadful. He probably thought it a greater kindness to the horse to leave her standing, even without shelter, than to force her that roundabout half mile to Mrs Henry's, which he could shorten half by going across lots on foot. You know the horse is well blanketed. – Yes, I'll look into it, I assure you. – What is that? – One pound of chocolate tonight? – Can't do it, Miss Ward; haven't a team to send. – I'm sorry, but it is impossible. You know there is no one whom I would like to oblige more than you. Goodby.

Well I'll be hanged! Talk about nerve! Here I am working men and horses to death because a parcel of women forget their orders until the last minute and then one of 'em has the face to complain of cruelty to animals and, in the next breath, wants a 38-cent order sent out three miles! Hello, Bill, back again, eh! Sorry, but I'll have to send you out on another short trip. Pretty nearly all in, aren't you, old man! Get some of that hot coffee in the back room. Hello, Johnnie! Seems to me you're a pretty small boy to be out such a night as this! Mother forgot her coffee, did she, and thought it too much to ask us to deliver it three blocks? Here you are, and an orange for yourself. Wish her a Merry Christmas for me. Now there's a woman who has got some sen—

Hello, 'ello! – Who? – Jenkins? – What's the matter, Tom? – The mare is down and out, is she? I was afraid of it. Where are you? – Put her up in Howland's livery and get a fresh horse. Tell 'em you've got to have it, and if we can't get it back there tonight we'll see it gets good care here. – Storm's getting worse, is it? Get an extra blanket for yourself, Tom. Goodby.

There's another five dollars' profit gone and nine-tenths of these orders could have been filled yesterday or the day before just as well as not. I've a good mind to have that phone cut out!

Hello! Mr Gorman, yes. – They were the best we had, Mrs Howard. – But, Mrs Howard, that was yesterday and we had plenty of them then. Your order was telephoned in late this afternoon and we sent you the last we had – I'm sorry but we haven't another one left. Goodby.

Thank heaven for that! Those oranges we sent her weren't quite as big as those she saw yesterday and she must have another dozen sent up immediately. We haven't got 'em, but I believe I'd be forgiven for lying about it if we had. Has Hansen got in? Tell him not to put up the horse yet. Call off those orders, Harry. Mrs Smyth, Mrs Fulton, Mrs James, Miss Holworthy, Miss Appleyard — Wait a minute!

Hello! – Can't hear you – Oh, is this Mrs Hansen? I'm awfully sorry, Mrs Hansen, but we've got to send him out on another trip – Yes, I know his throat is bad and I'm

having him take every precaution possible – How late? – I'm afraid it will be after I before he gets back. I'll take care of his horse myself, and send him right along – Yes, it is hard lines, Mrs Hansen. Do you know, it is ten years since I've spent a Christmas eve at home with my family – I'll look out for him. Goodby.

Your wife, Hansen. Been hoping you could fill the stockings with her, but guess she'll have to give it up this time. Already with those orders, Harry! Mrs Hotchkiss, Miss Jansen, Mrs –

Hello, 'ello, 'ello! – Gorman speaking. – What? – Can't do it! – What? – I tell you we can't do it; teams all out. Goodby.

Somebody wants a yeast cake. Don't know who it was and don't care! Don't talk to me about the independence of a man in business for himself! Here I am at the beck and call of every woman who falls in a fit of mental aberration. Confound that phone!

Hello! – But you are too late, Mrs Richardson, all the teams are gone. – What is that? – Oh no, we don't want to be disobliging but the last team is just leaving now for a short trip and I can't ask a man to go two miles, to say nothing of the horse, for so small an order; or, in fact, for any order at this hour. – Is it so necessary as that? – A special messenger by car? – How far are you from the car line? I'm sorry for anyone feeling ill at this time. Not one of the family, is il. – Roger? I guess I don't know him. – What – the cat! No, Mrs Richardson, we can't! No, certainly not! Goodby.

Ten cents' worth of round steak for a dyspeptic cat sent up on a night like this! And I had always regarded Mrs Richardson as a woman with sense! Close the doors, Harry, and don't let another soul in. See that there is plenty of hot coffee for the boys when they come in. This is the last time that I'm going to answer that phone tonight.

Hello, 'ello! – Yes – I'm sorry you forgot anything else, Mrs Harmsworth, because it's too late now. Let me suggest one of our order books in a convenient place as a memory jogger when – What's that? – Oh, I beg your pardon. Mrs Harmsworth. I wish you the same. May it be as happy as merry. Good-night.

Merry Christmas! and all of us dead tired and lucky if some of the boys aren't on their backs all day tomorrow from exposure! Merry Christmas – oh, well, I suppose they mean all right. Never mind picking up tonight boys – it's Christmas morning now. Harry, you stay with me to help look after the boys when they come in – the rest of you can skip – you're needed home more'n you are here. Goodnight! Merry Christmas.

Good Housekeeping. December, 1906, pp 622-623.

Reprinted in newspapers including *Burlington Free Press*, December 8, 1906.

The Christmas Stockings.

T.W.B.

P'raps dear Mr Santa Claus won't mind because there's two;
I hope he'll see jes' how it is 'n' how it wouldn't do
To hang jes' one, 'cause one, you know, is oh! so very small
To hold the things I've asked him for; it wouldn't hold 'em all!
It isn't 'cause I'm greedy that I've hung up two tonight.
It's 'cause if Santa found but one he might – he really might
Jes' fill up that an' quite forget how little it will hold.
O please, dear Mr. Santa Claus, don't think I'm very bold!

American Agriculturist. December 22, 1906, p. 5.

The Carriage Maker.

T.W.B.

I envy him his skill of hand;
Of tools his quick and sure command.
I envy him that he can see
In yonder iron, hid from me.
The welded spring; that clear defined

Within this block, to him outlined,
Lies felloe, hub and every spoke
Which presently he will invoke
To perfect form, so great the skill
Of hands thus trained to do his will.

American Agriculturist. December 29, 1906, p. 26.

1907

Burgess partnered again with F. Strothmann, for “Abroad with Lavinia,” a series comprising comic verse about international travel and humorous illustrations. He also contributed two pieces, “Warnings from an Old Druggist,” and the humorous poem, “A Tale of Substitution,” (credited to “T. B. Waldo”) in the pure drug and food vein, a *Good Housekeeping* concern during this period. His phonograph-centered story from the previous year was expanded into “The Romance of a Record” in the *American Agriculturist*.

The Christmas-themed “Gathering Holiday Greens” was published in *Success* magazine. [source: HathiTrust Success collection]

Abroad with Lavinia I, II.

Thornton W. Burgess

Is this the Bride? Nay, say not so!
It was—but that was years ago —
 At least 'twas two,
 And that will do
To place her in the matron list,
Persuasively she doth insist.
 And who would dare
 Deny so fair
An advocate of woman's rights,
Whose gentle rule her home delights?

And now that home is left behind,
Oh Father Neptune, pray be kind!
 No mal de mer,
 We beg, for her.
All wonderful is all she sees —
The golf on deck, the stewards' fees,
 The captain's post
 As social host,
The luxury on every side—
No jot escapes our matron-bride.

The voyage is o'er and Naples lies
To be explored with wondering eyes.
 Oh classic ground,
 To so impound
So much of smell her alien nose
Perforce turns up as forth she goes!
 Oh classic land,
 On every hand
To careless shock, without offense,
Her every neat, housewifely sense!

Her glass of goat's milk at the door
From nature's font is drawn, and o'er
 The way there swings
 In festooned strings,
No family wash hung out to dry
But macaroni, dust and fly.
 And in the street
 Doth gossip greet
At every turn, and laugh and jest,
For thus does Naples greet her guest.

Good Housekeeping. January 1907, pp 16-17.

Warnings from an Old Druggist.

T. B. W.

Adulteration of food is bad enough, but adulteration of drugs is worse. That such a condition exists, the frequency with which we see the cheap cut-rate drug stores, is sufficient evidence. When the system requires drugs in any form whatsoever, it is absolutely essential that these drugs should be what they purport to be.

Talking with a retired druggist not long since, I led the conversation around to the matter of adulteration, with the result that he expressed himself very vigorously, pointing out how first-class druggists suffer from the unfair competition of those who deal in cheap and adulterated products.

He mentioned the adulteration of a number of familiar druggists' products which are used largely by the public, and which the public buys in good faith as pure. Nothing is more familiar in the average household than witch hazel. This, said the druggist, is put up in three grades. The first is made from the young wood and twigs of the shrub in 20 per cent grain alcohol; a second grade, made from old wood, containing practically no juice whatever, but carrying the odor, is made with 12% to 15 per cent alcohol, just sufficient to keep it from precipitating. The only medicinal value in this product is the alcohol it contains, and this is below the standard. A third grade is put out by very cheap houses, and contains deodorized wood alcohol, or so-called Columbian spirits.

In view of the fact that witch hazel is often taken internally, it is obvious that only the pure article should be obtained. In this connection it is interesting to note the results of a series of tests (by Lederle) of 128 samples of witch hazel, purchased in the open market in Greater New York. Only 20 samples contained the required amount of official (94.9 per cent) alcohol. Fifty-one contained less than 15, but over 13 per cent; 35 contained 11, but less than 13 per cent; 13 contained over 9, but less than 11 per cent, and nine actually contained less than 9 per cent alcohol. It goes without saying that some other substance had to be used, and the tests showed no less than 54 samples containing formaldehyde. It is obvious that the consumer must get a known and tried brand of witch hazel extract.

Another common drug, according to the druggist already quoted, which is frequently adulterated, is quinine. He recently secured pills advertised by a department store as two-grain quinine pills, which were sold for less than the cost to the wholesale druggist of the quinine which should have been in them. Investigation showed that they were almost wholly flour, a harmless adulterant in itself, but a straight fraud on the public.

Good Housekeeping. January 1907, pp 61-62.

Gathering Holiday Greens.

Thornton W. Burgess

Lingering over the Christmas greens in the market place, always I find myself repeating with a new understanding and a quickened appreciation of the poet's meaning, Longfellow's beautiful apostrophe to the hemlock:

“O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree!
how faithful are thy branches!
Green not alone in summer time
But in the winter's frost and rime!
O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree!
how faithful are thy branches!”

And always from my heart of hearts, rises a silent thanksgiving that, through the medium of boyhood memories of far away sunny hills, the fullness of all that was in the heart of the poet and the depth of his inspiration are mine.

And because of it I am fain to steal away, out into the country, away to rocky green-clad hills, to brush-grown pastures, to frozen swamps, there to gather for myself the Christmas greens and to cut the Christmas tree.

Not even when the tremulous whistle of the bluebird and the robin's hopeful challenge awaken in all men that indefinable unrest which is the re-creating spirit of the Spring, is the longing to get back to the soil, more insistent, the call, nay, the command of the mother of mothers, less to be resisted than when for the first time my eager nostrils drink in the balsam-laden air of the market-place, and my heart leaps to the first glimpse of the holly.

Hope and promise are of the vernal awakening. Each new spring flower, each opening leaf proclaims the resurrection – an old life becomes new, and the heart of man, rejoicing, looks forward with eager unrest. Nature is in her gentlest mood, prodigal of flower and song, and none turn empty away.

But in winter – ah, my good friend, shrug not your shoulders so, nor yet turn your coat collar higher about your ears, for Nature has reserved the gentlest of all her gifts – strength, vigor, inspiration, self-confidence, for this season of frost-locked earth, as presently I shall show you amid the Christmas greens.

Strength begets strength, and vigor is the father of accomplishment. He must have both and he will be given of both who fares forth to select and cut his Christmas tree. Perchance the earth is snow-crustured. How the keen air sets the blood racing! Up through the cow lane and so into the lower pasture. Then on and up, still up to the old back pasture, the home of every vagrant bush and outcast shrub, of the ragamuffins and tatterdemalions, of the floral pariahs denied admission elsewhere. I know of nothing more exquisitely beautiful than the tangle of a brush-grown pasture under snow. The transformation is so complete, the metamorphosis so absolute, that not the smallest broken, sere, brown grass blade but has become a thing of beauty.

Looking across the valley the blue white snow haze shrouds the far perspective, every one of its million crystals passing on in scintillating reflections the early morning rays of the weakened sun. Such a glory of purity! Is it not inspiring?

Above, the pasture clings to the edge of the hardwoods, naked now, save for the ermine cloak carelessly flung by the chance of storm. They are interesting now for what they expose, but the deep, pulsating mystery which shrouded their cool depths in midsummer has vanished, and they are impotent to stir the imagination or to inspire any feeling other than a tolerant acceptance of them for what they have been and will be again.

So faring through them we come to the evergreens – the hemlocks and the pines, with yonder a balsam. I confess to a feeling of reverential homage when before an ancient hemlock. There is nothing mawkish or sentimental about it. It is the tribute which sheer strength and courage, in whatever form, always has exacted and always will exact from man. In a lesser degree, I experience this same feeling toward the pine, the spruce, the cedar. The poet in addressing the hemlock, apostrophized the whole race of northern evergreens. He individualized, not merely for the sake of poetry, but because, above all others, the hemlock is the epitome of Nature's highest expression – strong, indomitable, enduring, faithful. The earth frost-bound until it is as adamant, the very rocks split by this mighty force, it is still impotent to turn so much as one needle of the hemlock, rearing its graceful form in layers of sheltering green above a cranny in the rock wherein it would seem that hardly could a shrub gain foot-hold. Under the burden of the winter storms it stands, a marvel of beauty, a pyramid of white. What tree of all its fellows could bear that enormous weight? Not one and come through unscathed as will this veteran of the mountain side.

Yielding under necessity but not breaking, bending but regaining its natural poise the instant the load is removed, yielding nothing to the heat of summer and less to the frost of winter, the hemlock is, in all seasons, – faithful. I feel better for an hour amid the hemlocks uplifted, stronger of spirit and courage. Who can look upon one of these three soldiers in the forefront of the battle and not feel the better?

But we are after the tree of trees – the tree of merriment and good cheer, of kindly thought and loving gift. Which shall it be? Yonder balsam, redolent and spicy, is of about the right height and size, and its branches have just the required stiffness. Lacking a balsam, I confess to a leaning toward the hemlock, as you may have surmised, although it is not a general favorite because of lack of stiffness in its branches. This, however, is no detriment in my eyes, and is more than offset by the beauty of shape and inviting appearance of the flat spreading branches whereon candles will appear against the dark green, like some exquisite fruit.

The white pine also makes a most beautiful tree for the Yuletide, its soft, feathery foliage and general open appearance producing a charming effect under the skillful hands of the trimmer. The fir is a favorite because of its uniform shape and a certain stiffness. I own to something more than a mere feeling of regret when I see the woodman's ax lay low a giant of the forest, something akin to a sense of personal loss. But in the cutting of the Christmas tree, no regret finds place, but rather a gladness of

spirit that a tree worthy of so beautiful a service is to be found – a feeling that an honor is conferred alike on tree and those for whose happiness the sacrifice has been made.

So with the tree securely lashed to the sled, not forgetting a liberal supply of hemlock branches for roping and trimming, we will away to the edge of the swamp, where, amid tangled brush, we will find, under the snow, the ground or princess pine, as certain of the lycopodiums are called. If we knew not the exact place of their abiding we would go away empty-handed because of the snow, but, knowing, we kick away the white covering to reveal these club mosses (for that is how the botanist classes them) as cheerfully green as if it had been June instead of December. Tenaciously the rootlets cling to the frozen earth, but as we pull and they come up, yard on yard, there comes with them a suggestive odor of leaf mold, an earthiness wholly of the earth earthy, that is wholesome. These greens will form into ropes and wreaths, retaining their splendid color far into the winter.

Another Christmas green there is, – the laurel on the mountain sides; but it lacks the fearless, wholesome appearance of the evergreen trees. However, it ropes very prettily, and finds a large place in brightening the home through the holiday. The smilax is too purely a southern plant to carry with it much of inspiration, and the mistletoe is so altogether lacking in beauty or character that, but for the pleasant myth surrounding it, it would find little place in Christmas decorating.

Last comes the holly – the beautiful holly, not only green, but also in the full scarlet glory of fruition! Nearly all the holly in the market comes from the South, and the gathering of it is delightful beyond the telling.

But in the North – for it grows in a few favored spots in New England – to have gathered it once at the Christmastide is to have come into the possession of memories which shall brighten even the brightest Christmas yet to come. Christmas without holly? Impossible! One of the brightest milestones along the trail of years is my first finding of the holly. We had tramped for hours through a snowy landscape, and then, suddenly, in the heart of an oak wood, it flashed out upon us green and red-red and green, for it was beauty fruited. There it stood amid the naked oaks, shining against a background of pure white, a living exemplification of the spirit of the season – symbolic of cheerfulness, strength, persistence, courage, faith!

I always feel better for seeing the holly; its cheer is of the kind that enters the soul of man. Did you ever see a glum or sour face above a spray of holly? But you know it not, you of the city, of the busy mart and endless toil. You buy it and take it home, and for a day it brings cheer and gladness into your lives, and is then cast out. But you who have seen it grow, you who have sought it in the stinging December air, you know and understand, and have come into that blessed inheritance of fellowship with Nature such as can be his only who seeks for himself the Christmas greens.

Success. January, 1907, pp. 40-41.

Abroad with Lavinia III, IV.

Thornton W. Burgess

Constantinople-land of Turk,
Where fascinating mysteries lurk!
Lavinia's eyes
 In wide surprise
 Are taking note, and tight her skirt,
The multitudinous dogs and dirt
 To clear, she holds.
 And roundly scolds
That such a horrid dusty place
Such mosques and minarets should grace.

The pilaff she avers is nice
But does not care to live on rice.
 In quest of art
 She does the mart
Where oriental rugs are shown;
A treasure buys, though had she known,
 The wily Turk
 With fawning smirk,
Took twice the worth of what he sold
And lied—the Khiva wasn't old.

Now eastward ho!
to Pharaoh's land,
Where guards the Sphinx o'er Egypt's sand!
 Where Bedouins bold
 And mummies old
And camels were, and crocodiles
And Arabs with seductive wiles.
 Where Moses dwelt
 And Joseph dealt
In grain and corn and fatted kine,
And Cairo had no trolley line.

Alas for dreams romantic, where
The trolley's clang fills all the air!
 The brigands she
 So longed to see
Astride no Arab steed she found.
Ah no! At Shepherd's, standing round,
 The consomme
 They served each day,
White turbaned, quite unrecognized,
Until for tips she was surprised!

Good Housekeeping. February, 1907, pp 144-145.

Abroad with Lavinia V.

Thornton W. Burgess

In Venice, wide Lavinia's eyes
Were opened in her first surprise
 To find, dry shod,
 That she could plod
The round of shops and sights to see,
When water she had thought to be
 The paving there
 Affected where
Romance with art so long has vied,
And Signor Shylock did reside.

But soon she fell beneath the spell
Which Venice casts on all who dwell
 Or those who stay
 But for a day,
Within her dreamy atmosphere
Of color, song and gondolier.
 Good housewife she,
 She failed to see
In dirt and rags ought save the part
In which they masquerade as art.

Good Housekeeping. March, 1907, p. 268.

A Tale of Substitution.

T. B. Waldo

Belinda Lavinia Sparks
Of her grocer, one Anthony Parks,
For Oogle Goo brand
Of tea made demand,
Hence the cause of these random remarks.

Quoth the grocer, quite blandly: "My dear
Mrs. S. let me offer you here
Something better for you
Than Oogle Goo Goo."
And he smiled to himself with a leer.

"It will cost not so much by two cents;
It's a blend that a year or two hence
Every drinker of tea
Will acknowledge to be
A brew that is simply immense."

Now Belinda was some more than eight—
In fact she was married quite late
Because, lacking tact,
She had stuck to the fact
She would have what she wanted or wait.

"Mr. Grocer, I asked for," said she,
"A pound of your Oogle Goo tea!
If Oogle you've got
Put it out on the spot—
No substitute goes, sir, with me!"

The grocer's broad smile had grown dim;
There was less of a profit for him
In Oogle Goo Goo,
And Belinda, he knew,
Had a mind quite above a mere whim.

Now you may not like Oogle Goo tea,
Or trade with the bland Mr. P.,
But Belinda's plan try—
Don't marry or buy
Any substitute, be what it be.

Good Housekeeping. April, 1907, p 440.

A Neighborhood Cow.

T. B. Waldo

The unsatisfactory condition of the milk supply in Evanston, one of the leading suburbs of Chicago, so weighed upon one of the residents in whose family were two babies, that he joined forces with a neighbor, and they took matters into their own hands. The neighborhood cow was the result. The experiment has now been tried for a year, and it has been so successful that neither of the joint owners of the cow would for an instant think of going back to their old source of supply, with its large possibilities of contamination.

The owners of this cow are both business men of Chicago, who have neither time nor inclination to bother with the care of a cow; they have hired all necessary work, and secured a bountiful supply of milk at actually less cost than the regular supply they were previously receiving from the dairies. They have shared expenses equally, dividing the milk between the two families. Both men are renters, but one happens to have an unused barn, and in this the cow is stabled. During the summer months the cow is daily driven to pasture, one mile distant. This pasture is supplied with running water. There has been no difficulty in securing the services of a small boy to take the cow to and fro at one dollar per week. A colored man, who has four or five cows to look after, does the stable work and milks, receiving five dollars per month.

The barn, at first out of repair, was put in perfect sanitary condition. This is situated at the rear of a lot 200 feet deep, so that there is no annoyance from the presence of the cow. A small yard in which the cow can get exercise during the winter was fenced off, and the cow was duly established in her new quarters.

One of the two families consists of father, mother, four children and two maids; the other totals seven. Thus fifteen people are supplied with pure milk all the time, and some of the time this number is increased from the fact that other neighbors, having sickness in their families, have besought the joint owners of the neighborhood cow to come to their relief.

Writing of their experience one of the owners says: "Our cow is giving a splendid quality of milk. In fact, I would just as soon have a glass of our skimmed milk as a glass of the milk regularly delivered by our dairies. The children of my neighbor's family, and there are four, and all my own children, and the children of the families who have appealed for help, have thrived. I may add that two of the doctors in Evanston have said that the ability of two little ones to pull through serious illness last fall could be laid directly to the pure, fresh milk. The selling of this milk shortened our supply at times, but we were only too glad to help out any family who had a sick baby.

"Our buying the cow was due to the fact that we were all dissatisfied with the quality of the milk and cream which we were buying, and it seemed to be somewhat of a punishment for our children to drink all the milk which we felt that they ought. We did not expect to save any money; in fact we should have been perfectly satisfied to have our bills larger providing we had all the milk and cream we desired."

Speaking of the comparison in cost he writes that before the buying of the cow his milk and cream bills averaged between \$10 and \$11 per month, and this with milk at seven cents per quart. Since then some of the dairies supplying Evanston and Chicago have been charging eight cents. It is interesting to note that his share of expense brought the cost of his milk in September to \$7.93, in October, \$9.20; November, \$5; December, \$9.07. Thus his milk and cream actually cost less money, his family had more milk, and the quality was absolutely of the best.

The cow is part Jersey and part Holstein. Her original cost was \$65; pasturage cost \$3 a month. The cow is taken off pasturage October 1, and of course the feed bills for the winter materially increase the price during these months. The following table gives the actual cost per month for four months:

Outlay for September. including man, boy, feed, etc..	\$17.08
Milk sold, 25 qts, at \$.07,	1.82
Net cost for September,	\$15.86
For October, actual outlay.	\$84.55
Milk sold at \$.07 per qt.	5.95
Net cost for October,	\$18.40
For November, actual outlay.	\$14.20
Milk sold at \$.07 per qt.,	4.90
Net cost for November,	\$10.00
For December, actual outlay.	\$22.49
Milk sold at 8.07 per qt..	4.34
Net cost for December,	\$18.15

Divided by two the above figures give the actual cost of the milk and cream per family for four months of the season when milk supply is shortest, and cost of keeping highest. As a fair index to the actual feed outlay for one cow, the following, which is a verbatim copy of the October bill for this neighborhood animal, will be of interest.

Oct. 4, 100 lbs,	bran	\$1.00
“ 4, 100 “	ground feed	1.25
“ 4, 620 “	mixed hay	4.05
“ 19, 100 “	bran,	1.00
“ 19, 100 “	ground feed.	1.25
“ 19, 140 “	oat straw.	.65
“ 41, 576 “	mixed hay.	3.74
“ 31, 100 “	bran,	1.00
“ 31, 100 “	ground feed,	1.25
Total,		\$15.15

The last purchase, being made on the last day of the month, the November bill was correspondingly small.

The question of taking care of the manure worried the owners at first, but they soon found that there were plenty of truck farmers who were glad to get it; in fact, they came to take it away without even asking. Rather than go to the expense of piping water out to the barn, a molasses hogshead was cut in half, and in warm weather is kept in the little yard filled with fresh water night and morning. In cold weather it is kept in the cow's stall, which, by the way, is large and roomy.

This experiment is one which could be duplicated in many sections. Wherever a pasture is available within a mile or two, and a barn for stabling, this co-operative milk supply is possible.

Good Housekeeping. May, 1907, pp. 526-527.

The Romance of a Record.

Waldo

The sun had dropped below the horizon and the western sky flamed with a glory such as is to be seen only on the prairies of the northwest. It was reflected in ruddy patches in an open slough, the black shadows of the farther shore slowly creeping out. From the grasses of the margin came the soft contented quack of feeding mallards. Jack Wetherby reined up his horse to drink in the quiet beauty of the scene.

Far off to the left gleamed the lights of the Osgood ranch. In the still air of the early evening sounds travel far. The yelp of a coyote on his right was answered by the bark of the ranch dog. He heard the lowing of a cow, and men's voices as they did the evening chores. Suddenly there mixed with these commonplace sounds the clear notes of a cornet. For the moment Jack was nonplused.

"Now, who the deuce have they got there who can toot one of those horns?" he soliloquized. "Bob Osgood has no more music in him than a cackling hen, and the old man doesn't know base from soprano. Must be they have got visitors."

The cornet had ceased and was succeeded by the first jangling notes of the piano accompaniment of a popular song. Suddenly Jack remembered to have heard that the Osgoods had a phonograph. It was the first that he had heard on that far Saskatchewan frontier. Somehow it thrilled him as had nothing else since he had four years before set his face to the west to wrest his fortune from the rolling prairies, as yet traversed only by the land looker and trapper. It seemed, somehow, that of a sudden civilization had reached him. That little machine over in the Osgood cabin opened memory doors he had thought closed for all time.

The sunset glow faded to the long twilight of the northwest. The air grew chill. Jack's horse became impatient, stamping the yielding turf uneasily. Still he sat there, listening to songs and music he had not heard for many a year—Annie Laurie, The Girl I Left Behind Me, the Lohengrin Wedding March, Way Down Upon the Suane River, intermingled with popular songs of a day since Jack had cut loose from civilization. It was a queer medley to which this silent audience of one, sitting his horse in the heavy shadows of a poplar thicket, listened.

The coyote crept in nearer as the shadows deepened and his weird clamor broke out so close that once Jack impatiently roused from his reverie to hurl a club in the direction of this disturber. Not till he was sure that the last record had been played did Jack give his horse the reins and start onward for the long gallop to his own ranch.

Wetherby was not on the best of terms with the Osgoods. There had been a difference of opinion as to the ownership of certain yearlings in the spring roundup. Since then, Wetherby and the Osgoods had not been on speaking terms. Now, however, Jack found it convenient to pass the Osgood ranch more evenings than he would have been willing to admit to others, and always he reined in his horse in the shadow of the poplars to listen to the little machine which was furnishing so much of entertainment to

the Osgoods and their friends.

Jack soon came to know every record which the Osgoods possessed and how much they meant to him not even he fully realized. Finally, as he paused to listen one rainy night on his way homeward from the town, he caught an unfamiliar tune. "Must be they have had some new records come," he muttered, and despite the weather, reined in to listen.

Then it was that there floated out to him the clear contralto of a girlish voice, singularly pure in quality and of a strength which made it seem that he must be listening to the original, and not to a mere record. At the first clear note Jack caught his breath sharply. Could it be? It must be only his imagination, and yet—coyote broke in with a chorus of yelps.

Jack cursed the brute under his breath. When the din ceased, the song had ceased also. For a long hour Jack sat there, hoping that he might hear it again, but in vain. For a week after he haunted the poplar shadows, straining his ears for the notes which had so aroused him that rainy night. Then once again he heard them. Clear and sweet the beautiful refrain of Violets, "I'll dream of thee the night long, and be true to thee by day," floated up to him.

Surely, surely, it was her voice! It carried him back to the eastern home, the quiet little sitting room, the embers in the fireplace glowing ruddily in the gathering dusk, and this voice, her voice, singing this favorite of all favorite songs.

They had started the record over again. Could it be, or did he simply imagine that there was a little break in the voice, a little tremulous catch. Pshaw! He was dreaming. It was only a record. His memory and his imagination were making an ass of him. "I'll dream of thee the night long, and be true to thee by day." Surely no other sang this with such expression. The song ended.

Abruptly Jack set his teeth and headed the horse toward the Osgood ranch. He was greeted none too cordially, but swallowing his pride, he briefly stated that he was willing to call bygones bygones, if the Osgoods were, and that he would like to re-establish the old relations. Finding that his call boded good rather than further trouble, the Osgoods met him half way, and he was invited in to: hear the phonograph.

Then he told them how he had listened night after night out on the lone prairie. Finally, as he had hoped, they started the record which had primarily led to this reconciliation. Here at closer range it was harder to believe, that this voice which thrilled him so could be other than the one which meant so much to him. Turning to Mrs Osgood, he asked where they obtained that record.

"That," she replied. "Oh, that was remembering how fond I used to be made by my niece, a Massachusetts girl. She has a phonograph also, and of her singing, she made and sent this record to me."

"What part of Massachusetts does she live in, Mrs Osgood?" inquired Jack, and caught his breath as she replied.

"And her name, may I ask?"

It was indeed the same. By one of those coincidences, which make truth stronger than fiction, the voice of the girl he had parted from in a lovers' quarrel four years before had reached him in those far Canadian wilds.

Explanations followed, and the surprise of the Osgoods at finding that Jack was an old acquaintance of Mrs Osgood's favorite niece was not less than Jack's surprise in discovering the relationship between his former sweetheart and his erstwhile enemies.

The Wetherby ranch is one of the most successful in Canada's great wheat belt. It has comfortable buildings and private elevators which denote the prosperity which shrewd business management and hard work have won. Sometime if your trail may lead you that way at the setting of the sun, you may hear a concert well worth listening to. Selections from the best composers the world has ever known, homely little songs, which shall live when great deeds have been forgotten, famous bands and noted orchestras, and always it will wind up with a clear, sweet contralto voice singing Violets. And this last will be the only one which is not a record.

American Agriculturist. May 11, 1907, p. 20.

A Ballad of Christmas Toys.

Thornton W. Burgess

Four in a row the stockings swung sister
My sister Kate to the mantel hung.
Her own was blue, and black was Ned's;
The next was red, and that was Ted's;
And, queer and bulgy as to toe,
A white one swung for Baby Joe

Down beneath them—what was there?
A sheep, a cow and a Teddy Bear!
A woolly poodle that really walked,
And a doll, a wonderful doll, that talked!
A train of cars, a big Noah's ark,
And a funny dog with a funny bark!

In through the window pane there crept
A moonbeam, past where the children slept,
Across the floor to the fireplace.
And lo! within the enchanted space
The Christmas toys in the magic light,
Awoke! Was ever there such a sight!

The Teddy Bear reached forth a paw;
He yawned and stretched, and then he saw
The painted door of the ark swing wide
And, two by two, from its dim inside
The animals march as, long ago,
On Ararat they marched, you know.

Into the magic Christmas light
Of the wee sm' hours of the night
The toys all came from the stockings dropped
And out of their paper wrapped hopped.
“My fellow toys,” ‘twas the poodle spoke;
“We're gathered here for you little folk.

“Across the ocean they brought me here
The most wonderful toy produced this year.
I'd have you know I'm of high estate,
I'm quite the latest thing to date.
My whole inside is filled with wheels.”
“Moo,” asked the cow, “are they in your heels?
“Moo, moo, moo, perhaps it's true,

But not for worlds would I change with you.

I have no wheels, for I'm all of wood,
I've never danced, but I've stood and stood
On my spotted legs, and they're strong enough
For laddies who play a little rough.

"A little German boy named Max,
With eyes of blue and hair of flax,
Who whistled all the livelong day
As happy as the birds at play,
In wooden shoes and funny frock,
Whittled me a wooden block.

"And as he carved he watched his cow
And petted her, and wondered how
The grass so green made milk so white
And sometimes hugged and hugged her tight
Because he loved her so, and then—
Why, he just hugged her once again.

"And so, because his heart was glad,
Because he was a happy lad,
He whistled and he carved all day
While other boys were off at play.
And every night at set of sun
A little wooden cow was done.

"For Max was making Christmas toys
For far, far distant little boys.
'Ich liebe dich,' he'd say, each day,
As each of us was sent away.
And so die liebe kinder small
Are sure to love us best of all."

The first white ray of early dawn
Proclaimed that it was Christmas morn.
The moonbeam fled; the toys were still;
The sun stole in and seemed to fill
The room and flood each little bed
And lift the lids of Master Ted.

"The poodle's great!" cried master Ned;
"Just see my train of ears!" cried Ted.
The Paris doll was Kate's delight.
But Baby Joe from morn 'till night
The spotted cow held close, you know,
Because, said he, "I loves her so."

Good Housekeeping. December, 1907, pp. 667-669.

1908

Burgess's work for *Good Housekeeping* during this year featured another series of comic poems, "Our First Reader," which paired complaints about home-related services with literary parodies. The third installment, for example used Poe's "The Raven" to poke fun at "The Painter." Other articles of note in that publication include "The Cup that Kills," credited to "Arthur Chapouille," about the public health dangers of public drinking cups; "A Fresh-air Baby," which detailed the novel methods Burgess was using to expose his young son to the out-doors; "Collecting portraits of Jesus," a rare glimpse of Burgess's religious preoccupations; and "Captain Toodles," a series of humorous illustrated nursery rhymes aimed at children. Note that encounters with "cannibals" within that feature includes negative stereotyped racial caricatures. "Captain Toodles," would be the first of Burgess's works to be included in "The Children's Corner," a syndicated newspaper feature promoted by Phelps president Herbert Myrick as an alternative to unwholesome comics supplements.

Burgess again contributed short poems paired with illustrations as "T.W.B." (appearing in both *American Agriculturist* and *Good Housekeeping*) and a number of articles about photography.

Our First Reader I – The Plumber.

Thornton W. Burgess

John Grummer was a citizen
My gran'ther's gran'ther knew,
Who answered calls from far and wide,
Where plumbing was to do.

A plumber, sir! – nay, hold you still;
An honest plumber man!
No car fares would he charge to you –
There were no cars that ran.

An honest man was neighbor John,
And skillful, sir, was he
In stopping leaks in pipe and main
As any you should see.

Didst need a packing for a valve?
John put it there to stay.
Gadzooks! the valve itself wore out.
Before 'twould come away.

Or large or small the job he had,
It mattered not to him;
He soldered this and leaded that
With all his might and vim.

The houses that he “plumbed,” I'm told,
No other plumber knew,
Because, you see, he plumbed so well
There ne'er was more to do.

And so it came that pipes would rot,
Aye, iron though they were,
Before a leak would leak again
Or joint or elbow stir.

From break of day to close of day
He worked with hand and brain.
His helper? He had need of none;
He did the work of twain.

He did the work of twain, good sir,
And double time his day;
Full well content could he but count
Eight shillings for his pay.

Whene'er his word, gave Plumber John,
That he'd be there or here,
Your fortune you might safely lay
On time he'd prompt appear.

In all the years, some thrice a score,
That Grummer plumbed the town,
No single case of overcharge
Besmirched his fair renown.

He whistled as he came to work;
He cleaned up when he went;
He made no charge for overtime,
No charge for “sundries” sent.

Of time he wasted not a jot;
As soon waste coin of gold!
I would my plumber reasoned as
Did honest John of old.

He came just when he said he would;
The trouble straightway found.
‘Twas done in half the time today
They spend in looking round.

You ask for Plumber John’s address –
Alas, if I but knew!
My gran’ther’s gran’ther knew him well,
My gran’ther knew him too.

For forty years I’ve searched in vain
Good Plumber John to find
He’s dead and gone, nor did he leave
His prototype behind.

Alas for you! Alas for me!
Also for sons of men,
Who dwell where water pipes will bust
And need the plumber men!

We pay them for their precious time;
We pay them for their work;
And oftentimes, it seems to me
We pay them when they shirk.

Good honest John, I would your bones
Once more were animate;
It grieves me sore when I behold
The bills that are my fate.

If it shall be St Peter pass 190
Me through the Pearly Gate,
‘Tis Plumber John whom first I’ll seek
To get an honest rate.

Good Housekeeping. February, 1908, pp. 138-139.

Untitled poem.

T.W.B.

What is baby gazing at,
Eyes so round and wide?
All of heaven and earth he sees
Lying just outside.

Good Housekeeping. February 1908, p. 178.

Our First Reader II – The Seamstress.

Thornton W. Burgess

Have you heard of the gown that my grandmother wore,
Worn by her grandmother years before?
'Twas made of a brocade rich and rare;
People, they say, were wont to stare
Whenever my grandmother's grandmother went
Forth on her pleasure or business bent.
Have you heard of that ancient gown, I say,
So stoutly made it is good today?

Grandmother's grandmother's uncle brought
That brocade rare from a foreign port.
'Twas not "declared," so the legends say;
No tax or duty was forced to pay,
But wrapped and tied, with seals galore,
On the great high seas a month or more,
Was a wedding gift to a bride to be –
A fitting gift as you'll all agree.

The day it came was a seamstress sought,
And straight to my grandmother's grandma brought;
Plain and demure, but far and wide
In hamlet and town and countryside
Famed for cunning of eye and hand
In fashioning gowns; at her command
Milady grand would bend the knee;
Queen of the sewing room was she.

For a day and a week and a week and a day
He fared but ill who would pass that way.
'Mid needles and silks and laces rare
They measured and fitted the maiden fair.
They snipped and cut and basted, too,
Their tongues at work while the needles flew.
And flounce and tuck and plait and frill
Were fashioned there with wondrous skill.

It was finally done and the old brocade
Into milady's gown was made.
So stiff was the skirt it would stand alone.
The bodice – ah, I must freely own
I envy the maids of the days of yore
The gowns, the beautiful gowns they wore,
But I envy them more, I'd have you know,
The seamstresses who were taught to sew.

Grandmother's grandmother, so they tell,
Plied her needle, and plied it well.
Grandmother, too, was taught the part
The needle plays in domestic art.
But grandmother's granddaughter, I'm afraid,
Is quite what is known as "tailor made" –
Trim and trig and fair to see;
Smartly gowned, but the gown – Ah me!

It cost enough! a good twenty more
Than grandmother's gown of days of yore.
She really can't kick when it comes to fit,
But the way it is made is the shame of it!
Seams rip open and gores pull apart,
For sewing's become a long lost art.
Gussets give and plaits pull out;
Hems don't hold till you turn about!

Rush it and hurry and hustle it through!
Tack it together's the way that they do!
Life is too short and too hurried, you know,
To expect a poor seamstress to actually sew.
Your granddaughter's granddaughter's?
Why, bless you my dear!
Rejoice if it lasts you the rest of the year!
Grandmother's grandmother's old brocade,
O for the seamstress by whom it was made!

Good Housekeeping. March 1, 1908, pp. 262-263.

Our First Reader III – The Painter.

Thornton W. Burgess

Once as in the glad spring season all in vain I strove to reason
Why my house should need repainting, with its paint not two years old;
Why it should persist in flaking, all the cornices forsaking,
Bald spots most unsightly making, hideous and bare and bold –
So conspicuous, unsightly, slack looking and bare and bold –
I was filled with wrath untold.

As I thought of how they'd stuck me, quite as if they'd meant to pluck me,
Wroth I grew, my soul within me waxing hot with sense of wrong
That those painters I had hired should so boldly have conspired
To defraud me – yes, I mean it – 'tis a word that's none too strong,
Paint and labor both considered, it is not a whit too strong,
For, mark you, I've suffered long.

Then it was I seemed to see there one I knew ought not to be there,
For his kind I long had sought for and my search had been in vain.
Long, he was, and thin and lanky, every inch of him the Yankee;
Sparsely whiskered, somewhat cranky, and his years were on the wane.
Very quaint his dress and funny, and his years were on the wane.
Yes, he was exceeding plain.

I confess he had me guessing, though no syllable expressing,
Till I noted what escaped me when I first had looked him o'er –
Paint pots seemed to quite surround him; made a sort of halo round him;
T'was enough to quite confound him, this quaint ghost of days of yore,
For I knew now what he must be – just a ghost of days of yore;
Just a ghost, and nothing more.

“Sir,” said I, “if flesh or spirit” – for somehow I did not fear it –
“Sir, I beg of you pray tell me what you want and who you are?”
Straight he placed a ghostly ladder and my heart grew glad and gladder,
For I now divined his purpose – why this visit from afar;
'Twas in truth an old-time painter come to help me from afar.
Time and space could not debar.

Straightway then he fell a-working; naught knew he of graft or shirking.
Honest pay for honest labor, and no contract did he need.
Stirred and mixed his paints with care, sir, and a sort of final air, sir,
Quite as if he'd say, “Don't dare, sir, suspect me of graft or greed!
You can see just what goes in it – I've no use for graft or greed.”
Straight was he in thought and deed.

Then I noted how he brushed it, brushed and brushed and never rushed it,
Till the paint had penetrated – fairly brushed into the grain.

Will it blister? Don't you think it! Rains won't wash and sun won't shrink it!
Half a score of years assail it and their storms will be in vain.
Sun may shine and storms beat on it half a score of years in vain
Ere 'twill need a coat again.

"Sir," said I, "your address leave me. You're the man long sought for, believe me!
Such a business you will do as never man has done before!
Flesh or spirit, tell, I pray thee, what your address is – 'twill pay thee!
Nay, good sir, I fain would stay thee; your departure I deplore,
For my house is still unfinished; your departure I deplore."
Then I woke, and nothing more.

'Twas, alas, a cruel waking! There the paint hung still a-flaking,
Leaving bare spots, bald and ugly, as I've stated here before.
But my bill – alas, alack, sir! could the good old days come back, sir,
When paint didn't flake nor crack, sir, I would not its size deplore;
No, I'd pay it promptly, gladly, and its size would not deplore.
But those days are nevermore.

Good Housekeeping. April 1, 1908, pp. 398-399.

Milk News.

W.B.T. and Waldo

There is nothing imaginary about this sketch [cat drinking from milk]. I witnessed this very thing recently, and I have no doubt that it is a fairly regular thing on those particular door steps. By not having milk in sealed bottles the housewife saves one cent on a quart, but she gets – did you ever think where a cat's tongue has been? Ugh! And that woman has growing children who depend upon that milk for part of their daily food. [W.B.T.]

My neighbor is a careful housewife – indoors. But any morning this past winter I could have shown you her open milk receptacles on her back doorstep, directly above an open swill bucket. I presume she things that cold weather is a safeguard from danger, but I noted that the same conditions prevailed during mild weather. This woman has a family, and every day she exposes those who drink milk to the danger of infection. Such carelessness seems to me nothing short of criminal. [Waldo.]

Good Housekeeping. April 1, 1909, pp. 442-443.

Our First Reader IV – The Paper-hanger.

AN IMPEACHMENT, WITH APOLOGIES TO EDMUND BURKE

Thornton W. Burgess

Fellow-Sufferers:

This is a solemn and awful occasion on which we are called upon to weigh in the even balance of tempered justice the acts and conduct of this modern representative of a once honored and honorable profession.

With a mind clear of all prejudice and singularly open to the reception of such demonstration of lack of ulterior motives as the accused should produce, I have pursued my investigation, and it is without heat and in the simple discharge of a moral and civic obligation that, on the weight of overwhelming evidence, I demand his impeachment, that justice may be done.

Look! Before you are his victims! In every home in this mighty republic his hand has been raised, and from around every hearthstone rises the wail of the innocent calling down upon him anathemas and imprecations.

I grant you that he is no worse than his compeers in these arts so closely allied in the building of the home – the carpenter, the plumber, the painter. I even grant you that he is the victim of the times, working out his own damnation with an untroubled conscience in that same spirit which has so debased the ancient and honorable arts – that spirit which has not hesitated to seize upon the venerable maxim which was the guiding star of our forbears, “Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well,” and, adapting it to these unregenerate days, to flaunt it in the face of an outraged public, “Whoever is worth doing is worth doing well.”

And yet shall this excuse him? No!

Listen! What means that crackle on my right, and that sudden snap above my head? You know even as I know. We shrug our shoulders. We mutter “stung!” We mix a little flour paste and as best we may replace the unsightly strip hanging from the ceiling. We gaze sadly at the huge blisters, sure evidence that the frieze will shortly fall in flakes from the improperly sized wall. And then at large price we are once more “done” by those who so neatly “did” us before.

And is it necessary, I ask you, that these hangings of much or little cost shall so soon expose the nakedness of the walls for which they are the chosen coverings?

Come with me to yon mansion which stands as a monument to the spirit of 1775, which builded its houses even as it wrought the republic – for all time. Faded the quaint old designs of the paper on the walls even as it had a right to fade in the passing of a hundred years. But does it, I ask you, hang in unseemly rags and tatters from those ancient walls? Does it flaunt in long ribbons, heavy with the weight of the dust of departed years?

No! The very plaster shall fall from those venerable ribs of lath ere serap or part of those hangings shall budge.

And so, unimpassioned and wholly in the spirit of earnest desire for the uplifting of a fallen art – in the spirit of sorrow rather than in anger – I come before you to demand the impeachment of the accused.

In the name of the blushing bride whose tiny flat is being “done” for her under her innocent personal supervision –

In the name of the sweet old grandmother who remembers how they “used to do it” in the days when they repapered once in twenty years and then couldn’t scrape the old paper from the walls –

In the name of the guileless one who pays by the hour and not by the job –

In the name of the landlord fleeing from the complaints of his tenants –

In the name of every householder in whose ears are the whisperings and rustlings of tattered ceilings and ragged walls, I demand the impeachment of the paper hanger.

Good Housekeeping. May 1, 1908, pp. 482-483.

The Vacation Camera.

W. B. Thornton

From the walls of my dining room looks down upon me a bull moose, his forefeet starting ever widening circles in the Raquette river, a white birch flanking him and in the distance the head of foaming rapids. One can almost see the hair rise on the huge ungainly shoulders as he gazes in his first surprise at my sudden appearance. The whole setting of the picture is beautiful, ideal for the subject. It is such a picture as I might travel thousands of miles in a vain effort to duplicate. And it is mine because in my hand as, with my heavy pack, I started to toil over the long portage, was my little vacation comrade and constant companion, a folding pocket camera.

There is a mistaken idea that expensive apparatus is essential to the making of good photographs. The fallacy of this may be proven by a little experimenting with a pinhole camera. I have seen exquisite things produced in this way. I know a photographer who has a national reputation, and who never gets less than five dollars each for his illustrations for publications, who is today using an old-time view camera, with a \$7.50 lens and the old-time cap. Even the tyro among amateurs today would hardly look at this man's outfit twice.

Of course, the better the lens, the better the work of certain classes, but for most of us the cost of the finest cameras is prohibitive, and it is well that it is so. If I might offer advice, based on long experience, I should say that every amateur photographer should have at least two cameras; one of them the inexpensive 2 1/4 by 3 1/4, the other such size as suits both you and your pocketbook. Even now too many people take this tiny apparatus as a joke. Its uses are manifold. Its initial cost, the cost of the films and developing, and finally the cost of the prints are so trifling that it is possible to preserve at an infinitesimal cost a priceless record of daily life. Particularly is this so when there are children in the home. It is no trouble to take the diminutive 2 1/4 by 3 1/4 out for a walk; it takes up no needed space in the house. To sum it all up, it is handy. Small, do you say? Yes, but if you pick your camera out carefully, you can have made enlargements of almost any size you wish from the negatives; these little boxes make pictures which are often wonderful in their sharpness and definition.

I know of one woman who has over seven hundred photographs of her little boy, who is now under five years of age. The little camera is kept at hand, at home and when on her summer vacation. Whenever Laddie gets into trouble, mother and camera rush to the rescue together. The result is one of the most interesting collections of child photographs imaginable. It is, in pictorial form, the little boy's life as he has lived it.

Of larger sizes there is so great a variety that personal preference must enter largely into the choice; for vacations and traveling I have found the 3 1/4 by 4 1/4 size, or the 3 1/4 by 5 1/2, most satisfactory. Either folds into compact space, makes a picture large enough to be worthwhile in itself, and if a larger one is desired, it can be thrown up by the enlarging camera to the desired size, and makes a splendid panel, while the shape the other way is equally advantageous. Altogether, it is difficult to

think of a handier size or shape than either of these. They are adapted to plates and film packs, or film roll when desired.

For home use, or a permanent vacation residence, a 5 by 7 with a 4 by 5 kit is hard to equal. It is not so heavy but that it can be easily carried on short excursions; it is big enough for splendid portrait work and altogether makes an ideal size.

When traveling avoid carrying plates, but use films, by all means. They are light, easily packed, and although the initial cost is much more than that of plates, they are in the long run more satisfactory in every way. The film-pack is a boon to travelers. I have had most excellent results with some, although I confess to a personal prejudice against them, the result of some unfortunate experience with them when they were first introduced. The roll film is always to be depended upon. Have your films, whether in pack or roll, hermetically sealed, particularly if going on the water or to warm climates. Otherwise they are very likely to deteriorate. For the roll films tin cylinders make a very acceptable method of sealing. Take out only those which you are to use each day. Adherence to this simple rule will save you dozens of negatives which will prove invaluable to you as mementoes of the scenes which have interested you.

The power of light varies with the latitude. Working in the tropics in the late fall, I have found that, despite the apparent intensity of the light, the same stops that I used in the North gave satisfactory results; in fact, in Porto Rico, I used my lens wide open for snapshots without overtiming any of them.

Always to be remembered is the fact that your picture is encompassed on four sides. This is where there is an advantage in the use of the ground-glass and tripod. What appears to the eye to be a most enchanting picture becomes commonplace and unsatisfactory when brought down to the limits of the plate. An excellent plan is to hold the hands parallel at about the width of the plate and look at your subject through them. Several reflecting cameras have been put on the market these last few years. These enable the operator to see his picture the full size of the plate at the moment of exposure. Originally these were very expensive, but now they are being made as low as ten dollars in price. The advantage is great. For snapshot work the finder has always been more or less unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it has sometimes been difficult to see quickly and clearly the object desired. With these new cameras the image is clear and the exact size it will be in the finished picture.

A young woman of my acquaintance nets a goodly sum by means of souvenir postcards of her summer surroundings. Her outfit is not expensive; the plate is 4 by 5 in size, and with this she makes excellent negatives. By observation she has learned the favorite points of interest to summer visitors, and she makes it a study to get views, either from different viewpoints or under more interesting conditions than other photographers. As a result her postcards are always in demand. This plan can be widely adapted, and wide-awake young women can readily earn a good part of their vacation money in such a way. I know another young woman who has become skilled in the art of photo printing. She makes a business of making real art productions from amateur negatives. She has studied the matter of values in negatives, and she can tell at a glance whether or not a negative will enlarge to advantage. Some of her productions have

astonished the original makers of the negatives, for she has developed unsuspected beauty in their work.

There is almost no limit to the delightful, practical uses for the camera. I know a young woman who in summer makes careful studies of landscapes, and in the fall, in her spare hours, makes the most charming calendars for Christmas and New Year sale. She also gets up menu and place cards, valentines, Easter cards, etc. Thus she actually makes a profit out of her vacation. I have a very real regret for anyone whom I meet who has not yet learned the charm of a camera.

Good Housekeeping. June, 1908, pp. 602-604.

Our First Reader V – The Boy.

Thornton W. Burgess

Blessings on thee, little lad,
Dressed in quite the latest fad!
With thy knickers just in style
Free art thou from bare-foot guile.
Nobby coat and natty hat,
Collar, tie and all of that
Quite exact, as they should be
With Dame Fashion to agree.
Linen starched and polished shoes,
Posted on the latest news,
Whistling all the newest airs,
Free from e'en the slightest cares –
 Blessings on thee, little lad,
 Dressed in quite the latest fad!

When thou playest on the street
Scant respect hast thou to greet
Elders who may chance thy way;
Lawlessness pervades thy play;
Seeming not to understand
Rights of others, through the land
On thy rights dost ever stand,
Challenging, defiant, bold,
Any who may dare to scold;
Holding none in proper awe
Save that minion of the law
On whose beat thy pranks are played;
When he's passed, all unafraid.
Knowing naught of how to work,
Still we can't call thee a shirk;
Rather this – a victim to
Conditions we all must rue,
For no work is there for you.
'Tis the price we have to pay
For our way of life today,
That thy energy can find
No home duties which shall bind
It within bounds safe to thee,
Training thee to helpful be.
 Yet we love thee, little lad,
 Neatly dressed in latest fad.

Laddie, laddie, call a halt!
'Tis thy fate and not thy fault
That the mischief of thy dad,
Troublesome, but nothing bad,
Cropping out in thee, alack,
Of true lawlessness doth smack!
Victim, thou, of circumstance
And environment. Perchance
If what dad once thought was tough,
Speaks of now as being rough
On a boy and hard to bear,
Altogether too much care
For a youngster – if, I say,
All this sort of thing today
To thy ease could be applied,
There would be less cause to chide.
Live and let live was the rule
When thy father went to school;
But today 'tis he who can
Get most is the better man.
Life's perspective, then, for thee
Early must distorted be.
So, with sorrow rather than
Anger, should we try to plan
Ways and means to curb and check
Mischievousness that doth not reck
Of other's rights – to find a vent
For energy now wrongly spent.
 In spite of which, O little lad,
 We love thee while we call thee bad.

Looking in thy merry eyes
Honesty within them lies
Quite as much as in thy dad's
When he ran with barefoot lads,
Wore his trousers patched behind,
Any old hat he could find.
Carried snakes and toads to school,
"Hooked it" for the swimming pool,
Chased the birds and hunted bees,
Stoned his neighbor's apple trees,
Did his chores because he must,
Grumbled all the time and fussed,
Called a well-dressed boy a "dude,"
In his manners was most rude.
 Blessings on thee, little lad,

Different, yet so much like dad!

Who would have a perfect boy?
Pure gold without alloy
Is too fine, too soft to bear
This world's rough-and-tumble wear.
Yet, O laddie, it must be
If thy faults we are to see,
As in barefoot boys of old,
Dross transmuted into gold,
Stern reproof must frown upon
What thou callest "havin' fun."
Dad was mischievous, 'tis true,
But dad differed much from you
In that malice had no part
In his pranks, for in his heart
Lay respect for others' rights;
Free was he from petty spites.
Father art thou of the man!
As thy features now we scan,
God forbid we see not there
Latent strength to do and dare
Deeds as great as e'er have won
Deathless fame enrolled upon
History's scroll! The noblest men
Look back to a boyhood when
They were laddies out at play
Mischievous as those today.
 Blessings on thee, little lad,
 Dressed in quite the latest fad!

Good Housekeeping. June, 1909, pp. 630-631.

Fun with a Camera.

Waldo

Have you a camera in your home? If you haven't, you should have. You should have for several reasons, not the least of which is the fun you can have with it.

Really good cameras are so inexpensive now that everyone can afford one, at least one of the so-called Brownie size. These little cameras make splendid negatives. In fact, these negatives are so good that particularly good subjects will stand enlargement without loss of clearness or detail. The cost of operating is comparatively little, and when one has trained one's eyes to know a good picture and to recognize the right conditions, one of these little instruments will furnish a pleasure with which few things can compare.

Familiar scenes about the old home farm, the merry faces of playmates, the homely incidents of the barnyard, all these and a thousand more things I will be wonderfully precious in the years to come, and they may be preserved just as you see them every day by just the pressure of a little lever at the right moment.

POINTERS FOR BEGINNERS

The amateur photographer usually does one of two things: Either he goes out and by pure luck makes a remarkable series of exposures, or else his first efforts are dismal failures. And yet, the secret of making good photographs is really no secret at all. Just bear in mind these few points: Don't try to make snapshots in dark, shady places.

Don't make snaps with strong contrast where the shadows are very heavy, and the light spots intense.

Don't point your camera toward the sun.

Don't try to make a moving object from close range.

Don't forget that water increases the light and that therefore you can make photographs on the water when a snap on shore would be a failure.

Don't try to hold a camera while you try to make a time picture.

Don't fail to study your object in its relation to its surroundings. A fine negative is often worthless as a picture, simply because of inattention to this detail and total loss of pictorial value.

Don't try to make snapshots in the house.

WATCH FOR THIS CONTEST

For our boys and girls who have cameras, and those who may get cameras this summer, we will offer a photographic prize contest, announcement of which will be made later. From time to time in these columns will be printed the work of some of our amateur photographers, to whom a cordial invitation is extended to send in prints for publication. Always remember that prints must be clear, sharp, and full of detail. Send them to the Young Folks Editor, this office.

American Agriculturist. June 6, 1908, p.18.

Experience.

T. W. B.

A boy met a bee in the clover
And bothered the spry little rover;
The bee grew first mad and then madder
And the youth is now wiser and sadder.

Good Housekeeping. August, 1908, p. 160.

The Cup that Kills.

Arthur Chapouille

“Please, mamma, I want a drink.” The request was in the shrill treble of a little three-year-old girl in a railway coach. For the time being the mother put her off. Then it came again, more insistent than before. “Please, mamma, I want a drink of water.” Again she was put off, but finally her persistency won, and the father brought her the drink in the glass furnished with the ice water by the railway company. Today that child is not to be seen by any but her immediate family. She is the victim of one of the hopeless, loathsome diseases which in certain stages are incurable, and in which the disfigurement is often terrible. It all came from that one drink from a public drinking-cup.

In a certain New York town one of these awful diseases broke out in a less virulent form among some of the best people, on whose character not a shadow rested. And yet they were marked with the disease which stands for immorality. The source of contagion was finally traced to the pencil of an accommodating clerk in a store where much trading was done. People were in the habit of using his pencil, and many of them had the foolish habit of wetting the point at the lips before using. Thus were the germs transferred.

I have seen well-dressed and cultured persons, who should have known better, drink from the cups attached to public drinking fountains. It makes me shudder every time I witness it. Death itself is preferable to the possibilities to which they expose themselves through this habit of drinking from a vessel which may have been used by the foulest of the foul. Mere rinsing with water is no protection. A little abrasion on the lips, the smallest of breaks in the skin of the tongue, is sufficient to give a lodging-place to the germs from which such horrible diseases spring. Parents should instill in the minds of their children, until it becomes a part of their nature, as a safeguard of health and happiness, an abhorrence of the use, unwashed, of any drinking vessel after another has used it.

Good Housekeeping. August, 1908, p. 171.

Reprinted in newspapers including *Royal Neighbor* (IL) Sept 1, 1908.

Portraits at Home.

Waldo

Home portraiture is a study. Only those who have attempted and failed realize the problem which it introduces. Black and chalky whites, high-lights where they are least desired, thin negatives; these and a dozen other discouragements assail the beginner; and yet home portraits, when they are good, are the best portraits to be secured, for always is the subject in sympathy with the surroundings. One who is successful in home portraiture can pick up a tidy income from this kind of work at summer resorts.

The work really is not so difficult as it seems. First, a good background must be secured. In my own home I have dark green window shades; when I wish to make a portrait, I take one of these shades and suspend one these shades from the picture molding. Against this, but some little distance from it, I arrange my subject. As my focus will be wholly on my subject and will not penetrate to the background, an effect just off the dead black results. To avoid the chalky effect produced by too strong lights, and also to enable me to handle my high-lights, I usually, by means of thumb-tacks, fasten cheesecloth over the window, if the sun is pouring in. This diffuses the light without seriously impairing its quality or its strength, and the results are most satisfactory. When I have but one window available, and no light can reach the side of the subject that is in shadow, I use a reflecting screen, a sheet thrown over a folding screen, or suspended in any way so that it reaches from the floor to a point higher than the subject. The light coming in from the opposite window is thrown back on the subject, giving the needed lighting to what would otherwise be dense shadow.

The length of exposure for this sort of work depends on the rapidity of the lens and the amount of light entering the room. If the subject is an adult, little difficulty should be encountered, because, knowing the rapidity of your lens, you can time quickly. If the subject is a baby or little child, the only way you can do is to watch your subject and anticipate the moment of absolute stillness. It is better to get a thin plate and intensify it than to expose so long that the subject [ends]

American Agriculturist. August 1, 1908, p.18.

Progress.

T.W.B.

It used to be, it used to be a long, long, long ago
That lithesome maids with sturdy arms and fair cheeks all aglow
The rich cream churned till richer still the yellow butter came;
Ah that, upon the snowy bread were butter worth the name.
But now no more the dairy maid, with eyes of brown or blue,
Sends o'er her rows of shining pans, her laughter ringing true.
The churn, alas, is obsolete! The dairy maid—ah me!
The butter somehow isn't quite the same as it used to be.

American Agriculturist. August 8, 1908, p. 18.

Looking Backward.

Waldo

Dad drove old Sal for 20 years; a good old mare was she!
They say that as a three-year-old she went in 23.
They tell that Dad and Sal would take nobody's dust those days,
And had a reputation that extended quite a ways.
But, mercy me, how tame it was! How slow for poor old Dad!
The poorest car that's made today would put Sal to the bad.

American Agriculturist. August 22, 1908, p. 17.

Camera Notes.

T. W. B.

Persistence is the price of success with the camera. Don't be content with anything so long as you can make out the subject. There is no excuse for poor photographs. If yours are not up to the mark, find out why. It may be in the exposure; it may be in the developing; it may be in the printing.

The average amateur wastes his ammunition, so to speak. He snaps anything and everything that catches his eye. A year hence nine out of ten he will care nothing for it. A cute scene will not always make a cute picture. More often it will not than will. When you are tempted to put up your camera try to see the picture mentally, as it will appear in your negative. Get this habit. It will save you a lot of expense and disappointment.

American Agriculturist. August 22, 1908, p. 17.

The Parting.

T. W. B.

What will you do when I am gone,
Moo-cow, moo?
I'd like to take you home with me,
Moo-cow, moo.
But Daddy laughs and asks me how
We'd get up in our flat a cow.
And so I've got to leave you now,
Moo-cow, moo!

Good Housekeeping. September, 1908, p. 288.

A Fresh-air Baby.

W. B. Thornton

One fundamental proposition, namely, that fresh air in unstinted quantity is as essential to growth and development as proper food, was agreed upon at the start in the upbringing of this physically splendid little man. Baby was born in May and was kept practically all of the hours of daylight on a screened and sheltered porch, while at night the open windows let in a flood of air which at first almost startled the grandmother, to whose tender care Providence had consigned him.

While for the first two or three months just the right modification of food for perfect assimilation could not be found, there was no question of the beneficial results from the fresh air. There was not the desired increase in weight, but despite this the vigor of the little man showed a marked gain from day to day. Then food and stomach became adjusted and he soon caught up to the average weight for his age, while in strength, lung and chest development he was above normal. As cold weather approached, Grandmother, with some misgivings, obeyed the pater's orders and Baby daily took his morning nap on the porch. This porch faces the west and is protected on the north and south sides. The basinet is of heavy wicker, having a high protective hood, also of wicker, at one end. With this protecting him from the wind, Baby was, and is (for he still daily naps in this basinet on the porch) safe from all drafts, at the same time breathing nothing but the pure, outdoor air.

The weather grew colder, and despite occasional warning shakes of the head by scandalized neighbors, Master Baby continued his two or three-hour outdoor naps, coming into the house so clear-eyed, red of cheek and altogether happy that he was a joy to look upon. Right here let me say that this vigorous and vigor-bringing method had not only the doctor's sanction, but his enthusiastic endorsement. In January the thermometer dropped until it threatened to burst the bulb. Then one morning, at the usual hour for Baby's nap, it registered 20 degrees below zero, and Grandmother's courage was shaken. But Pater said, "Try it," and out Baby went, warmly wrapped, hooded so that naught but his little face was exposed, and this protected so far as possible. Every little while Grandmother ran out to see that the dot of a nose was not getting nipped or the cheeks pinched. And Baby slept, quietly, comfortably, his usual two hours, and then came in ruddy, smiling, bubbling over with life.

The direct result of this vigorous treatment was an abounding energy— not a nervous, fretful energy, but a wholesome healthful desire to use up the surplus vitality generated by the perfect combustion in the constantly expanding lungs. Throwing his feet up until, often, his toes touched his forehead, the youngster would kick for half an hour at a stretch, crowing and laughing from pure joy in finding expression for the abounding life within him. He was never too tired to kick, and he was encouraged in this exercise at all times of day, his grandmother sometimes un-dressing him and putting him on the bed for just this purpose, taking care, of course, that the room was sufficiently warm and free from all drafts.

“Muscular exercise and fresh air are absolutely necessary to the child to promote growth and development of all vital organs, the brain included,” says Professor Tyler. Baby was getting both without stint, and has proven the truth of the statement. His peculiar form of exercise strengthened back, legs and shoulders, while it was a most efficient stimulant for kidneys and other internal organs which are inclined to be sluggish in action at this period.

At four and one-half months he sat bolt upright in his high chair with no sign of weakness in his straight, broad, little back. On his first birthday he held himself alone on the clothesline, as appears in the illustration. At fourteen months he had sixteen beautifully shaped and well- placed teeth. At this time he had mastered the art of creeping, and this he was encouraged to do to his heart’s content. Every day he splashed like a veritable amphibian in his bathtub, devoid of any trace of fear.

By taking advantage of traits which are his natural endowment, his development has been guided along every line which has appeared to hold out distinct elements of advantage to him. Thus, as he developed a tendency to do “stunts,” he was encouraged, not to show off, but to make these a part of his play. This policy has been persisted in, and at a year and a half he had acquired a somewhat elaborate repertoire of calisthenics as a part of his play, introducing them whenever the notion occurred to him, usually many times a day. Thus the energy which his big lungs and perfect assimilation of food furnish him find an outlet which makes for still further upbuilding of the body. Just here it may be added that from the beginning he has spent out-of-doors very much time in addition to his morning nap. Every pleasant day his grandmother has wheeled him abroad, morning and afternoon in summer and at least once a day in winter.

Good Housekeeping. October, 1908, pp. 390-391.

Reprinted in many newspapers including *The Columbus Ledger*, November 26, 1911.

Captain Toodles 1-4.

T.W. Burgess

I.

Toodles and Dolly and Billy, the goat,
In quest of adventure, set sail on a boat.

II.

And just as they started came Tabby the cat,
Who nearly upset them in chase of a rat.

III.

With Toodles for captain and Billy for crew
They steered for the land of the things that are new.

IV.

Way out in mid-ocean a typhoon they met;
It rudely upset them all into the wet. (to be continued)

Good Housekeeping. October, 1908, pp. 404-405.

Captain Toodles 5-8.

T.W. Burgess

V.

Now here you'll agree, we had ended this tale
Were it not for the timely advent of a whale.

VI.

"Avast there, my hearties," he bellowed in glee,
"Climb up on my back if the world you would see."

VII.

While swordfish as guardsmen leaped high in the air,
In a trice they were rushing to lands that are fair.

VIII.

But alas and alack, with a bump on a reef
A mile from the shore they once more came to grief.

(To be continued next month)

Good Housekeeping. November, 1908, pp. 534-535.

Captain Toodles 9-12.

T.W. Burgess

IX.

“Ahoy!” cried a turtle. “Use me for a raft;
I’m broad in the beam and shallow in draft.”

X.

But Tabby her feet was afraid she would wet,
So a pelican airship came Tabby to get.

XI.

But scarce on the shore were they safe once again,
When Bill butted into some cannibal men.

XII.

O Toodles, O Dolly, O Tabby, O Bill—
Can there be? Yes, there is hope for you still!

(To be Continued Next Month)

Good Housekeeping. December, 1908, pp. 673-674.
Reprinted in “Children’s Corner” newspaper supplements.

Collecting Portraits of Jesus.

Waldo

By chance I was led to collect photographs of paintings of the Christ, and the results proved so interesting and altogether surprising that I want others to have a like enjoyment. When I began I had a vague idea that I might find perhaps fifty, but imagine my surprise when my collection rapidly mounted to over one hundred, not including any pictures of the infant Jesus. There are very few of the boy Jesus, one of the best being Hofmann's Christ Disputing with the Doctors. Two show Christ as a young man with smooth face. For the rest one is at once impressed with the universal conception of the Saviour, for these portraits, extending all down the years of nearly twenty centuries, and representing the art of widely differing schools, are all of the same man. Such a collection is an inspiration and an education. Moreover, it need not be expensive. By careful searching of the catalogs of dealers in prints of famous paintings these photographs may be found at prices (according to size) which bring them within the reach of the most limited means. From some dealers illustrated catalogs can be obtained. It is also a good plan to order one print as a sample from each dealer, for often there is a great difference in the quality of the prints. Albums made up of collections of the best of these prints would be gifts peculiarly appropriate for the Christmas season.

Good Housekeeping. December, 1908, p. 695.

1909

During 1909, Burgess completed “Captain Toodles,” contributed another child-oriented series of illustrated poems, “At the Circus,” and as “Frank Presbey” (a real author who had been contributing articles about advertising), wrote a promotional article about travel advertisements.

The highlight of this year, however, was a long profile in *Good Housekeeping* of George T. Angell, who had founded the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society. This profile was reprinted in the AHES publication *Our Dumb Animals*, and then picked up in a number of newspapers. Angell’s strategy of using a book, in his case *Black Beauty*, to promote humane education would soon be used by Burgess for similar purposes.

Finally, signaling a possible shift in Burgess’s attitude toward “sport,” was “The Hunter,” a poem in the *American Agriculturist* that depicted hunters as having a “lust of blood.”

Untitled.

T.W.B.

Tell me, pretty maiden,
Tell me, saucy Sue,
Did the North Wind boldly
Steal a kiss from you?

“Ice was simply perfect?”
Fie, O maiden, fie!
Was none but the North Wind
Bold enough to try?

Good Housekeeping. January, 1909. Frontispiece.

An Apostle of Mercy.

A REMARKABLE LIFE, WHICH SHOWS WHAT ONE PERSON CAN ACHIEVE IF SUFFICIENTLY IN EARNEST.

Thornton W. Burgess

The sun slanting palely the winter through woods deep in the hills of western Massachusetts fell upon a patch of white on the trunk of a chestnut tree. The bright spot challenged attention; it proved to be a notice offering rewards for evidence which should result in convictions for violations of the state laws protecting birds and their nests. It began with the pronoun "I" and it ended with the signature "George T. Angell." These placards may be found scattered far and wide.

Instantly it brought to mind a suite of rooms in a hotel cornering our beautiful Copley Square, Boston, and sitting there, beside a littered desk which spoke eloquently of busy hours, the venerable champion of all helpless living things as he had faced my camera less than a week previous.

The activities, world-wide, which center in this gentle, white-haired man of eighty-five are in extent and power almost beyond reckoning. What may not a man or woman, setting out without money or rich or influential friends, achieve if animated by a noble and great purpose? One gazes with awe, almost, at this old man, spare and tall, long past the allotted age of man, yet keenly alive and planning new conquests, which, by the grace of God, he is likely to see added to his already wonderful list.

Mr Angell is still the dominating force in the two societies whose foundations he laid and whose work he has ever since directed – the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society.

Perhaps no other single personality in the world has exerted so powerful an influence for the amelioration of the lot of animals and children. The kindly eyes, which nevertheless bore straight into you as he talks, and the rather broad, firmly set mouth betoken the virile strength of the persistent fighter. As you talk with him you begin to understand that little pronoun "I" which heads the notices in behalf of the birds and animals. These creatures have a champion who fights, who is unafraid, who gets results because he goes after them and persists until he attains his ends, who at all times leads the fight himself, not dependent upon the work of others.

"Nil desperandum is the motto which I adopted when a boy," says Mr Angell. That he has lived up to it the world-wide influence exerted by the societies which he has organized, or which have been inspired by him, is evidence. Today more than 73,000 Bands of Mercy encircle the earth. In China, in India, in Bermuda, Cuba, Porto Rico, South Africa, go where you will, these bands of workers for humane conditions for animals will be found, and the directing and inspiring force is this gentle old man, who seldom gets far from his apartments in his beloved Boston.

Mr Angell is a lawyer by profession. He was born in Southbridge, Massachusetts,

and starting as a poor boy, he worked his way through college, attending Brown University one year and the succeeding three years at Dartmouth, graduating in 1846. He then taught school, at the same time reading law, and in 1851 was admitted to the bar. "From boy-hood," says Mr Angell, "I had a great love of animals and I could not bear to see them suffer. I have always believed that the solution of such a problem is education rather than prosecution."

That he can fight, on provocation, a little incident of Mr Angell's early career illustrates. It fell to his lot to have one of the "tough" schools of Boston; one of the old-fashioned kind we sometimes read about where the bully of the school purposes to be master. There was such a bully in this case, a strapping hulk of a fellow of the genuine South Boston type. As Mr Angell came out of school one day this fellow undertook to pick a quarrel. The schoolmaster saw what was coming and he wasted no time in parley. Before the fellow saw what was coming the schoolmaster's cane had descended on his head. He went down. Two more raps were sufficient. The schoolmaster went home with a broken cane, but with the absolute certainty that his troubles in that particular school were at an end. Mr Angell has carried this principle through life. When he must prosecute to gain his ends, he prosecutes, but humane education is the corner stone upon which he has built up the great structure which teaches mercy to the helpless. Other societies, notably the New York society, lay stress on prosecution as a means of prevention of cruelty, but the American Humane Education Society, as its name implies, believes in the educational method of implanting the principles of mercy.

To the majority George T. Angell stands for the champion of dumb animals. Comparatively few appreciate how much broader has been the field of his endeavors. Mr Angell is the champion, not only of dumb beasts, but of humanity. Kindness to the animals is but the stepping-stone to a higher type of civilization, one which will abolish war, which will reduce to a minimum the dangerous criminal class. That is Mr Angell's belief, and that is the line along which he is working.

"What I want," says he, "is a millionaire or a great publishing house who will take up and print a juvenile paper to be circulated in every school in America; it will take money, but it will pay them in the end. They can have the biggest class of readers in the world. With such a paper, rightly edited, teaching kindness to dumb animals and to the helpless, advocating all that is good in life, we could exert an influence upon future generations to be exerted in no other way."

"What turned you to this humane work?" I asked.

"A horse race," was the prompt reply. "It was run February 22, 1868, from Brighton, a suburb of Boston, to Worcester, a distance of forty miles over rough roads, each horse drawing two men. Two of the best horses of the old Bay State competed, and both horses were driven to death."

Mr Angell, then a successful lawyer, in a letter to the Boston Advertiser, roundly condemned such cruelty and offered to contribute time and money if others would join him in an effort to stop such outrageous practices. The appeal brought prompt response, and out of this grew the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. With characteristic energy and directness Mr Angell set out to raise funds,

enlisting the aid of the mayor, the chief of police, the chairman of the aldermanic police committee and the city attorney. He succeeded in having seventeen policemen in full uniform canvass the city of Boston for three weeks at the city's expense to raise money for this society. Needless to say the campaign was a success. It was not so easy to refuse a policeman as an ordinary solicitor, and at the end of the three weeks there had been obtained about 1,200 of the 1,600 members with which this society began work. Then came the founding of that paper which is probably the most widely quoted publication in the world, *Our Dumb Animals*. This is a broad statement, and yet I question if it can be challenged. All the newspapers quote from *Our Dumb Animals*, and its influence is world-wide. Of the initial number, 200,000 were printed. They were given away. This was the first paper of its kind in the world.

"I have had a lot of propositions for advertising in connection with *Our Dumb Animals*," says Mr Angell, "but I wouldn't listen to them. No other agent could so well advertise *Our Dumb Animals* as does *Our Dumb Animals*. I want every inch of space to advertise itself."

Our Dumb Animals is published and distributed by the American Humane Education Society. This, like the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was incorporated with power to hold a million dollars, and while the two societies are a long way short of such a sum, they have been liberally endowed. In their offices at Boston, conspicuously displayed, are the names of nearly three hundred persons who have made bequests to them.

Akin to *Our Dumb Animals* is the organ of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, an English humane society, which exerts a powerful influence in the British isles. This paper is *The Animal World*, and it is of interest that Mr Angell had a hand in the naming of this paper, which now has a very extensive circulation.

The demands upon Mr Angell's time in behalf of merciful work became so great that it was not long before he was compelled to resign his law practice and devote his entire time to promulgating the doctrine of kindness throughout the United States. All over the country there were demands for his addresses, and in most cases he found a sympathetic audience wherever he appeared, so that the work progressed rapidly. One of the early important results was the abolition of vicious and cruel practices in the Brighton stock yards, Boston.

In 1870 Mr Angell went to Chicago to do similar work there. Putting on old clothes, he went into the stock yards and had no difficulty in acquiring at first hand ample material for a thorough exposure of the horrible sufferings which the cattle entering the great stock yards there were compelled to endure. The leading papers of the city gave him earnest support, and from this grew the Illinois Humane Society, an organization similar to the Massachusetts society. During the next few years Mr Angell was active in securing the passage of several of our most important laws relative to the merciful treatment of animals, But even in those early days his one idea was that education rather than prosecution is the surest means of accomplishing the desired end, so while the Massachusetts society appointed prosecuting agents and let no opportunity go by to bring to the bar of justice violaters of the law, it was to the educational work

that Mr Angell bent his energies.

In 1889 he started the American Humane Education Society, having the same officers as the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but a distinct organization with the whole world for its field. The work of this organization is distinctly educational. It has given many prizes for humane stories, has carried the circulation of one book, *Black Beauty*, up to more than three million copies, and sends every month to every publication in America, north of Mexico, Mr Angell's little paper, *Our Dumb Animals*.

To the world at large Mr Angell is best known as the animals' friend. I think I am safe in saying that it will surprise many to know that he was one of the first to recognize the menace to the public health of impure foods, and to take up the battle for pure food legislation. As long ago as 1877 Mr Angell began his fight against what he terms crimes against the public health. It was started with a campaign against marbled ironware, which a wealthy New York firm was putting out broadcast, and which contained among other poisonous elements a large amount of soluble lead.

"When I found this out," says Mr Angell, "it was clearly my duty to put a stop to this sort of thing, just as I would stop a driver from beating an overloaded horse." His attack through the newspapers resulted in the closing of this factory.

Poisonous wallpapers then received attention. Finally, in 1879, having amassed a great amount of evidence, he began a war on adulteration through one of the Boston papers. Milk and diseased meats, adulterated sugar and candies, adulterated tea, coffee, vinegar, pickles, baking powders, mustard, cocoa, cloves, cinnamon, ginger, soothing syrups, etc, were thoroughly exposed, as was also oleo-margarine. Ever since that time Mr Angell has been an active champion of pure food and sanitary conditions in public places as well as in the homes.

Mr Angell's fight for pure food laws in Massachusetts resulted in the passage of the law of 1882 against adulteration, but only after it had been fought at every point by powerful interests. Previous to this he had been actively engaged in Washington endeavoring to awaken Congress to the need of pure food legislation. Repeated attempts to secure a hearing before various committees were defeated by the simple expedient of having no quorum present on the days appointed. But he persisted, and finally, through the committee on epidemic diseases a petition, prepared by Mr Angell, and with a great amount of evidence annexed, was favorably reported to the House and the whole was ordered printed in the congressional report. Thousands of copies of this were distributed throughout the country.

Mr Angell was the first to recognize the tremendous power which the book *Black Beauty* could be made to wield through its wide distribution; I question if there is anything in his career that he takes greater pride in than the promptness with which he discerned the possibilities inherent in this story. He hardly waited to finish reading the first copy that reached his hands before he was making arrangements to have it electrotyped and ten thousand copies printed. The society has been printing and distributing this book ever since.

“Mr Angell,” I asked, “were you never subject to attack, have you never had cause to fear bodily harm as a result of your vigorous attacks and of your interference with men who are brutal to dumb animals, and with interests antagonistic to the public health?”

“No sir,” said he, with a smile. “In all my long career I cannot recall a single instance of violence. Always I have had the heartiest co-operation. The police are my friends. Now, if the noise on the street disturbs my sleep at night, I have but to telephone to police headquarters and in five minutes there is an officer at either end of the street putting an end to needless noise.”

Mr Angell’s headquarters are at his hotel; he does not often go down to the office save to attend the annual meeting. But his interest in the causes he has so long espoused is as alert and keen as ever. He still personally edits, and very largely writes, the monthly issue of *Our Dumb Animals*. He still seizes every opportunity to promote the good work through the press of the country. Even now he is actively interested in school sanitation and the securing of better conditions for school children. At the death of himself and wife the bulk of his estate will go to the two societies of which he is the president. Though these societies are well endowed for the present, insuring a continuance of the work, even after the loving hand has let go the helm, other bequests will be welcome.

“Do you think that the humane work, the interest in humane work, is as strong as it used to be, is increasing in proportion to the population?”

“I do,” was the prompt response. “There never was a time when the interest greater than today. The work is going on all over the country. Over seventy-three thousand Bands of Mercy are being added to constantly. They are doing a great work; they are a power to be reckoned with. The humane societies, of which there are a growing number throughout the country, are all doing good work.”

In 1876 President Hayes did Mr Angell the honor of incorporating in his annual message to Congress a passage written by Mr Angell, recommending more stringent laws regarding the transportation of animals. Many of the most humane laws on the statute books of his own state, and some in other states as well, were drafted either by Mr Angell himself or under his supervision.

Since the physical infirmities of age have put an end to active work on the lecture platform Mr Angell has been not a whit less active in the work which is as the breath of life to him, but attends to a voluminous correspondence, keeps thoroughly posted on the topics of the day, especially those movements which make for better living for both man and beast. He is one of the most vigorous opponents of war and is unshakable in his conviction that when the elements of mercy are thoroughly inculcated in the youth of the nation war will no longer be possible.

The following extract from Mr Angell’s last annual report to the two societies of which he is the head is illuminating showing the scope of the work being done in Massachusetts:

“The annual report of our chief prosecuting agent shows that during the year

ending March 1, 1908, our officers carefully investigated ten thousand six hundred and twenty-seven complaints, examining in their investigations forty-four thousand and fifty-four animals. Of these complaints our officers prosecuted two hundred and ninety-two and convicted two hundred and seventy-eight. They took from work fifteen hundred and twenty-three horses and mercifully killed twenty-two hundred and twenty-six horses and other animals.

But it is in the number of conversions to merciful principles, not in the number of successful prosecutions, in which Mr Angell glories.

Good Housekeeping. February, 1909, pp. 151-155.
Reprinted in *Our Dumb Animals*, March 1909.

Captain Toodles 13-16.

T.W. Burgess

IX.

From cocoanut trees beneath which they must run,
A dozen spry monkeys took part in the fun.

X.

The cannibal chief got a nut on the head
And the rest of them took him and put him to bed.

XI.

Then down came the monkeys, poor Tabby to tease;
Her badly swollen tail they delighted to squeeze.

XII.

At length of a sudden a chasm yawned deep;
'Twas too steep to clamber and too wide to leap.

(To be Continued)

Good Housekeeping. February, 1909, pp. 204-205. [misprinted as 9-12]

Captain Toodles 17-20.

T.W. Burgess

XVII.

Two jovial pythons (a species of snake)
A volunteer bridge then proceeded to make.

XVIII.

A monkey took Tabby tucked under his arm;
Another rode Bill, lest he come to some harm.

XIX.

While Toodles led Dolly, till across it at last
The chasm became just a thing of the past.

XX.

And safe into elephant land they had run
In time to take part in some animal fun.

(To be Continued)

Good Housekeeping. March, 1909, pp. 338-339.

Captain Toodles 21-24.

T.W. Burgess

XXI.

The jungle was present, from hippo to bear,
And even the lion came forth from his lair.

XXII.

To witness the great jungle handicap race
And cheer for the one who should set the best pace.

XXIII.

An ostrich was limit, a zebra and last
A long-necked giraffe, who claimed he was fast.

XXIV.

The finish was close, so the jungle all said,
The giraffe winning out by a neck and a head.

Good Housekeeping. April, 1909, pp. 456-457.

At the Circus.

T.W. Burgess

Here's the circus! Hold on tight now!
Don't you get out of my sight now.
Goodness, see those great big cages!
How that tiger ramps and rages!
There's a lion, as I'm living.
What is it that brave boy's giving
To the giraffe? How would people
Look with necks made like a steeple?
See that elephant with glasses
Wisely watching all that passes!
What a funny cap he's wearing!

Don't you think that clown is daring!
Oh, my, my, that horse is prancing
With a monkey on him dancing!
And that elephant – I never!
Did you ever, ever, ever!
See, his ball is really going.
And that pig – my sakes, how knowing!
Bow, wow, wow! Just look up yonder
On that elephant's head. I wonder
How you'd like to get astride there;
On that big head sit and ride there.

(to be continued)

Good Housekeeping. May, 1909, pp. 582-583.

Fishin' Time.

T. W. B.

Time to go a fishin'. You
Bet I'm glad of it!
Nothin' that I like to do
Quite so much as sit
On a log an' watch my float
Bobbin' up an' down
Or jes' paddle my ole boat
Roun' an' roun' an' roun'
Trollin' for a hungry bass
Or a perch or pike.
Yes, sir, fishin' just suits me;
It's just what I like.

American Agriculturist. May 8, 1909, p. 20.

The Family Motor Boat.

Arthur Chapouille

If automobiles were invented for the well-to-do, surely the goddess of invention was not unmindful of the man of small means when she inspired the adaptation and application of the gasoline motor to the small boat. That he has been quick to seize and make the most of the opportunity thus afforded is evidenced by the constantly increasing fleets of motor-driven craft wherever there is water enough to float a rowboat. And the majority of these craft are owned by men in moderate circumstances, by clerks, mechanics – men who are accustomed to count the cost.

Probably in no other way is so much of luxury to be obtained at so small an outlay as in the low or medium-priced motor boat. Of course, one may make it as costly as one's pocketbook or tastes permit, for there is almost no limit to expenditure if you seek a floating palace driven at high speed. On the other hand, a motor-driven boat, complete, can be purchased for less than one hundred dollars, and cheaper still is the application of a detachable motor to an ordinary row-boat. In any case, at least two persons may share the pleasure with the owner.

The uncertainty as to when and where his engine, like a balky mule, will "lay down," and without apparent cause whatsoever, refuse to give even a feeble cough, has now almost ceased to enter into the calculations of the motor boat skipper. He trips his anchor with the reasonable certainty that he will return under his own power, providing he has gasoline enough aboard. This perfecting of the motor has opened up possibilities for enjoyment which are almost endless. The result is an ever-increasing number of motor boat cruisers on all our inland waterways, and on all our sheltered coast waters.

To one with a love of the water, and without fear of it, no more delightful vacation can be imagined. On small lakes and rivers the element of real danger is almost wholly lacking. An uncharted sand bar, a sunken log, or a submerged rock afford the only possibilities for real trouble, and with a wide-awake lookout, disaster from such causes is inexcusable, providing the skipper, as all good skippers will, has studied the channel he is to follow. Along the seashore, head tides, and unexpectedly heavy seas, kicked up by a sudden squall, lend a quota of excitement to cruising in a small boat.

A vacation so spent is such a satisfying, indolent life, for all save the engineer. The "chug chug" of the willing servant driving your little craft, the ripple of the water on the bows, the constantly changing scenery; the fresh, cool, dust-free breeze; the lazy lounging in old clothes, with nothing more important than the idle dreams of the passing moment; the occasional hail of other craft; the exploration of strange ports, sure to be productive of quaint characters; the speculation as to the board and bed which shall be yours at night, all tend to make the vacation what every vacation should be, a complete change and relaxation. Last, but not least, such a trip may be comparatively inexpensive, for with the cost of the actual running expenses (there are no tires to puncture) divided among several, the individual share amounts to but little.

By taking advantage of canals and artificial waterways, one finds delightful cruises open to the small motor boat which to larger craft are impossible. One may see much of the interior of our country in this way. From New York, one may go through to Montreal, and thence down the St Lawrence, or up the St Lawrence to the Great Lakes, the course being via the Hudson river, the Whitehall canal, Lake Champlain and the Richelieu river to the St Lawrence. A comfortable cruising motor boat has already made the trip from New York to New Orleans through inland waterways, all on her own bottom. The route was via the Hudson river, Erie canal, Great Lakes, Illinois and Michigan canal and the Mississippi river. These are merely mentioned as illustrations of the possibilities in vacations afloat since the advent of the motor boat.

Unlike the automobile, the motor boat requires the greatest outlay in its initial cost. The cost of maintenance will admit of no comparison with the cost of running a motor car. A man with any skill at all in the handling of tools can keep the hull in repair, while as for the engine, the strain upon it is so reduced, all parts are so much more easily reached and kept under observation, and there is so much less of wear and tear, that the life of the motor is not only much longer, but the repair bill is small as compared with that of the automobile engine.

Motors are now built so compactly and so light in weight that they have even been adapted to the ordinary canvas canoe, which, so outfitted, will still carry two passengers comfortably and safely. Then there is the so-called "out-board" outfit; this is a combination of motor, tiller and propeller, which can be attached in five minutes to the stern post of any small boat. The only tool required is a wrench, and no alteration in the boat is necessary. This little outfit is said to give a very good rate of speed, six miles per hour for a twelve-foot dingey.

Within the last three or four years a new type of motor boat has sprung into popularity, one in which comfort and everything else are sacrificed to speed. There is little of comfort in these fast craft, but there is a real thrill in the speed with which they get over the water. For downright enjoyment, however, the roomy boat, with fair beam and comfortable seats, is the ideal craft. A sixteen-foot boat, fitted with a two-horsepower engine, can be bought outright for less than \$200. However, the first cost can be very materially reduced by building the hull at home. Full-size working patterns for almost any type or size of boat can be bought for a nominal sum; with these any skilled carpenter can build a satisfactory boat. It is easier still to buy the frame unassembled, or "knocked down." Several manufacturers make a specialty of selling the "knocked-down" frame, sending specific directions for reassembling and patterns for the planking, which anyone who can use a hammer and a saw can put on.

Some of the new craft are very attractive. One of the latest additions is the automobile top, replacing the old-time canopy, with which we are all familiar. Craft thus fitted present a very smart appearance, and they also afford better protection than did the curtain and canopy arrangement.

Motors are of two types, the two-cycle and the four-cycle. The former is lighter and simpler, but uses a little more fuel per horse-power than does the four cycle. The time was, and not so long ago, when the starting of the motor by means of "cranking"

was sometimes a lengthy task. Motors and sparking devices have been so perfected that there are engines which can be started by the mere pressing of a button; no cranking whatever is required.

To be sure, a certain amount of knowledge of mechanics is required in order to get the most from a motor, but the comparative simplicity of the modern engines makes it a simple matter to acquire all the knowledge needed to run a motor boat. A careful watch of all connections between the gasoline tank and the engines to prevent any possible leakage of the gasoline is always kept by the watchful skipper. In the escape of gasoline in this way lies the only possible source of danger. There being no fire in the boat, as in the naphtha launch, the danger of an explosion of any kind is reduced to a minimum, and if the tank and all connections are frequently inspected, there is no chance whatever of accident.

Good Housekeeping. June, 1909, pp. 678-679.

At the Circus II.

T.W. Burgess

Gracious sakes, just see that clown there!
That great bear has knocked him down there!
See the big gloves they are wearing.
My, but aren't those three clowns daring!
See those critters all a-standing
In a row. That chap commanding
Has his hands full; don't you think so?
What can make that donkey wink so?
Say, that elephant is feeling
In the pocket – why, he's stealing
That man's handkerchief, and – landy!
Wa'n't that somersault a dandy?
There's another and another!
Wish we'd brought along your mother.
Don't you think she'd like to see 'em?
How'd you like some day to be 'em—
Earn your bread and butter tumbling?
What is that we hear a-grumbling?
Why, it's that big camel racing.
See that thing those geese are chasing!
A giraffe, and – oh, my pity! –
See that dog run for that kitty!

(To be continued)

Good Housekeeping. June, 1909, pp. 718-719.

The Fun of Living And the Suggestions That the Advertisements Give Us.

“Frank Presbrey”

The call of far places! Have you never heard it? Have you never responded with the thrill of imaginative anticipation? Have you never felt the impulse to drop everything and go? Have you never, for a few lazy, idle moments, been enthralled with the enchantment of strange distant lands? Of course you have. Perhaps you have been fortunate enough to have some of these dreams materialize. Straightway you have dreamed more dreams, you have seen more visions, and in your heart of hearts you know that the reality so far exceeds all that the imagination can paint that the call to go and go again becomes a thousand-fold harder to resist.

And, if it be that you are now so bound by circumstance that only in dreams and the imagination may you go abroad through the earth, you still have hope that someday, some glorious never-to-be-forgotten day, you will bid good-by to the familiar home scenes, to the familiar everyday life, and journey forth into the great world for the sole and only purpose of seeing things.

Blessed is he possessed of the wander-lust, and thrice blessed is he with the means to gratify it, for the fun of living is largely the fun of seeing and doing. When it is all summed up, the real, the deep joy of living is the joy of knowledge; and knowledge at first hand is always of greater value than knowledge at second hand.

Down on old Cape Cod, where the call of the sea never ceases, are many grizzled, sun-browned, retired whaling captains. They are men who, for the most part, were denied the privilege of schooling, as we know it. Yet, if education be the possession of knowledge, who shall say that they are not educated men? For their knowledge is the knowledge gained by seeing. Few parts of the world are there with which they are not intimately acquainted. It is told that Daniel Webster one time had occasion to plead a case in the courts on Cape Cod. The evidence involved facts regarding a remote harbor in the South Sea islands. As the testimony was given, he noticed expressions on the faces of the jurymen which led him to address the court, stating that it had occurred to him that possibly some of the members of the jury were acquainted with this remote and almost inaccessible harbor. The question was put to the jury, and eleven of the twelve men responded that they had been there. These men possessed a knowledge of the geography of the world, of the peoples inhabiting the various far countries, of the great sea and the things thereon and therein, which Webster, with all his great accumulation of learning, could never hope to equal.

The race is becoming a race of travelers. The comforts, the speed and the continually decreasing cost of travel, have, year by year, reduced the size of the earth, and it is still shrinking. The journey of yesterday is a little run into the country today. And it is good that it is so. Go where you will, you are sure to meet someone who has known someone that you know; go where you will, you are constantly reminded that the earth is a small place, after all. It is not so many years since Chicago was West; go to St Paul today and they talk of Chicago as East; go to San Francisco and St Paul becomes East. It is one of the happy signs of the times, the East merging into the West, and the West into the East, thus making one united whole.

And it is not wholly business which has welded these bonds – ah, no! The traveler for pleasure has done his share. With each succeeding year, there is an increase in the number who spend their vacations in going to new places, in seeing new sights, in the enjoyment of new experiences. This means that the outlook for the individual is broadened, that the horizon is growing greater, that the constant meeting with new people is producing new ideas, is stimulating new thought, is making life more and more worth the living.

“Where shall I go for my vacation!” Go where you have never been before. Go to a new land. If pocketbook and time will not allow this, go to an unfamiliar part of your own land. Go away anyway. Study the transportation advertisements in the magazines; write for the booklets of the great railways and steamship lines. From these alone you can get a clearer, better idea of the geography of this earth than you can from the old-time geographies of the little red schoolhouse. They are fascinating; they are accurate, because they have to be; they are alluring because they open the door to the things we have dreamed of and longed for.

Human nature is so constituted that monotony is killing. It is the uncertainty of chance which is the fascination of gambling; it is the uncertainty of what the next day, the next hour, the next moment, may bring forth which gives life zest and makes it worth the living. Blessed be the dreamer, who seeth visions of far countries, for he has discovered the secret of the fun of living. His eye is trained to look for new things, and his mind to receive new impressions, and there is no staleness in life for him.

The world is the stage set for Life’s great drama; it is also the playground for Life’s enjoyment. Though you go but into the next state, your whole outlook is changed; you are at once possessed of a double joy – the joy of new scenes and the anticipatory joy of returning home. North, east, south and west, the iron rails radiate in ever-increasing numbers; they run in straight lines across the vast prairies; they twist and turn and climb to the mountain tops; they skirt the Great Lakes, In comfort and at ease, you may visit the greatest wonders of the earth. Palatial steamships, with every comfort for their guests, touch at the remotest points along the great seas. The earth is gridironed with railroads and steamship paths that you and I and our next-door neighbor may go forth into the world and see the world and possess ourselves of the world, returning to our homes with a broader vision of the destiny of man.

No advertising which appears in all the columns of our magazines and daily press is perhaps more beneficial than the advertising of the great transportation companies. No other advertising awakens such dreams, such delightful anticipation, such resolves to do and see things; and no other advertising is of greater educational value. Who, seeing the palm trees in the advertisements of one of the Southern steamship lines, does not long to see for himself these tall, feather-crowned trunks? Who, seeing the strange shapes of the cactus, which advertise our own far West, is not straightway tempted to save for that sometime-to-be visit to the land of strange growths? It may be years before the dream can be realized, but they are years of anticipation; they are years of fun in planning, in studying history and geography, in preparing one’s self to see all that is to be seen, and to know what one is seeing.

When the wander-lust is strong upon one, always the first question is, “How much will it cost?” It is just here that a great many build around themselves a wall, over which they can no more than peep. True it is that travel suggests luxury; it suggests expenditure of much money. Yet never was there a greater mistake than this holding

that one must be of independent fortune to travel and to get therefrom the fun of travel.

As a matter of fact, there is many a vacationist who spends his holidays at home because he feels that he cannot afford to travel, who, with the exercise of a little forethought and inquiry, might have, for the amount of money spent at home, gone far and seen much. It is not the one who travels in the greatest luxury who gets the most from travel; it is he who, feeling that he must get a dollar's worth from every dollar expended, and therefore spends that dollar carefully and solely for the immediate end in view, who gets, not only the most fun, but the most information, from travel.

When I go into strange places, commend to me for a friend the man who, because his means will not admit of reckless expenditure, prowls about for himself, ever asking questions, ever seeking the unexplored highways and byways – the man who is his own guide largely because he cannot afford a professional guide. There is much in every city which the professional guide ignores unless especially requested to exhibit. For instance, in quaint old Quebec, there are the underground passages wherein the founders of the city sought shelter from the Indian attacks. Today, they are the cold-storage chambers of the market place. Some visitors see them, more do not. If you ask for them, you will see them; if you fail to ask, the chances are that you will not see them. This is but an example of what the traveler of small means often sees and the traveler of large means misses.

It was a wise man who, having early in the year settled upon the time of his vacation, began collecting advertisements of excursions by the various railways, and preliminary announcements of special rates. By this means he was enabled to figure out a two weeks' trip at an expense not exceeding his salary, yet every day of which was spent amid new scenes. Had he waited until the vacation time approached, he would have been forced to make preparations hurriedly, and the data he could have collected would have been comparatively small. As it was, he knew every excursion, and all about it, which would run from his part of the country during the summer. This has been his practice for years. Thus he has seen much of his own country, and some of the outlying islands and much of Canada, at practically no more than it would have cost him to live at home. He has had the fun of planning, the fun of anticipation, and, best of all, the fun of realization.

What he has done, anyone can do. It is wholly a matter of keeping posted. Every great transportation company, be it railway or steamship line, has, at certain seasons of the year, special trips, which, in not a few cases, make it literally true that it is cheaper to travel than to stay at home. By securing all the advertising matter, and a comparison of rates, one may often find it possible to lay out a trip over two or more connecting lines for less than half the regular rate over a like distance on one of the lines alone. Once one has started out to see how far one can go, and how much one can see for a stipulated sum, it becomes a veritable pursuit of happiness, with all the fascination of the game of chance. Not infrequently it gets to be, not a question of "Can I afford to travel?" but "Can I afford to stay at home?"

Good Housekeeping. June, 1909, pp. 762-764.

The Fun of Camping.

Waldo

Ever camp? You never did? Well, it is time—high time—that you should learn what life is like in a primitive way. Tired? Nerves unstrung? Discouraged? Buy, hire or borrow a tent, load it into the farm wagon, together with blankets, comforters, a good-sized kettle, frying pan, tin plates, cups, knives, forks, etc, a coffee pot and such simple provisions will keep well, then head for the nearest lake, pond, river or mountain where you can be primitive in a measure at least.

Camping is the best tonic in the world for that “tired” feeling. Live the simple life. Fish, pick berries, loaf, eat, sleep and be merry. Two days of that sort of thing, with all the ozone your lungs will accommodate, with nothing to worry about save the too early ending of your vacation, will give you a wholly new outlook on life and two weeks of it. Oh well, of course it’s the busy season, but take the two days anyway.

A Few Simple Rules

Take a tent that will shed water, no matter how patched it is.

Choose a high, well-drained location with a spring handy.

Pay some attention to your outlook from the tent door.

There is mental stimulus in a beautiful view.

Be sure that no weak tree or falling branches will bring disaster in case of a high wind.

Take along a kerosene stove if not accustomed to cooking over an open fire.

A cot will make it easier for “mother” if she has never camped.

Don’t forget the ax and a few nails; also rope and twine.

A hammock for “mother” and the girls; a homemade one will do.

A strip of mosquito netting or cheesecloth is the best insurance against “pests.”

The simpler the meals in camp the better.

Get acquainted with the birds and the animals; it will pay you.

Collect plenty of dry fuel against possible bad weather.

Forget worry, care and trouble; live in the present.

American Agriculturist. June 19, 1909, p. 18.

Reprinted in newspapers including *Chicago Live Stock World*, June 23, 1909.

Untitled Poem.

T. W. B.

Good-by! Good-by! Everybody good-by!
The choo-choo cars are coming down the track.
Good-by! Good-by! Everybody good-by!
The summer'll go before you see us back.
We're going to the beaches.
The long and sandy reaches.
Where the fiddler crab and lobster and the funny star-fish are;
Where the big old ocean races
After us and chases;
Where the winds are strong and salty and they smell of fish and tar.
Good-by! Good-by! Everybody good-by!
The choo-choo cars are coming down the track.

Good Housekeeping. July, 1909, p. 49.

At the Circus III.

T.W. Burgess

See these donkeys; they're so clever
It is said that no boy ever
Yet has really sat astride one
Long enough to truly ride one.
First it's heels up, then it's nose up!
Then, alas! the rider goes up
To come down and get a bumping
And an everlasting thumping.
Whoop! Hurrah! that clown's a daisy!
It's enough to make you crazy Just to watch their funny capers.
Bang! Bang! Bang! What's all this shooting?
What a yelling and a hooting!
Indians! See how they're painted!
Why, that woman there has fainted!
How they ride! It's most like flying!
Seem to stick there without trying;
Without stirrup, without saddle,
Just a-sitting there astraddle
Of those running, jumping critters;
Guess there's no place there for quitters.
There, they've set the house on fire!
See the flames mount high and higher!
There's a man for safety fleeing;
Will they pass him without seeing?
Oh! Oh! Oh!
They'll surely get him!
If they only just would let him
Get a start; but no, they're riding
Just like fiends. No use a-hiding
Either, for they're bound to find him.
See, they're closing in behind him!
Crack! Crack! Crack! there come the cowboys!
Hurrah! Now we'll show them how, boys!
There's a soldier. And another!
Why, it seems, somehow or other,
Just as if they sprang from nowhere.
Hear those rifles! Let 'em go there!
Bang! Bang! Bang! Hurrah, they've got 'em
On the run! See how they've shot 'em!
There's a fellow shoots two-handed;
Every shot of his has landed.
See those people all a-rising.
What? You don't mean – how surprising
Time can fly so. Oh, my landy,
Wasn't it just fine and dandy!

Good Housekeeping. July, 1909, pp. 62-63.

The Hunter.

T.W.B.

In the gray of the dawn the hunter starts—
Oh woe to the stag in his forest glen!
For the glorious life that thrills his form
Is the prize of “sport” at the hands of men.

In the gray of the dawn the hunter starts—
Bouyant his craft and light his heart.
God of the wild things guard them well,
For the lust of blood is the hunter’s art.

American Agriculturist. September 25, 1909, p. 24.

Untitled Poem.

T. W. B.

A drop of this, a drop of that —
O Phyllis, Phyllis, Phyllis fair,
No witches’ caldron ever brewed
A philter wherewith to compare
In potency and subtle charm
This product of thy guileless art
Which seals to thee as thou dost please
The erstwhile free unfettered heart!
A drop of this, a drop of that —
O Phyllis, Phyllis, Phyllis fair,
‘Tis sorcery in thy bowls and spoons!
I pray thee, Phyllis, have a care!
No graybeard alchemist of eld
From his retorts such magic drew
As, seeming careless, thou dost blend
To bind the heart of man anew.

Good Housekeeping. October, 1909, p 402.

Christmas in the Home. Making it a Whole-Year Joy.

Waldo

No one day in the year's calendar is quite so essentially a home holiday as is Christmas. Where ever we may go for other holidays, the call of the old home is irresistible at Christmas time. It is peculiarly a joyous season, and nowhere is joy so full and deep as where are gathered together in the old home the scattered members of a family.

Of recent years Christmas has brought with it a burden, the burden of gift giving. It is a matter for profound regret that this should be so. That a gift should impose a burden upon the giver destroys its significance and value to the receiver. It is a mistaken idea that has grown with the years that a gift at Christmas time must represent an outlay of money.

Probably at no other time in all the year is so much money squandered in foolishness as at Christmas. Were gifts always practical this would not be true, but it is hardly too broad a statement to make that the majority rather than the minority of Christmas gifts are of no practical use to the recipient. It is a fine art to adapt a gift to the special needs and situation of the one for whom it is chosen. The busy housewife who has neither time, nor inclination for reading has little use for an edition deluxe of the great American poets. On the other hand, she would appreciate some article which could be adapted to her house-hold needs and which in daily use would be a daily reminder of the thought of the giver. There never has been a time when there were so many such practical articles suited to gift giving as flood the markets today.

Gifts Worth Something

Whatever goes to make home-life easier, pleasanter and happier is the gift par excellence. I know a woman who for months has been slyly hinting that a fireless cooker would save her much labor in the hot kitchen, and thus bring her a year-round Christmas. I know another to whom the installation of a telephone would be a more welcome gift than jewels or fine silks. A busy little woman whose strength is hardly adequate to the care of her large house, studies longingly the advertisements of vacuum cleaners. Think you that her husband could give her a better gift, or one that would give her more real pleasure?

There are countless things which make for better living in the home. Study my lady's kitchen closet and see what you can add to its equipment. A set of casseroles, for instance; a bread mixer, a set of knives for all purposes, a set of measuring spoons, one of the new preserving kettles so made that they are self-draining. These are mere suggestions, for there is no end to the handy contrivances which have been devised to lighten woman's work in the kitchen.

All Can Enjoy These

And for other members of household, there are artistic and at the same time useful gifts which not only the recipient may enjoy, but which will be a permanent addition

to the equipment of the house. Start a sectional bookcase for the library of the boy and girl. Inculcate early the habit of reading and let them have their own library to increase as they may. Such a bookcase will add to the appearance of the room in which it is placed and will be a source of pride to all members of the household. Why not a new reading lamp for father, one of those which make and burn gas, instead of the old smoking wick kind? Father would appreciate a comfortable lounging chair of the Morris type. Sister will always appreciate a handsome sofa pillow.

If the old home is without an adequate water supply, why not give the whole family a Christmas present by the installation of a modern water system? It will be a practical gift which is at the same time an investment bound to return largely in comfort and in the saving of strength for those who must otherwise carry water.

Christmas is the time for merriment. Likewise, it is the time for great joy. Everything which adds to better living adds to the sum total of the joy in life. Here's to a Merry Christmas to all our readers! Here's to a Happy Christmas and a Christmas of great joy!

American Agriculturist. December 4, 1909, p.28.

1910

This is the year that Thornton Burgess began publishing the animal stories that would make him a household name. These were supposedly written for his son and only later considered for publication, but given Burgess's previous experiments with children's literature in *Good Housekeeping*, it is possible that publication was a consideration from the beginning. These stories, beginning with "How Reddy Fox was surprised," in the April issue of *Good Housekeeping*, would be collected in *Old Mother West Wind*, and were also included in "The Children's Corner" newspaper supplements. Meanwhile, as "Arthur Chapouille," Burgess contributed articles on gardening and home grooming.

Violets and vegetables.

Arthur Chapouille

March and violets! My heart leaps at the very thought of the glory-to-be of that little cold frame which occupies the southern corner of my flower garden. Throughout the long winter months, I visited it at intervals for a glimpse of its somewhat wilted-appearing but still green leaves, and with the first warm days I sought it, with a song in my heart, to open it to the warm air of noonday and close it before the chill of night should settle within.

Now there are buds, hosts of them, thrusting their way upward. Already my eager nostrils catch the promise of the fragrance the fairies are distilling in the closed hearts of the blossoms.

Why doesn't everybody have violets? They are so easy to grow, these great, rich, single blossoms from California. When these violets of mine are through blooming I will allow them to make runners, from which I will make as many cuttings as I shall need for my bed of next spring. And I shall give to all my neighbors who may ask.

My cold frame is made of a single sash from an old window. It is perhaps three feet by three, the frame of old waste lumber picked up about the place. Through the summer I allow my cuttings to grow without the frame, putting this over them at the approach of cold weather, but not putting the glass on until there is danger of frost.

Old plants bloom lightly the second season, hence the plan of making cuttings and raising strong, stocky plants during the summer, to insure a wealth of beauty and fragrance in the spring.

There are several varieties of this exquisite flower, but none more satisfactory, if any quite the equal, of the hardy one from California. It is free from disease, a sturdy, strong grower, and hardy.

If you have nine square feet of earth, my advice is to cover it next autumn with a cold frame full of violets, and when another March shall make good its pledge of sun and warmth, experience for yourself the joy that is mine even now in anticipation of what any morning may yield me of fragrant beauty.

While I am upon the subject of gardens, let me tell you of the sensible border one of my neighbors grew around her flower bed. She has no room to grow vegetables with profit and so confines her attention to flowers. One day, driving past a market garden, she was impressed with the rich color of the beet tops. The next summer this wise little gardener edged one of her two big beds with beets and the other with parsley. When the beets grew too large to be beautiful any longer they were pulled and flowers were substituted. The parsley she used for garnishing, taking a plant into the house for the winter.

Another friend whose family is partial to sweet-pickled citron planted one hill of these among her posies. The vine is rather decorative, and twining in and out among

her other plants it was not at all conspicuous. In the fall that single hill yielded all the citron a fairly large family could dispose of during the winter.

There are many members of the vegetable kingdom which may well find a harmonious place in the flower garden, yielding generous returns for the space occupied.

A water garden is giving another friend perpetual delight. The outlay involved was small. He first dug a shallow basin, averaging about 20 inches in depth. This he cemented, using two parts of sand to one of cement and laying it about an inch thick. This gave him a neat watertight basin. In it he set nail kegs sawed in halves, each half filled with a very rich mixture of compost and garden soil. In these half kegs he set roots of the white, pink and yellow water lilies, filled his pond by means of his garden hose, put in a few gold fish, and his water garden was complete.

This year he will make a wide shallow trench, not over four inches deep, around the pond, cement it, fill with rich loam, keep this saturated by the overflow from the pond and in it have a bog garden, where orchids, pitcher plants and many another rare and curious dweller in the recesses of the swamp will thrive gloriously. The beauty of a water or bog garden is that no drouth can affect it. The warmer the weather the better it thrives.

Good Housekeeping. March, 1910, p. 359.

How Reddy Fox Was Surprised.

Thornton W. Burgess

Johnny and Reddy Fox lived very near together on the edge of the Green Meadows. Johnny Chuck was fat and roly-poly. Reddy Fox was slim and wore a bright red coat. Reddy Fox used to like to frighten Johnny Chuck by suddenly popping out from behind a tree and making believe that he was going to eat Johnny Chuck all up.

One bright summer day Johnny Chuck was out looking for a good breakfast of nice tender clover. He had wandered quite a long way from his snug little house in the long meadow grass, although his mother had told him never to go out of sight of the door. But Johnny was like some little boys I know, and forgot all he had been told.

He walked and walked and walked. Every few minutes Johnny Chuck saw something farther on that looked like a patch of nice fresh clover. And every time when he reached it Johnny Chuck found that he had made a mistake. So Johnny Chuck walked and walked and walked.

Old Mother West Wind, coming across the Green Meadows, saw Johnny Chuck and asked him where he was going. Johnny Chuck pretended not to hear and just walked faster.

One of the Merry Little Breezes danced along in front of him.

“Look out, Johnny Chuck; you will get lost,” cried the Merry Little Breeze, then pulled Johnny’s whiskers and ran away.

Higher and higher up in the sky climbed round, red Mr Sun. Every time Johnny Chuck looked up at him Mr Sun winked.

“So long as I can see great, round, red Mr Sun and he winks at me I can’t be lost,” thought Johnny Chuck, and trotted on looking for clover.

By and by Johnny Chuck really did find some clover—just the sweetest clover that grew in the Green Meadows. Johnny Chuck ate and ate and ate, and then what do you think he did? Why, he curled right up in the nice sweet clover and went fast asleep.

Great round, red Mr Sun kept climbing higher and higher up in the sky, then by and by he began to go down on the other side, and long shadows began to creep out across the Green Meadows. Johnny Chuck didn’t know anything about them; he was fast asleep.

By and by one of the Merry Little Breezes found Johnny Chuck all curled up in a funny round ball.

“Wake up, Johnny Chuck! Wake up!” shouted the Merry Little Breeze.

Johnny Chuck opened his eyes. Then he sat up and rubbed them. For just a few, few minutes he couldn’t remember where he was at all.

By and by he sat up very straight to look over the grass and see where he was. But he was so far from home that he didn’t see a single thing which looked at all like the things he was used to. The trees were all different. The bushes were all different. Everything was different. Johnny Chuck was lost.

Now, when Johnny sat up, Reddy Fox happened to be looking over the Green Meadows and he saw Johnny's head when it popped above the grass.

"Aha!" said Reddy Fox, "I'll scare Johnny Chuck so he'll wish he'd never put his nose out of his house."

Then Reddy dropped down behind the long grass and crept softly, oh, ever so softly, through little paths of his own, until he was right behind Johnny Chuck. Johnny Chuck had been so intent looking for home that he didn't see anything else.

Reddy Fox stole right up behind Johnny and pulled Johnny's little short tail hard. How it did frighten Johnny Chuck! He jumped right straight up in the air and when he came down he was the maddest little woodchuck that ever lived in the Green Meadows.

Reddy Fox had thought that Johnny would run, and then Reddy meant to run after him and pull his tail and tease him all the way home. Now, Reddy Fox got as big a surprise as Johnny had had when Reddy pulled his tail. Johnny didn't stop to think that Reddy Fox was twice as big as he, but, with his eyes snapping and chattering as only a little Chuck can chatter, with every little hair on his little body standing right up on end, so that he seemed twice as big as he really was, he started for Reddy Fox.

It surprised Reddy Fox so that he didn't know what to do, and he simply ran. Johnny Chuck ran after him, nipping Reddy's heels every minute or two. Peter Rabbit just happened to be down that way. He was sitting up very straight looking to see what mischief he could get into when he caught sight of Reddy Fox running as hard as ever he could. "It must be that Bowser, the hound, is after Reddy Fox," said Peter Rabbit to himself. "I must watch out that he doesn't find me."

Just then he caught sight of Johnny Chuck with every little hair standing up on end and running after Reddy Fox as fast as his short legs could go.

"Ho! ho! ho!" shouted Peter Rabbit. "Reddy Fox afraid of Johnny Chuck! Ho! ho! ho!"

Then Peter Rabbit scampered away to find Jimmy Skunk and Bobby Coon and Happy Jack Squirrel to tell them all about how Reddy Fox had run away from Johnny Chuck, for you see they were all a little afraid of Reddy Fox.

Straight home ran Reddy Fox as fast as he could go, and going home he passed the house of Johnny Chuck. Now Johnny couldn't run so fast as Reddy Fox and he was puffing and blowing as only a fat little woodchuck can puff and blow when he has to run hard. Moreover, he had lost his ill temper now and he thought it was the best joke ever was to think that he had actually frightened Reddy Fox. When he came to his own house he stopped and sat up on his hind legs once more. Then he shrilled out after Reddy Fox, "Reddy Fox is a 'fraid-cat, 'fraid-cat! Reddy Fox is a 'fraid-cat!"

And all the Merry Little Breezes of old Mother West Wind, who were playing on the Green Meadows, shouted: "Reddy Fox is a 'fraid-cat, 'fraid- cat!"

And this is the way that Reddy Fox was surprised and that Johnny Chuck found his way home.

Good Housekeeping. April, 1910, pp. 482-484.

Old Mother West Wind, Chapter 3.

Reprinted in "The Children's Corner" newspaper supplements.

Peter Rabbit Plays a Joke.

Thornton W. Burgess

One morning when big round Mr Sun was climbing up in the sky and Old Mother West Wind had sent all her Merry Little Breezes to play in the Green Meadows, Johnny Chuck started out for a walk. First he sat up very straight and looked and looked all around to see if Reddy Fox was anywhere about, for Reddy Fox teases Johnny Chuck.

But Reddy Fox was nowhere to be seen, so Johnny Chuck trotted down the Lone Little Path to the wood. The sun was shining as brightly as ever it could, and Johnny Chuck, who was very, very fat, grew very, very warm. By and by he sat down on the end of a log under a big tree to rest. Thump! Something hit Johnny Chuck right on the top of his round little head. It made Johnny Chuck jump.

“Hello, Johnny Chuck!” said a voice which seemed to come right out of the sky. Johnny Chuck tipped his head ‘way, ‘way back and looked up. He was just in time to see Happy Jack Squirrel drop a nut. Down it came and hit Johnny Chuck right on the tip of his funny black little nose.

“Oh!” said Johnny Chuck, and tumbled right over back off the log. But Johnny Chuck was so round and so fat and so roly-poly that it didn’t hurt him a bit.

“Ha! Ha! Ha!” laughed Happy Jack up in the tree.

“Ha! Ha! Ha!” laughed Johnny Chuck, picking himself up. Then they both laughed together, it was such a good joke.

“What are you laughing at?” asked a voice so close to Johnny Chuck that he rolled over again three times, he was so surprised. It was Peter Rabbit.

“What are you doing in my wood?” asked Peter Rabbit.

“I’m taking a walk,” said Johnny Chuck.

“Good,” said Peter Rabbit, “I’ll come along, too.”

So Johnny Chuck and Peter Rabbit set out along the Lone Little Path through the wood. Peter Rabbit hopped along with great big jumps, for Peter’s legs are long and meant for jumping. Johnny Chuck couldn’t keep up, though he tried very hard, for Johnny’s legs are short. Pretty soon Peter Rabbit came back walking very softly. He whispered in Johnny Chuck’s ear.

“I’ve found something,” said Peter Rabbit.

“What is it?” asked Johnny Chuck.

“I’ll show you,” said Peter Rabbit, “but you must be very, very still, and not make the leastest little bit of noise.”

Johnny Chuck promised to be very, very still, for he wanted very much to see what Peter Rabbit had found. Peter Rabbit tiptoed down the Lone Little Path through the wood, his funny long ears pointing right up to the sky. And behind him tiptoed Johnny Chuck, wondering and wondering what it could be that Peter Rabbit had found.

Pretty soon they came to a nice mossy green log right across the Lone Little Path.

Peter Rabbit stopped and sat up very straight and looked this way and looked that way. Johnny Chuck stopped, too, and he sat up very straight and looked this way and looked that way, but all he could see was the mossy green log across the Lone Little Path.

“What is it, Peter Rabbit?” whispered Johnny Chuck.

“You can’t see it yet,” whispered Peter Rabbit, “for first we have to jump over that mossy green log. Now, I’ll jump first, and then you jump just the way I do, and then you’ll see what it is I’ve found,” said Peter Rabbit.

So Peter Rabbit jumped first, and because his legs are long and meant for jumping, he jumped ‘way, ‘way over the mossy green log. Then he turned around and sat up to see Johnny Chuck jump over the mossy green log.

Johnny Chuck tried to jump very high and very far, just as he had seen Peter Rabbit jump, but Johnny Chuck’s legs are very short and not meant for jumping. Besides, Johnny Chuck was very, very fat. So though he tried very hard indeed to jump just as Peter Rabbit had, he stubbed his toes on the top of the mossy green log and over he tumbled head first with a great big thump right on to Reddy Fox, who was lying on the other side of the mossy green log, fast asleep.

Peter Rabbit laughed and laughed until he had to hold his sides.

My, how frightened Johnny Chuck was when he saw what he had done! Before he could get on his feet he had rolled right over behind a little bush, and there he lay very, very still.

Reddy Fox awoke with a grunt when Johnny Chuck fell on him so hard, and the first thing he saw was Peter Rabbit laughing so that he had to hold his sides. Reddy Fox didn’t stop to look around. He thought that Peter Rabbit had jumped on him. Up jumped Reddy Fox and away went Peter Rabbit. Away went Reddy Fox after Peter Rabbit. Peter dodged behind the trees and jumped over the bushes and ran this way and ran that way just as hard as ever he could, for Peter Rabbit was very much afraid of Reddy Fox. And Reddy Fox followed Peter Rabbit behind the trees and over the bushes and this way and that way, but he couldn’t catch Peter Rabbit. Pretty soon Peter Rabbit came to the house of Jimmy Skunk. He knew that Jimmy Skunk was over in the pasture, so he popped right in and then he was safe, for the door of Jimmy Skunk’s house was too small for Reddy Fox to squeeze in. Reddy Fox sat down and waited, but Peter Rabbit didn’t come out. By and by Reddy Fox gave it up and trotted off home where old Mother Fox was waiting for him.

All this time Johnny Chuck had sat very still watching Reddy Fox try to catch Peter Rabbit. And when he saw Peter Rabbit pop into the house of Jimmy Skunk and Reddy Fox trot away home, Johnny Chuck stood up and brushed his little coat very clean and then he trotted back up the Lone Little Path through the wood till he was safe in his own snug little home once more.

Good Housekeeping. June, 1910, pp. 741-743.

Old Mother West Wind, Chapter 9.

Reprinted in “The Children’s Corner” newspaper supplements.

Vacation Thoughts.

Waldo

My thoughts go flitting out to sea;
On white winged ships they sail from me.
What ports they'll make I cannot tell,
Or if they journey ill or well;

On white winged ships they sail away.
Yet surely they'll return some day,
And rich they'll be, for this I know
They'll bring me wealth where'er they go.

American Agriculturist. June 4, 1910, p. 16.

Johnny Chuck Finds the Best Thing in the World.

Thornton W. Burgess

Old Mother West Wind had stopped to talk with the Slender Fir Tree. "I've just come across the Green Meadows," said Old Mother West Wind, "and there I saw the Best Thing in the World."

Striped Chipmunk was sitting under the Slender Fir Tree, and he couldn't help hearing what Old Mother West Wind said. "The Best Thing in the World—now, what can that be?" thought Striped Chipmunk. "Why, it must be heaps and heaps of nuts and acorns! I'll go and find it."

So Striped Chipmunk started down the Lone Little Path through the wood as fast as he could run. Pretty soon he met Peter Rabbit.

"Where are you going in such a hurry, Striped Chipmunk?" asked Peter Rabbit.

"Down in the Green Meadows to find the Best Thing in the World," replied Striped Chipmunk, and ran faster.

"The Best Thing in the World," said Peter Rabbit, "why, that must be a great pile of carrots and cabbage! I think I'll go and find it."

So Peter Rabbit started down the Lone Little Path through the wood as fast as he could go after Striped Chipmunk.

As they passed the great hollow tree Bobby Coon put his head out. "Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Bobby Coon.

"Down in the Green Meadows to find the Best Thing in the World!" shouted Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit, and both did their best to run a little faster.

"The Best Thing in the World," said Bobby Coon to himself, "why, that must be a whole field of sweet milky corn. I think I'll go and find it."

So Bobby Coon climbed down out of the great hollow tree and started down the Lone Little Path through the wood as fast as he could go after Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit, for there is nothing that Bobby Coon likes to eat so well as sweet milky corn.

At the edge of the wood they met Jimmy Skunk.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Jimmy Skunk.

"Down in the Green Meadows to find the Best Thing in the World!" shouted Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit and Bobby Coon. Then they all tried to run faster.

"The Best Thing in the World," said Jimmy Skunk. "Why, that must be packs and packs of beetles!" And for once in his life Jimmy Skunk began to hurry down the Lone Little Path after Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit and Bobby Coon.

They were all running so fast that they didn't see Reddy Fox until he jumped out of the long grass and asked:

"Where are you going in such a hurry?"

“To find the Best Thing in the World!” shouted Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit and Bobby Coon and Jimmy Skunk, and each did his best to run faster.

“The Best Thing in the World.” said Reddy Fox to himself, “why, that must be a whole pen full of tender young chickens, and I must have them.”

So away went Reddy Fox as fast as he could run down the Lone Little Path after Striped Chipmunk, Peter Rabbit, Bobby Coon and Jimmy Skunk.

By and by they all came to the house of Johnny Chuck. “Where are you going in such a hurry?” asked Johnny Chuck.

“To find the Best Thing in the World,” shouted Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit and Bobby Coon and Jimmy Skunk and Reddy Fox.

“The Best Thing in the World,” said Johnny Chuck, “why, I don’t know of anything better than my own little home and the warm sunshine and the beautiful blue sky.”

So Johnny Chuck stayed at home and played all day among the flowers with the Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind and was as happy as could be.

But all day long Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit and Bobby Coon and Jimmy Skunk and Reddy Fox ran this way and ran that way over the Green Meadows trying to find the Best Thing in the World. The sun was very, very warm, and they ran so far and they ran so fast that they were very, very hot and tired, and still they hadn’t found the Best Thing in the World.

When the long day was over they started up the Lone Little Path past Johnny Chuck’s house to their own homes. They didn’t hurry now, for they were so very, very tired! And they were cross-oh, so cross! Striped Chipmunk hadn’t found a single nut. Peter Rabbit hadn’t found so much as the leaf of a cabbage. Bobby Coon hadn’t found the tiniest bit of sweet milky corn. Jimmy Skunk hadn’t seen a single beetle. Reddy Fox hadn’t heard so much as the peep of a chicken. And all were as hungry as hungry could be.

Half way up the Lone Little Path they met Old Mother West Wind going to her home behind the hill. “Did you find the Best Thing in the World?” asked Old Mother West Wind.

“No!” shouted Striped Chipmunk and Peter Rabbit and Bobby Coon and Jimmy Skunk and Reddy Fox all together, and hung their heads.

“Johnny Chuck has it,” said Old Mother West Wind. “It is being happy with the things you have and not wanting things which someone else has. And it is called Content-ment.”

Good Housekeeping, July, 1910, pp. 62-64.

Old Mother West Wind, Chapter 13.

Reprinted in “The Children’s Corner” newspaper supplements.

The Home Barber Shop.

Arthur Chapouille

A lady from France, that land of fine reserves and superfine morals, once informed the writer of these lines that the exposure of a man's face to feminine gaze while smeared with lather and undergoing the removal of the barbe was regarded in her country as shockingly immodest, and that shaving was a tabooed subject in mixed society, insomuch that she felt embarrassed and indignant, soon after her arrival in this country, to hear a man talk frankly of shaving. The psychology of this French shavo-phobia is hard to understand, unless the beard-wearing habit of Frenchmen is rooted more deeply even than the whiskers and they will not so much as hear a hint of the mowing away of the beloved alfalfa. One of the first surprises which the American visitor encounters in Paris is the prevalence of full beards on men of all ages. Conditions are similar throughout Europe.

The United States of America is the land of the clean shave. This may be but temporary, for man is the slave of fashion as completely as his wife, but the custom of the hairless countenance is based on sanitary grounds, as well as aesthetic, and is likely to prevail among the majority of men. What it costs in effort and money to maintain the suppression of these thousands of acres of tender herbage can only be imagined. The manufacture and sale of razors, brushes and shaving kits has become in the past five years a large industry, and of a conspicuousness on billboards, electric signs and the public prints, to keep the faces of our French visitors ablaze with the red badge of shame.

The American gentleman, needless to say, takes his shave every morning before breakfast, in his own apartments. He may have a valet to perform the operation, or, like a group of young husbands in a small city of New York state, of whom I heard recently, he may have his wife trained to do the work. The excellent example of these up-state New Yorkers, by the way, should receive wide attention among husbands who are compelled to hook up waists and perform other difficult and thankless feats.

The only way to make sure of good light for shaving is to plan for it when building the house. The president of a well-known insurance company made this the first requisite of his new mansion – so he said. A corner of his bedroom had windows on the two sides, and lamp brackets for evening service, in order that the two sides of his face might balance as perfectly as did the books of his company. For the man not so independently situated there are small, adjustable mirrors which can easily be set up almost anywhere.

On the score of health, the home shave is the only thing. To one who is familiar with the germ theory the slightest puncture of the skin is a peril, possibly mortal. Fatal poisoning has occurred many times from a pin prick, and one who has seen a victim of barber's itch, his chin and cheeks a mass of sores, dreads the barber's razor and brush as he dreads few of the common experiences of life. Only the other day I saw a man whom a casual visit to a country barber shop had cost seventy-five dollars in medical

treatment, to say nothing of the misery and disfigurement of barber's itch.

As to economy – well! Two men were discussing the high cost of living. Suddenly one of them turned to the other with the remark: "I could run my furnace two-thirds of the winter with your whiskers." Now, the other was smooth shaven, and at first he missed the point of the remark. But when he had admitted six visits a week to the barber shop a great light fell upon him. For the first time he realized what the luxury of a shave at the hands of a barber was costing him-actually 2% per cent of his yearly income!

The case quoted is not an exaggeration, You can multiply it almost indefinitely. Any good barber shop in the United States can point to a number of patrons who pay it a daily visit. A barber in a shop not catering to the most expensive trade told me that he had several customers who averaged a dollar a week. This is fifty-two dollars a year to keep the face smooth, 5 per cent interest on a thousand dollars. Then there are the tips to the barber, a growing custom. He must have his Christmas present, and, it may be, something oftener.

Nine out of ten of the men who regularly patronize the barber could, if they would, learn to shave themselves.

Of first importance in making a shave a quick, easy, comfortable part of the morning toilet is the razor. A really good one is better than gold and more to be desired. Like one's wife and one's dog, it is not to be parted with. It is without price and to be treated tenderly, as though it were a jewel of great value. It bears no hall nor trade mark to differentiate it from a thousand others. Its appearance may even be against it. But once you have felt the caress of its velvet edge – that marvelous edge, so thin yet so wonderfully strong; so keen, yet to the touch on the face so soft-you know that fate has been kind indeed, that to you has fallen one of the great prizes in life's lottery. So, without a murmur, you pay the price, no matter what it be.

"Razors," said the barber, as he suspended the shining blade above my helpless throat, "is like human bein's – there ain't no two alike. You can't tell what they are by just looking at 'em. Now, I have been shaving people for more'n twenty years, and I've owned a good many razors, but I couldn't tell you how to pick one out. When I'm buying, I simply keep trying until I get one that is right, returning the others."

This is where the barber has the advantage over the layman, this opportunity to return the blades he does not like. Of those from which he makes his selection it is probable that an equal amount of care has been expended in the making of each. The same high quality of steel is used, the same care in workmanship, the same rigid inspection. But they are like a family of children by the same parents – they are all alike, yet different and there is one among them that has all the good qualities and none of the bad.

If you are not a convert to the modern "safety," then buy only a razor made by a firm of established standing and reputation. Better still, go to some friend who is a judge of steel and tools, and let him pick it out for you. Perhaps your barber, if you stand well in his good graces, will give you of his knowledge and experience, and will

pick one out for you.

As between the regular and safety types, choice becomes largely a matter of individual conditions and preference. The invention of the safety razor has worked a revolution in shaving. There are beards and beards. Some appear to yield easiest to the regular type and others to the safety. The man who has acquired skill, who has a steady hand, and possesses one of those aforementioned perfect blades, is apt to look askance upon the safety. But to the nervous man the latter is a godsend. His face no longer appears like the scarred map of a battlefield. To the traveler, also, it is a boon. The lurch of the railway coach or the unexpected roll of the ship is powerless to hurt him.

But what is true of the regular type is likewise true of the safety. These also demonstrate the variable qualities of steel. The paper-thin blades may look precisely alike, but they are not. To the eye there is no difference. To the face there is all the difference in the world. The advantage in the safety lies in the fact that if a blade is not satisfactory, the cost of substituting another is next to nothing.

“Ten chances to one,” says a friend who owns and uses two kinds of safeties, “a man won’t like a safety at first, because it takes a little while to learn the correct angle at which to hold the blade. There’s a little knack about it. But I would not go back to the old razor.”

Hardly secondary to the selection of a razor is the knowledge how to care for it. The finest blade in the world can be dulled in two minutes by clumsy stropping. Stropping is a matter of skill and practice. Some men never acquire it. A cheap strop is worthless. A good strop in the hands of one who knows how to use it will keep a perfect edge on a good razor for months.

Two of the best leathers are horse hide and porpoise hide. As to which is the better, seems to be a matter of individual choice. Of two barbers I know working side by side, one uses a horse hide and will have no other; the other uses a porpoise hide and thinks it has no equal. A man of my acquaintance had all kinds of ill luck with his razors, having to take them to the barber every few weeks to have them stropped, until he got a porpoise hide strop. Since then the barber has seen his razors no more.

The leather should be well soaped and the stropping should be done smoothly and quickly. The blade should lie flat on the leather and be drawn with a quick, smooth, easy motion the length of the soaped surface.

The majority of men strop their razors before using. A noted English professor who has made a study of steel says a razor should be stropped after using instead of before. Furthermore, he says the blade should be heated by immersion in the hot water immediately before being applied to the face. Many will testify that more satisfactory results are obtained from a warm razor.

Some barbers will tell you that a razor should have a rest. This seems absurd on the face of it, yet doubtless it is true. Students of metals say that machinery of all kinds requires a certain amount of repose. The wise man will have two or three razors which he will use alternately. The results are always more satisfactory, and, whatever of scientific truth there may be in this theory, the practical results seem to bear it out.

The brush should not be too fine, lest it spread itself too much; nor too coarse, lest it irritate; above all, the bristles should be anchored fast. There are brushes on the market today from which it is almost an impossibility to extract a bristle. It pays to buy them. For travelers there is a clever brush which slips entirely within its nickel handle, there being an opening left in the end for air circulation, that the bristles may dry out.

In the matter of soap the individual governs. There are several excellent soaps on the market, which work up into a thick, creamy lather which softens the beard and makes shaving a delight. But the human skin is a variable quantity. I know of one man on whose face and neck the purest castile soap will produce an almost immediate eruption. This man has had a like experience with two of the purest and best of the shaving soaps. There is something in them that does not agree with his skin. Therefore, if the face is inclined to be broken out after shaving, experiment with your soaps. One of the latest conveniences is shaving soap powder, which does away with the necessity of carrying soap. It works up into a splendid lather and is freely used in the barber shops.

To soften the beard and make the shaving easy, work up the lather on the face and not in the cup. Moisten the face well with the brush, then rub the soap over the face. Wet the brush thoroughly and then work the lather up on the face. The fault of all too many is that they do not lather the face long enough to thoroughly soften the hair.

Every shaving stand should have an antiseptic of some sort handy. The most careful of men will occasionally cut themselves. The skin is apt to be very tender after shaving, as many men know to their sorrow. For this reason it is desirable to dry it thoroughly before exposing it to the outside air, particularly in cold weather. Cloths wrung out of hot water as hot as can be borne, followed by bay rum, witch hazel or alcohol, and this again with talcum powder, usually leaves the face comfortable and free from danger of roughing by exposure to the elements.

Good Housekeeping. December, 1910, pp. 698-700.

1911

In 1911, Thornton Burgess's last year at Phelps, he contributed more animal stories to *Good Housekeeping*, which would be collected in *Mother West Wind's Children*, as well two other child-oriented pieces, "The Million Little Raindrops and What Happened to Them," and "Chickies on Parade," that would be reprinted in "The Children's Corner" newspaper supplements. His final article for *Good Housekeeping* would be a return to the cat question, "A Plea for Puss and her Victims," credited to "Arthur Chapouille."

This year also marked the beginning of Burgess's relationship with the large circulation monthly, *People's Home Journal*, a major platform in the future for Burgess's storytelling and conservation efforts. It also marked the beginning of his relationship with his long-time illustration partner, Harrison Cady. Note that the texts for the three stories included in this volume have been taken from *Mother West Wind's Children* and not the original publication. Burgess typically reused his stories with only minor editing, so these are likely very close to the originals.

In February of the following year, Thornton Burgess began his syndicated newspaper feature, "Little Stories for Bedtime," and began publishing collected newspaper stories as books in 1913. He quickly became one of the best-known children's authors and nature communicators in the 20th century (Lowrance, 2013).

The Million Little Raindrops and What Happened to Them.

Thornton W. Burgess

A million little Raindrops were playing together in the great big ocean. Along came Mr Sun, very big and very round and very bright and very warm.

“Hello, little Raindrops,” said he. “How would you like to come with me way up in this blue, blue sky and travel around the world and see all the wonderful sights that I see every day?”

All the little Raindrops clapped their hands and shouted: “We would! We would, Mr Sun! Please take us up in the blue, blue sky with you! Please do!”

Then Mr Sun smiled and smiled, and soon the million little Raindrops were drawn right up out of the great big ocean into a beautiful white cloud. And the beautiful white cloud sailed off in the blue, blue sky to show the world to the million little Raindrops.

And the million little Raindrops, looking down from the blue, blue sky, saw such wonderful, wonderful things. They saw great steamships sailing the big, big ocean, the black smoke pouring from their smokestacks. They saw ships with sails as white as their own lovely cloud. They saw great cities with houses and factories and stores and electric cars and fire engines and men and women and children everywhere. They saw little boys at play. They saw great big mountains and broad plains with choo-choo cars crossing them. They saw sheep and cows and horses in the meadows. They saw little squirrels chasing each other among the trees and little rabbits playing hide and seek with little foxes down among the bushes.

They saw all these things and many, many more, until they grew tired of looking. All this time Mr Sun had been smiling and shining and they had been very warm and comfy up there in their lovely big white cloud. Then more little Raindrops joined them, and more and still more, until they all were so crowded in the lovely white cloud that every once in a while, some of them would fall out and down, down, down to the earth, where the thirsty little flowers were, oh, so glad to have them come.

Then one day Mr Sun was so busy somewhere else that he forgot to smile and shine on the lovely white cloud. Along came Jack Frost, and the million little Raindrops and all the other little Raindrops began to shiver and began to shake. Now what do you think happened? Why, every little Raindrop was turned into a beautiful white Snowflake.

Then the big white cloud shook itself and the million little Raindrops, which were now a million little Snowflakes, and all the other little Raindrops, which had also become little Snowflakes, were sent floating down out of the sky.

Mr North Wind came shouting and blew them along and sang them a song of Santa Claus and his reindeer as he hurried them on down, down to the ground and piled them

up over the roads and the sidewalks and the empty flower beds and everywhere, until all the earth was white and very, very beautiful and pure and clean.

Out came all the little boys with their little sleds, and went sliding and made snowballs and snow men, and shouted and laughed and had such a good time! Then back came Mr Sun and looked down out of the blue, blue sky and smiled to see what a good time the million little Snowflakes and all the other little Snow-flakes were having with the little boys.

And the million little Snowflakes, who once were a million little Raindrops, all clapped their hands and cried, "This is the best of all!"

Good Housekeeping. January, 1911, pp. 68-69.

Reprinted in "The Children's Corner" newspaper supplements.

Chickies on Parade.

Thornton W. Burgess

Twenty little chickies out for a parade;
One ran back and hid because he was afraid.

Nineteen little chickies marching in a row;
One fell in a puddle, so home he had to go.

Eighteen little chickies on the sunny road;
One was badly frightened when they met a toad.

Seventeen wee chickies, yellow, black, and white;
One was caught by kitty; dropped right out of sight.

Sixteen little chickies marching two by two;
One jumped on an auto and away he flew.

Fifteen little chickies scampering along;
One was left behind because he wasn't strong.

Fourteen little chickies climbing on a wall;
One just lost his balance; had a dreadful fall.

Thirteen little chickies running in a race;
One who ran the fastest left the rest to chase.

Twelve wee little chickies on the choo-choo track;
One got on the engine, so he won't come back.

Eleven little chickies, hungry as can be;
One was dreadfully greedy; sad you'll all agree.

Ten smart little chickies tried to steal a ride;
One could not catch on, no matter how he tried.

Nine cute little chickies going for a swim;
One was sure the water wasn't meant for him.

Eight brave little chickies scratching in the sand;
One went off disgusted with such a heedless band.

Seven little chickies going out to slide;
One fell down and bumped him, so poor chickie cried.

Six bright little chickies fighting for a worm;
One let go and dropped it when he saw it squirm.

Five black little chickies rolling down a bank;
One fell in the water and, of course, he sank.

Four grave little chickies looking for a house;
One went off and left them when they met a mouse.

Three wee, wee, wee chickies coming down the walk;
One was caught for dinner by a passing hawk.

Two wee little chickies, very, very small;
One a sly fox gobbled, feathers, bones, and all.

One wee, lonesome chickie; maybe he will grow
Big enough some day to flap his wings and crow.

Good Housekeeping. February, 1911, pp. 216-217.

Reprinted in "The Children's Corner" newspaper supplements.

Reddy Fox Barks at the Moon.

Thornton W. Burgess

On the brow of the hill by the Lone Pine sat Reddy Fox. Every few moments he pointed his little black nose up at the round, silvery moon and barked. Way over across the broad White Meadows, in the dooryard of Farmer Brown's house, Bowser the Hound sat and barked at the moon, too.

"Yap-yap-yap," barked Reddy Fox, as loud as he could.

"Bow-wow-wow," said Bowser the Hound in his deepest voice.

Then both would listen and watch the million little stars twinkle and twinkle in the frosty sky. Now just why Reddy Fox should bark at the moon he did not know. He just had to. Every night for a week he had sat at the foot of the Lone Pine and barked and barked until his throat was sore. Every night old Mother Fox had warned him that noisy children would come to no good end, and every night Reddy had promised that he would bark no more. But every night when the first silver flood of witching light crept over the hill and cast strange shadows from the naked branches of the trees, Reddy forgot all about his promise.

Bowser the Hound knew, too, and he made up his mind that Reddy Fox was making fun of him. Now, Bowser did not like to be made fun of, any more than little boys and girls do, and he decided that if ever he could break his chain, or that if ever Farmer Brown forgot to chain him up, he would teach Reddy Fox a lesson that Reddy would never forget.

"Yap-yap-yap," barked Reddy Fox, and then listened to hear Bowser's deep voice reply. But this time there was no reply. Reddy listened, and listened, and then tried it again.

Now, Bowser the Hound had managed to slip his collar. "Ah-ha," thought Bowser, "now I'll teach Reddy Fox to make fun of me," and, like a shadow, he slipped through the fence and across the meadows to the Lone Pine.

Reddy Fox had just barked for the hundredth time when he heard a twig crack just behind him. It had a different sound from the noisy crack of Jack Frost, and Reddy stopped a yap right in the middle and whirled about to see what it might be. There was Bowser the Hound almost upon him, his eyes flashing fire, his great, red jaws wide open, and every hair on his back bristling with rage. Reddy didn't wait to say "Good evening," or to see more. Oh, no! He turned a back somersault and away he sped over the hard, snowy crust as fast as his legs could carry him. Bowser baying at the moon he liked to hear, but Bowser baying at his heels was another matter, and Reddy ran as he had never run before. Down across the White Meadows he sped, Bowser frightening all the echoes with the roar of his big voice as he followed.

How Reddy did wish that he had minded Mother Fox! How safe and snug and warm was his home under the roots of the Old Hickory, and how he did wish that he

was safely there! But it would never do to go there now, for that would tell Bowser where he lived, and Bowser would take Farmer Brown there, and that would be the end of Reddy Fox and of Mother Fox and of all the brother and sister foxes.

So Reddy twisted and turned, and ran this way and ran that way, and the longer he ran the shorter his breath grew. It was coming in great pants now. His bushy tail; of which he was so proud, had become very heavy. How Reddy Fox did wish that he had minded Mother Fox! He twisted and turned, and doubled this way and that way, and all the time Bowser the Hound got closer and closer.

Now, way off on the hill behind the White Meadows, Mother Fox had been hunting for her supper. She had heard the “Yap-yap-yap” of Reddy Fox as he barked at the moon, and she had heard Bowser baying over in the barnyard of Farmer Brown. Then she had heard the yap” of Reddy Fox cut short in the middle and the roar of Bowser’s big voice as he started to chase Reddy Fox. She knew that Reddy could run fast, but she also knew that Bowser the Hound had a wonderful nose, and that Bowser would never give up. So Mother Fox pattered down the Crooked Little Path on to the White Meadows, where she could see the chase. When she got near enough, she barked twice to tell Reddy that she would help him.

Now, Reddy was so tired that he was almost in despair when he heard Mother Fox bark. But he knew that Mother Fox was so wise, and she had so often fooled Bowser the Hound, that if he could hold out just a little longer, she would help him. So for a few minutes he ran faster than ever, and he gained a long way on Bowser the Hound. As he passed a shock of corn that had been left standing on the White Meadows, Mother Fox stepped out from behind it.

“Go home, Reddy Fox,” said she, sharply: “go home and stay there until I come.” Then she deliberately sat down in front of the shock of corn to wait until Bowser the Hound should come in sight.

Now, Bowser the Hound kept his eyes and nose on the track of Reddy Fox, looking up only once in a while to see where he was going, so he did not see Reddy Fox slip behind the corn shock, and when he did look up, he saw only Mother Fox sitting there waiting for him.

Bowser the Hound thinks slowly. When he saw old Mother Fox sitting there, he did not stop to think that it was not Reddy Fox whom he had been following, or he would have known better than to waste his time following old Mother Fox. He would have just hunted around until he had found where Reddy had gone. But Bowser the Hound thinks slowly. When he saw old Mother Fox sitting there, he thought it was Reddy and that now he had him. With a great roar of his big voice, he sprang forward. Mother Fox waited until he was almost upon her, then springing to one side, she trotted off a little way.

At once Bowser the Hound started after her. She pretended to be very tired. Every time he rushed forward, she just managed to slip out of his grasp. Little by little she led him across the White Meadows back toward Farmer Brown’s barnyard.

Pretty soon old Mother Fox began to run as fast as she could, and that is very fast

indeed. She left Bowser the Hound a long, long ways behind. When she came to a stone wall she jumped up on the stone wall and ran along it, just like a squirrel. Every once in a while she would make a long jump and then trot along a little ways again. She knew that stones do not carry the scent well, and that Bowser the Hound would have hard work to smell her on the stone wall. Way down at the end of the pasture an old apple tree stretched a long limb out to the stone wall. When she got opposite to this she jumped on to this long limb and ran up into the tree. There in the crotch, close to the trunk, she sat and watched.

Bowser the Hound, making a tremendous noise, followed her trail up to the stone wall. Then he was puzzled. He sniffed this way, and he sniffed that way, but he could not tell where Mother Fox had disappeared to. He looked up at old Mother Moon and bayed, and bayed, but old Mother Moon did not help him a bit. Then he jumped over the stone wall and looked, and looked, and smelled, and smelled, but no track of Mother Fox could he find. Then he ran up along the stone wall a little ways, and then down along the stone wall a little ways, but still he could not find a track of Mother Fox. The longer he hunted, the angrier he grew.

Old Mother Fox, sitting in the apple tree, watched him, and laughed, and laughed to herself. Then when she grew tired of watching him, she made a long jump out into the field and trotted off home to punish Reddy Fox for his disobedience. When she got there she found Reddy Fox very much ashamed, very tired, and very sorrowful, and Reddy Fox promised that he never would bark at the moon.

Good Housekeeping, March, 1911, pp. 393-395.

Mother West Wind's Children, Chapter 4. "Reddy Fox Disobeys.

Reprinted in "The Children's Corner" newspaper supplements."

When the Robins Nest Again.

Thornton W. Burgess

Our domicile was humble, quite;
Most folks would pass it by,
But there for five and twenty years
We dwelt, my wife and I,
Content that inasmuch as we
Of chattels had but few
For these and us our modest cot
Most happily would do.

And then one day when skies were blue
And birds were on the wing
(My yearly stipend had been raised
That same adventurous spring),
We suddenly within us felt
A new expansive thrill,
And straightway got the moving man
To move us up the hill.

The moving man – a mighty man!
Herculean is he!
He dragged our treasures to the lawn
And stacked them there with glee.
He dragged them there and stacked them there,
And mighty grew the pile.
Yet more, still more, that moving man
Kept bring forth the while.

He swore that every piece we saw
Within that cottage small
Had had a place. (Still, I protest
Things did not crowd at all.)
And yet, behold! Before our eyes
(My oath that this is true)
A mountain by that cot disgorged
Quite hid the same from view!

But some things – ah, too precious they
To pile within a van,
Such treasure trove we could not trust
To any moving man.
So up the hill and down the hill
The livelong scorching day,

Our treasure trove in aching arms,
We took our weary way.

And then those little household gods
Of lesser worth – alas!
Too precious for the ash heap they,
Yet scorned by all who pass –
The rocking horse that Willie rode,
Almira's old rag doll,
And broken, sentimental truck
Bequeathed by Great-Aunt Moll.

Alas! Alack! for men who move,
And pity on their wives!
A thousand shocks they had not dreamed
Will enter in their lives.
The glaring sun ignores deceit,
The newest thing looks old!
And fear and trembling follows where
The moving man takes hold.

How rankles then each fleeting smile
Of neighbors, erstwhile kind,
Whose curious glances scan the pile
And household secrets find,
Which, long denied the garish glare
Of full and open day,
Secure from all prying eyes
Were seemly hid away!

And when at night you've paid the bill,
The strain at last is o'er,
Your household goods around you spread
Or piled upon the floor,
You sit you down on anything,
You vow no more to roam,
And while you eat you humbly pray
"God bless our nice new home!"

Good Housekeeping. April, 1911, pp. 446-448.

Why Peter Rabbit's Ears are Long.

Thornton W. Burgess

The Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind were tired. Ever since she had turned them out of her big bag on to the Green Meadows early that morning they had romped and played tag and chased butterflies, while Old Mother West Wind herself went to hunt for a raincloud which had wandered away before it had watered the thirsty little plants who were bravely trying to keep the Green Meadows lovely and truly green.

The Merry Little Breezes threw themselves down on the edge of the Smiling Pool where the rushes grow tall, and there they took turns rocking the cradle which held Mrs. Redwing's four babies.

Pretty soon one of the Merry Little Breezes, peeping through the rushes, spied Peter Rabbit sitting up very straight on the edge of the Green Meadows. His long ears were pointed straight up, his big eyes were very wide open, and he seemed to be looking and listening with a great deal of curiosity.

"I wonder why it is that Peter Rabbit has such long ears," said the Merry Little Breeze.

"Chug-a-rum!" replied a great, deep voice right behind him.

"Oh, Grandfather Frog," cried the Merry Little Breezes all together, "do tell us why it is that Peter Rabbit has such long ears!"

When Grandfather Frog had swallowed some fat, foolish, green flies brought by the Merry Little Breezes, he once more settled himself comfortably on his big lily pad and began:

"Once upon a time, very long ago, when the world was young, Mr. Rabbit—not our Peter Rabbit, but his grandfather a thousand times removed—had short ears like all the other meadow people, and also his four legs were all of the same length, just exactly the same length.

"Now, Mr. Rabbit had a great deal of curiosity, a very great deal, indeed. He was forever pushing his prying little nose into other people's affairs, which, you know, is a most unpleasant habit. In fact, Mr. Rabbit had become a nuisance.

"Whenever Billy Mink stopped to pass the time of day with Jerry Muskrat they were sure to find Mr. Rabbit standing close by, listening to all they said. If Johnny Chuck's mother ran over to have a few minutes' chat with Jimmy Skunk's mother, the first thing they knew Mr. Rabbit would be squatting down in the grass right behind them.

"Now, like most people who meddle in other folk's affairs, Mr. Rabbit had no time to tend to his own business. His cabbage patch grew up to weeds. His house leaked,

his fences fell to pieces, and altogether his was the worst looking place on the Green Meadows.

“Worse still, Mr. Rabbit was a trouble maker. He just couldn’t keep his tongue still. And, like most gossips, he never could tell the exact truth.

“Now, when Old Mother Nature visited the Green Meadows, she soon saw what a dreadful state all the meadow people were in, and she began to inquire how it all came about.

“It’s all because of Mr. Rabbit,” said Reddy Fox.

“No one is to blame but Mr. Rabbit,” said Striped Chipmunk.

“Everywhere Old Mother Nature inquired it was the same—‘Mr. Rabbit,’ ‘Mr. Rabbit,’ ‘Mr. Rabbit!’

“So then Old Mother Nature sent for blustering great Mr. North Wind, who is very strong. And she sent for Mr. Rabbit.

“Mr. Rabbit trembled in his shoes when he got Old Mother Nature’s message. He would have liked to run away and hide. But he did not dare do that, for he knew that there was nowhere he could hide that Mother Nature would not find him out sooner or later. And, besides, his curiosity would give him no peace. He just had to know what Old Mother Nature wanted.

“So Peter Rabbit put on his best suit, which was very shabby, and set out for the Great Pine to see what Old Mother Nature wanted. When he got there, he found all the little people of the Green Meadows and all the little folks of the Green Forest there before him. There were Reddy Fox, Johnny Chuck, Striped Chipmunk, Happy Jack Squirrel, Mr. Black Snake, Old Mr. Crow, Sammy Jay, Billy Mink, Little Joe Otter, Jerry Muskrat, Spotty the Turtle, Old King Bear, his cousin, Mrs. Coon, and all the other little people.

“When he saw all who had gathered under the Great Pine, and how they all looked crossly at him, Mr. Rabbit was so frightened that his heart went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, and he wanted more than ever to run away. But he didn’t dare to. No, sir, he didn’t dare to. And then he was so curious to know what it all meant that he wouldn’t have run if he had dared.

“Old Mother Nature made Mr. Rabbit sit up on an old log where all could see him. Then, in turn, she asked each present who was the cause of all the trouble on the Green Meadows. And each in turn answered, ‘Mr. Rabbit.’

“‘Mr. Rabbit,’ said Old Mother Nature, you are lazy, for your cabbage patch has all gone to weeds. You are shiftless, for your house leaks. You are a sneak, for you creep up where you are not wanted and listen to things which do not concern you. You are a thief, for you steal the secrets of others. You are a liar, for you tell things which are not so. Mr. Rabbit, you are all these—a lazy, shiftless sneak, thief, and liar.’

“It was dreadful! Mother Nature paused, and Mr. Rabbit felt, oh, so ashamed. He did not look up, but he felt, he just felt, all the eyes of all the little meadow people and

forest folk burning right into him. So he hung his head and two great tears fell splash, right at his feet. You see, Mr. Rabbit wasn't altogether bad. It was just this dreadful curiosity.

"Old Mother Nature knew this, and down in her heart she loved Mr. Rabbit and was, oh, so sorry for him.

"Mr. Rabbit," continued Old Mother Nature, because your curiosity is so great, your ears shall be made longer, that everyone who sees you may know that it is not safe to talk when you are near. Because you are a sneak and steal up to people unseen, your hind legs shall be made longer, so that whenever you sit up straight you will be tall and everyone can see you, and whenever you run you will go with great jumps, and everyone will know who it is running away. And because you are shiftless and your house leaks, you will hereafter live in a hole in the ground."

"Then Old Mother Nature took Mr. Rabbit by his two ears and big strong Mr. North Wind took Mr. Rabbit by his hind legs, and they both pulled. And when they put him down Mr. Rabbit's ears and his hind legs were long, many times longer than they used to be. When he tried to run away to hide his shame he found that the only way he could go was with great jumps, and you may be sure he jumped as fast as he could.

"And ever since that long ago time when the world was young rabbits have had long ears and long hind legs, all because of the curiosity of their great, great-grandfather, a thousand times removed. And now you know why Peter Rabbit's ears are long, and why he is always sitting up and listening," concluded Grandfather Frog.

"Thank you, thank you, Grandfather Frog!" shouted all the Merry Little Breezes, and raced away to help Old Mother West Wind drive up the wandering rain cloud, which she had found at last.

Good Housekeeping. April, 1911, pp. 509-511
Mother West Wind's Children, Chapter 3.

A Plea for Puss and her Victims.

Arthur Chapouille

The best beloved pet I ever had was a cat. Just plain cat – sans pedigree, sans hereditary claims of distinction. Still, he was no ordinary cat. He had intelligence. He understood human speech. He comported himself in a seemly manner. So now, as I appear to arraign the cat for high crimes and misdemeanors, as an economic burden upon the community, as a purveyor and conveyor of disease germs, as a disturber of the public peace, and as a nuisance without restraint, I do it without malice or prejudice, and in loving memory of a pet over whose death a little boy cried his eyes dry. For Puss, the individual, I have a very warm liking now. In reality, my arraignment is not of the cat, but of those who call themselves cat lovers.

The cat, unrestricted, is a public nuisance. The cat, unrestricted, has no place either in the close community or among the scattered farm homes. No other animal which has become attached to the home of man in a domestic or a semi-domestic state is allowed the unrestricted freedom which makes the cat a scourge to the people and an object for the tenderest pity because of its own sufferings.

To quote an example of what this unrestricted liberty of the cat means, let us take the records of the Animal Rescue League of Boston. This League was primarily organized for the relief of suffering animals, and naturally its work has dealt largely with cats and dogs. Last year, 1910, this society received through its agents 23,089 stray cats, in all stages of disease, starvation, and suffering! And these are a comparatively small part of the number of stray cats in the city of Boston, for only those people intimately acquainted with and interested in this work will take the trouble to secure the cats to have them mercifully dealt with. Of this number 22,385 were painlessly put out of the world. The remainder, the best of the animals, found homes through the agency of the League.

These arrived in all stages of starvation and disease. Some of them had half the face eaten away by cancer; some of them had been torn by dogs; most of them were mangy to the last degree, and covered with vermin. Many were brought in from nearby summer resorts where the “tender-heartedness” of former mistresses had turned them loose at the end of the summer season to shift for themselves rather than have “dear pussy” killed.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals annually puts out of the way a prodigious number of cats in the city of New York. The number of stray cats in America’s largest city is almost incomprehensible. There, again, it is because tender-hearted people will not have the pretty little kitties disposed of humanely when they are born. Then these same “tender-hearted” people go away for the summer and let Puss shift for herself. What is true of Boston and New York is true of every large city and town in the United States.

Turning to the suburbs and the country – there are few sportsmen, bird students, or fishermen, who have not encountered in the deep woods a wild domestic cat.

The Bureau of Economic Investigation of the biological survey of the United States Department of Agriculture comes forward with the astonishing statement that more birds are destroyed by the so-called domestic house cat than all other natural agencies combined. This reckoning, of course, includes the fox and the predacious birds, such as hawks and owls. The statement is made only after widespread and patient investigation.

An Eastern ornithologist has estimated that the average cat averages fifty birds a year, and that in the New England states alone 1,500,000 birds are destroyed annually by cats. Dr. Fisher, of the Biological Survey, estimates a total of at least 3,500,000 birds killed in the state of New York by cats every year. The unfortunate side of this is that the birds who usually fall victim to the hunting cat are the birds we can least spare.

The argument is continually advanced that the well-fed cat will not hunt birds. The fallacy of this statement can be proven by anyone who will spend an afternoon watching any well-fed cat during the bird season. The cat is a natural bird hunter. It is the lust of killing, the hunting desire, and not the pangs of hunger, which results in this slaughter. The cat is not to blame; she acts in response to a hereditary instinct handed down through countless ages.

William Brewster, President of the Audubon Society, speaking of the country-bred cats, states: "From what I have gathered by questioning their owners, I believe that very many cats average forty or fifty birds each season. The loss falls heaviest in most locations on such familiar species as the robin and the song sparrow. Some cats have become specialists in their trades. One that I knew years ago on Cape Cod hunted ruffed grouse and quail with great success. Another here in Cambridge used to devote her attention chiefly to humming birds." So much for Puss as an agent in destruction of bird life. Attention has been called to the possibility, which assumes the aspect of a probability, that cats are an important agency in the carrying of disease germs. While the evidence is conclusive in many cases, it would hardly do to condemn Puss out of hand on this score. Is it not, however, wise to consider the possibility of the spread of disease by this means and to take ordinary precautions, such as would be assumed in the case of any other agent?

The cat is a warm-blooded animal, with many structural modifications similar to the human organization. She has adapted herself to the human manner and mode of living since the dawn of history. Dr. Carolyn A. Osborn, who has made a special study of the cat in its relation to disease, points out that the cat will probably be in a measure susceptible to the same diseases as the human race when she is exposed to such diseases. Pasteur says that the cat is a host through which rabies increases its violence for mankind. Osler says: "In order of decreasing severity of hydrophobia, come the wolf, cat, and dog." In the year 1613 plague raged among man and cats in the city of Constantinople to such an extent that the people carried all the cats away, suspecting them to be the cause of the disease.

The following instance is of interest in its bearing on this important phase of the cat question. Dr. H. P. Schofield, Parkston, S. D., says: "October 18, 1897, I was called to see a sick child, who I found, had diphtheria, and who finally recovered. A younger child was treated with serum on the second day and recovered. One, the eldest, had

died before I saw the family. The children had a pet cat, which fell sick and died a few days before their sickness. They held a funeral and buried it. Only a few days elapsed before the eldest was taken sick and died of diphtheria.”

Dr. J. R. Ryan of Philadelphia, reports that he had two cases, one of mumps and one of diphtheria, where cats were associated, and showed post mortem lesions and germs, supposedly causative of disease. The diphtheria case consisted of four children, who had the disease. They all recovered, but bacteriological tests of the throat showed positive, time after time, for several weeks. It was then noticed that several cats in the house were sick. Two had died, apparently choking. A bacteriological examination of the throat of one of them showed diphtheria bacilli. At the request of the board of health he took the cat to them. Post mortem revealed a membrane in throat and trachea. The other cats were immediately destroyed, and in two or three days cultures from the children’s throats were all negative. In this case the children were quarantined, while cats were free to roam.”

The following was reported by Dr. J. M. Randall of Minnesota: “During the years 1897 and 1898 diphtheria occurred abundantly in a German community in two adjoining towns of Traverse County. Periods of quiescence of a few weeks would be followed by a fresh outbreak. These people had, for the most part, large families, and my attention was attracted by the fact that the first child to be taken sick almost invariably was the next to the youngest, the two-year-old, the least apt to meet with diseased persons. It is a matter of common observation in the country that cats visit each other at a distance of a mile or more, and this, in connection with the habit of the animal to put its nose into everything on the floor and then rub it in the child’s face, led to a simple conclusion. A campaign against cats was started in that region. Three-fourths of them were killed, and the rest rigidly excluded from the house, whereupon the disease promptly subsided.”

This incident is from the Medical Record: “A farmer’s two children, suffering from diphtheria, had a pet cat which was with them most of the time in the first week of their illness. On the fifth or sixth day of the disease I was asked to see the little six-year-old daughter of their next neighbor, who lived about a mile from them. I found a well-marked case of diphtheria. They stated positively that there had been no communication between the two houses. The little girl had had an attack of diphtheria when she was about two years old, and as she was an only child, they had avoided every case of sore throat since then. On my next visit I found the girl fondling the boy’s cat, and learned that when well the children were constant playmates, and that the cat was as much at home in the one house as the other. The next day the cat seemed sick, and died that same night. I made a post-mortem examination and, judging from the condition of the mouth and throat, decided that the cat died with diphtheria, and had been the means of spreading the disease from the boys to the girl. Three other cats on the farm died, all with the same throat symptoms of diphtheria.”

During last summer infantile paralysis became almost epidemic in certain sections of the country, notably in Washington, D. C., and in parts of New England. Boards of health seemed power-less to cope with it, and the only safe-guard appeared to be a quarantine of small children. Even then many came down with the dread disease,

despite the utmost precautions. In this connection, Prof. Herbert W. Conn, head of the biological department at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Ct., comes forward with a theory which is the result of careful investigation of the disease by him. In his report to the State Board of Health he says: "All of the facts would be explained upon the assumption that a few fleas had been infected from one or two original cases and that these few fleas scattered themselves over the localities, being carried to and fro on the skins of animals, and that some of them afterward had the opportunity to get upon children and biting them, thus producing the disease."

Professor Conn disclaims any proof of this theory, but writes: "The data which I have collected are more easily explained upon the supposition that the infantile paralysis may be distributed by fleas on dogs and cats than upon any other supposition." He frankly admits that his theory will be hard to prove, and that it will be some time before a positive statement can be made, but adds, significantly: "I think, however, that you are doing well in taking up the question of domestic animals as a factor in sanitary science, and I am quite sure that they are the means of considerable evil." I quote this simply to emphasize the fact that wisdom would seemingly dictate precautions in allowing children to fondle any animals which have been allowed to run free. Dr. Thomas W. Clark of Lakewood, O., has been conducting experiments to discover to what extent cats are subject to tuberculosis. He has made more than one hundred post-mortem examinations, in nearly all of them finding germs of tuberculosis. Many of the cats were in a serious condition. He was led into this investigation by a case of tuberculosis, the origin of which seemed to him to point to the family cat. Other diseases which have been carried by the cat are ringworm and smallpox.

The cases quoted prove beyond question that Puss may prove a large factor in the spread of certain types of disease. This is, of course, true of dogs, but not to the extent that it is true of cats, because of the fact that the habits of dogs are more easily controlled.

A little observation of the habits of the cat should present sufficient evidence to anyone that the habit of fondling cats and bringing the fur in contact with the face, as is so often done by children and their elders, is rash, to say the least. The cat is a natural prowler. It is her nature. A clean animal in her care of herself, she is nevertheless prone to creep into and through all sorts of places. She visits swill tubs. A well-fed cat will do this thing, more perhaps in a spirit of investigation than any real desire to get food. During the mating season cats of every description congregate; thus no matter how carefully a pet cat is fed and cared for in the home, the moment she is out-of-doors she is subject to contamination from strays, some of which are mangy, and in terribly diseased condition.

As a Public Nuisance

What right have I to keep an animal that makes night hideous for my neighbor? If my dog howls half the night my neighbor complains to the police, and I am compelled either to get rid of my dog as a public nuisance, or devise some method for keeping him quiet. But my cat, whose voice is infinitely worse, can not only howl to her heart's content in my backyard, but she can go over to my neighbor's and sit under his window

the while she makes night hideous, and my neighbor has no redress but a shotgun.

The cat is a pet. It has a supposedly economic value as a destroyer of rats and mice. This is more theoretical than actual. Dr. Fisher, of the Biological Survey, says: "It is impossible at present to obtain correct figures on the subject, but it is safe to say that few persons during their normal lifetime run across more than half a dozen cats that habitually attack rats." He adds: "It has been the common experience of the writer to find premises that were well supplied with cats overrun with rats and mice."

How to Restrict the Number of Cats

So long as I keep a cat in my home as a member of my family, it is no affair of my neighbor's; but just as soon as I fail to keep her there, it becomes his affair. There has been much agitation of late for some form of license legislation, as in the case of dogs. This is going at the matter from a wrong viewpoint. A license law never can be successfully enforced. The problem of the rigid enforcement of the dog license law is serious enough. The Rescue League of Boston, already quoted, killed last year 4,315 dogs, the great majority of which were strays. Now the dog is, as a rule, easy to capture, to find out whether he is licensed. Imagine the license officer trying to follow Tabby over back fences and through areaways in an effort to gather her in, or find out if she wore a license tag! The license plan is wholly wrong, because it is utterly impossible to enforce.

A better plan would be a law which would require cat owners to keep them in bounds, just as they are compelled to keep other pets. The owners of valuable pedigreed animals do this. Why should not the owner of the common cat do the same thing? In Germany the cat problem is solved in this way: The city of Hamburg keeps three hundred cat traps set every night. These are visited every morning by the police, and the cats caught are humanely put out of existence. The owner of a cat is required to keep his pet upon his own premises.

There should be a society for the restriction of cats. I can think of no more practical band of mercy than such a society would be. It would be merciful to the cats themselves, merciful to the birds, and merciful to the children, who may be, through their pets, exposed to fatal diseases.

Good Housekeeping. May, 1911, pp. 566-569.

Excerpted in newspapers including *The Ridgewood Herald*, June 8, 1911.

Grandfather Frog Gets Even.

Thornton W. Burgess

Old Grandfather Frog sat on his big green lily pad in the Smiling Pool dreaming of the days when the world was young and the frogs ruled the world. His hands were folded across his white and yellow waistcoat. Round, red, smiling Mr. Sun sent down his warmest rays on the back of Grandfather Frog's green coat.

Very early that morning Old Mother West Wind, hurrying down from the Purple Hills on her way to help the white-sailed ships across the great ocean, had stopped long enough to blow three or four fat, foolish green flies over to the big lily pad, and they were now safely inside the white and yellow waistcoat. A thousand little tadpoles, the great, great-grandchildren of Grandfather Frog, were playing in the Smiling Pool, and every once in a while wriggling up to the big lily pad to look with awe at Grandfather Frog and wonder if they would ever be as handsome and big and wise as he.

And still old Grandfather Frog sat dreaming and dreaming of the days when all the frogs had tails and ruled the world.

Presently Billy Mink came hopping and skipping down the Laughing Brook. Sometimes he swam a little way and sometimes he ran a little way along the bank, and sometimes he jumped from stone to stone. Billy Mink was feeling very good—very good indeed. He had caught a fine fat trout for breakfast. He had hidden two more away for dinner in a snug little hole no one knew of but himself. Now he had nothing to do but get into mischief. You can always depend upon Billy Mink to get into mischief. He just can't help it.

So Billy Mink came hopping and skipping down the Laughing Brook to the Smiling Pool. Then he stopped, as still as the rock he was standing on, and peeped through the bulrushes. Billy Mink is very cautious, very cautious indeed. He always looks well before he shows himself, that nothing may surprise him.

So Billy Mink looked all over the Smiling Pool and the grassy banks. He saw the sunbeams dancing on the water. He saw the tadpoles having such a good time in the Smiling Pool. He saw the Merry Little Breezes kissing the buttercups and daisies on the bank, and he saw old Grandfather Frog with his hands folded across his white and yellow waistcoat sitting on the green lily pad, dreaming of the days when the world was young.

Then Billy Mink took a long breath, a very long breath, and dived into the Smiling Pool. Now, Billy Mink can swim very fast, very fast indeed. For a little way he can swim even faster than Mr. Trout. And he can stay under water a long time.

Straight across the Smiling Pool, with not even the tip of his nose out of water, swam Billy Mink. The thousand little tadpoles saw him coming and fled in all directions to bury themselves in the mud at the bottom of the Smiling Pool, for when he thinks no one is looking Billy Mink sometimes gobbles up a fat tadpole for breakfast.

Straight across the Smiling Pool swam Billy Mink toward the big green lily pad where Grandfather Frog sat dreaming of the days when the world was young. When he was right under the big green lily pad he suddenly kicked up hard with his hind feet. Up went the big green lily pad, and, of course, up went Grandfather Frog-up and over flat on his back, with a great splash into the Smiling Pool!

Now, Grandfather Frog's mouth is very big. Indeed, no one else has so big a mouth, unless it be his cousin, Old Mr. Toad. And when Grandfather Frog went over flat on his back, splash in the Smiling Pool, his mouth was wide open.

You see he was so surprised he forgot to close it. So, of course, Grandfather Frog swallowed a great deal of water, and he choked and spluttered and swam around in foolish little circles trying to find himself. Finally he climbed out on his big green lily pad.

"Chug-a-rum!" said Grandfather Frog, and looked this way and looked that way. Then he gave a funny hop and turned about in the opposite direction and looked this way and looked that way, but all he saw was the Smiling Pool dimpling and smiling. Mrs. Redwing bringing a fat worm to her hungry little babies in their snug nest in the bulrushes, and the Merry Little Breezes hurrying over to see what the trouble might be.

"Chug-a-rum!" said Grandfather Frog, "It is very strange. I must have fallen asleep and had a bad dream." Then he once more settled himself comfortably on the big green lily pad, folded his hands across his white and yellow waistcoat, and seemed to be dreaming again, only his big goggly eyes were not dreaming. No, indeed! They were very much awake, and they saw all that was going on in the Smiling Pool. Old Grandfather Frog was just pretending. You may fool him once, but old Grandfather Frog has lived so long that he has become very wise, and though Billy Mink is very smart, it takes someone a great deal smarter than Billy Mink. to fool Grandfather Frog twice in the same way.

Billy Mink, hiding behind the Big Rock, had laughed and laughed till he had to hold his sides when Grandfather Frog had choked and spluttered and hopped about on the big lily pad trying to find out what it all meant. He thought it such a good joke that he couldn't keep it to himself, so when he saw little Joe Otter coming to try his slippery slide he swam across to tell him all about it. Little Joe Otter laughed and laughed until he had to hold his sides. Then they both swam back to hide behind the Big Rock to watch until old Grandfather Frog should forget all about it, and they could play the trick over again.

Now, out of the corner of one of his big goggly eyes, old Grandfather Frog had seen Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter with their heads close together, laughing and holding their sides, and he saw them swim over behind the Big Rock. Pretty soon one of the Merry Little Breezes danced over to see if old Grandfather Frog had really gone to sleep. Grandfather Frog didn't move, not the teeniest weeniest bit, but he whispered something to the Merry Little Breeze, and the Merry Little Breeze flew away, shaking with laughter, to where the other Merry Little Breezes were playing with the buttercups and daisies.

Then all the Merry Little Breezes clapped their hands and laughed too. They left the buttercups and daisies and began to play tag across the Smiling Pool.

Now, right on the edge of the Big Rock lay a big stick. Pretty soon the Merry Little Breezes danced over to the Big Rock, and then suddenly, all together they gave the big stick a push. Off it went, and then such a splashing and squealing as there was behind the Big Rock!

In a few moments Little Joe Otter crept out beside his slippery slide and slipped away holding on to his head. And, sneaking through the bulrushes, so as not to be seen, crawled Billy Mink, back towards his home on the Laughing Brook. Billy Mink wasn't laughing now. Oh, no! He was limping and he was holding on to his head. Little Joe Otter and Billy Mink had been sitting right underneath the big stick.

“Chug-a-rum!” said Old Grandfather Frog and held on to his sides and opened his mouth very wide in a noiseless laugh, for Grandfather Frog never makes a sound when he laughs.

“Chug-a-rum!” said Grandfather Frog. Then he folded his hands once more across his white and yellow waistcoat and began again to dream of the days when the frogs had long tails and ruled the world.

Good Housekeeping. May, 1911, pp. 635-637.
Mother West Wind's Children, Chapter 10.

Danny Meadow Mouse Learns Why His Tail is Short.

Thornton W. Burgess

Danny Meadow Mouse sat in his doorway and looked down the Lone Little Path across the Green Meadows. Way, way over near the Smiling Pool he could see Old Mother West Wind's Children, the Merry Little Breezes, at play. Sammy Jay was sitting on a fence post. He pretended to be taking a sun bath, but really he was planning mischief. You never see Sammy Jay that he isn't in mischief or planning it.

Reddy Fox had trotted past an hour before in a great hurry. Up on the hill Danny Meadow Mouse could just see Jimmy Skunk pulling over every old stick and stone he could find, no matter whose house it might be, and excusing himself because he was hungry and was looking for beetles.

Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun was playing at hide and seek behind some fleecy white clouds. All the birds were singing and singing, and the world was happy—all but Danny Meadow Mouse.

No, Danny Meadow Mouse was not happy. Indeed, he was very far from happy, and all because his tail was short.

By and by up came old Mr. Toad. It was a warm day and Mr. Toad was very hot and very, very thirsty. He stopped to rest beside the house of Danny Meadow Mouse.

“Good morning, Danny Meadow Mouse,” said old Mr. Toad, “it’s a fine morning.”

“Morning,” said Danny Meadow Mouse, grumpily.

“I hope your health is good this morning,” continued old Mr. Toad, just as if he hadn't noticed how short and cross Danny Meadow Mouse had answered.

Now old Mr. Toad is very ugly to look upon, but the ugliness is all in his looks. He has the sunniest of hearts and always he is looking for a chance to help someone.

“Danny Meadow Mouse,” said old Mr. Toad, “you make me think of your grandfather a thousand times removed. You do indeed. You look just as he did when he lost the half of his tail and realized that he never, never could get it back again.”

Danny Meadow Mouse sat up suddenly.

“What are you talking about, old Mr. Toad? What are you talking about?” he asked. “Did my grandfather a thousand times removed lose the half of his tail, and was it shorter than than mine is now? Was it, old Mr. Toad? And how did he come to lose the half of it?”

Old Mr. Toad laughed a funny silent laugh. “It’s a long story,” said old Mr. Toad, “and I’m afraid I can’t tell it. Go down to the Smiling Pool and ask Great-Grandfather Frog, who is my first cousin, how it happened your grandfather a thousand times removed lost the half of his tail. But before you go catch three fat, foolish, green flies

and take them with you as a present to Grandfather Frog.”

Danny Meadow Mouse could hardly wait for old Mr. Toad to stop speaking. In fact, he was in such a hurry that he almost forgot his manners. Not quite, however, for he shouted “Thank you, Mr. Toad, thank you!” over his shoulder as he rushed off down the Lone Little Path.

You see his short tail had always been a matter of mortification to Danny Meadow Mouse. All his cousins in the Mouse family and the Rat family have long, smooth, tapering tails, and they have always been a source of envy to Danny Meadow Mouse. He had felt his queer short tail to be a sort of disgrace. So when he would meet one of his cousins dancing down the Lone Little Path, with his long, slim, tapering tail behind him, Danny Meadow Mouse would slip out of sight under the long grass, he was so ashamed of his own little tail. It looked so mean and small! He had wondered and wondered if the Meadow Mice had always had short tails. He used to ask everyone who came his way if they had ever seen a Meadow Mouse with a long tail, but he had never found any one who had.

“Perhaps,” thought Danny Meadow Mouse as he hurried down the Lone Little Path, “perhaps Grandfather Frog, who is very wise, will know why my tail is short.”

So he hurried this way and he hurried that way over the Green Meadows in search of fat, foolish, green flies. And when he had caught three, he caught one more for good measure. Then he started for the Smiling Pool as fast as his short legs would take him.

When finally he reached the edge of the Smiling Pool he was quite out of breath. There sat Great-Grandfather Frog on his big, green lily pad. He was blinking his great goggle eyes at jolly, round, red Mr. Sun.

“Oh, Grandfather Frog,” said Danny Meadow Mouse in a very small voice, for you know he was quite out of breath with running, “Oh, Grandfather Frog, I’ve brought you four fat, foolish, green flies.”

Grandfather Frog put a hand behind an ear and listened. “Did I hear someone say ‘foolish, green flies?’” asked Grandfather Frog.

“Yes, Grandfather Frog, here they are,” said Danny Meadow Mouse, still in a very small voice. Then he gave Grandfather Frog the four fat, foolish, green flies.

“What is it that you want me to do for you, Danny Meadow Mouse?” asked Grandfather Frog as he smacked his lips, for he knew that Danny Meadow Mouse must want something to bring him four fat, foolish, green flies.

“If you please,” said Danny Meadow Mouse, very politely, “if you please, Grandfather Frog, old Mr. Toad told me that you could tell me how Grandfather Meadow Mouse a thousand times removed lost half of his tail. Will you, Grandfather Frog—will you?”

“Chug-a-rum,” said Grandfather Frog. “My cousin, Mr. Toad, talks too much.”

But he settled himself comfortably on the big lily pad, and this is what he told Danny Meadow Mouse:

“Once upon a time, when the world was young, Mr. Meadow Mouse, your grandfather a thousand times removed, was a very fine gentleman. He took a great deal of pride in his appearance, did Mr. Meadow Mouse, and they used to say on the Green Meadows that he spent an hour, a full hour, every day combing his whiskers and brushing his coat.

“Anyway, he was very fine to look upon, was Mr. Meadow Mouse, and not the least attractive thing about him was his beautiful, long, slim tail, of which he was very proud.

“Now about this time there was a great deal of trouble on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest, for some one was stealing—yes, stealing! Mr. Rabbit complained first. To be sure, Mr. Rabbit was lazy and his cabbage patch had grown little more than weeds while he had been minding other folks’ affairs rather than his own, but, then, that was no reason why he should lose half of the little which he did raise. And that is just what he said had happened.

“No one really believed what Mr. Rabbit said, for he had such a bad name for telling things which were not so that when he did tell the truth no one could be quite sure of it.

“So no one paid much heed to what Mr. Rabbit said until Happy Jack Squirrel one day went to his snug little hollow in the big chestnut tree where he stores his nuts and discovered half had been stolen. Then Striped Chipmunk lost the greater part of his winter store of corn. A fat trout was stolen from Billy Mink.

“It was a terrible time, for every one suspected every one else, and no one on the Green Meadows was happy.

“One evening Mr. Meadow Mouse went for a stroll along the Crooked Little Path up the hill. It was dark, very dark indeed. But just as he passed Striped Chipmunk’s granary, the place where he stores his supply of corn and acorns for the winter, Mr. Meadow Mouse met his cousin, Mr. Wharf Rat. Now Mr. Wharf Rat was very big and strong and Mr. Meadow Mouse had for a long time looked up to and admired him.

“‘Good evening, Cousin Meadow Mouse,’ said Mr. Wharf Rat, swinging a bag down from his shoulder. ‘Will you do a favor for me?’

“Now Mr. Meadow Mouse felt very much flattered, and as he was a very obliging fellow anyway, he promptly said he would.

“‘All right,’ said Mr. Wharf Rat. ‘I’m going to get you to tote this bag down the Crooked Little Path to the hollow chestnut tree. I’ve got an errand back on top of the hill.’

“So Mr. Meadow Mouse picked up the bag, which was very heavy, and swung it over his shoulder. Then he started down the Crooked Little Path. Half way down he met Striped Chipmunk.

“‘Good evening, Mr. Meadow Mouse,’ said Striped Chipmunk. ‘What are you toting in the bag across your shoulder?’

“Now, of course, Mr. Meadow Mouse didn’t know what was in the bag and he didn’t like to admit that he was working for another, for he was very proud, was Mr. Meadow Mouse.

“So he said: ‘Just a planting of potatoes I begged from Jimmy Skunk, just a planting of potatoes, Striped Chipmunk.’

“Now no one had ever suspected Mr. Meadow Mouse of stealing—no indeed! Striped Chipmunk would have gone his way and thought no more about it, had it not happened that there was a hole in the bag and from it something dropped at his feet. Striped Chipmunk picked it up and it wasn’t a potato. It was a fat acorn. Striped Chipmunk said nothing but slipped it into his pocket.

“‘Good night,’ said Mr. Meadow Mouse, once more shouldering the bag.

“‘Good night,’ said Striped Chipmunk.

“No sooner had Mr. Meadow Mouse disappeared in the darkness down the Crooked Little Path than Striped Chipmunk hurried to his granary. Some one had been there and stolen all his acorns!

“Then Striped Chipmunk ran to the house of his cousin, Happy Jack Squirrel, and told him how the acorns had been stolen from his granary and how he had met Mr. Meadow Mouse with a bag over his shoulder and how Mr. Meadow Mouse had said that he was toting home a planting of potatoes he had begged from Jimmy Skunk. ‘And this,’ said Striped Chipmunk, holding out the fat acorn, ‘is what fell out of the bag.’

“Then Striped Chipmunk and Happy Jack Squirrel hurried over to Jimmy Skunk’s house, and, just as they expected, they found that Mr. Meadow Mouse had not begged a planting of potatoes of Jimmy Skunk.

“So Striped Chipmunk and Happy Jack Squirrel and Jimmy Skunk hurried over to Mr. Rabbit’s and told him all about Mr. Meadow Mouse and the bag of potatoes that dropped acorns. Mr. Rabbit looked very grave, very grave indeed. Then Striped Chipmunk and Happy Jack Squirrel and Jimmy Skunk and Mr. Rabbit started to tell Mr. Coon, who was cousin to old King Bear.

“On the way they met Hooty the Owl, and because he could fly softly and quickly, they sent Hooty the Owl to tell all the meadow people who were awake to come to the hollow chestnut tree. So Hooty the Owl flew away to tell all the little meadow people who were awake to meet at the hollow chestnut tree.

“When they reached the hollow chestnut tree whom should they find there but Mr. Meadow Mouse fast asleep beside the bag he had brought for Mr. Wharf Rat, who had wisely stayed away.

“Very softly Striped Chipmunk stole up and opened the bag. Out fell his store of fat acorns. Then they waked Mr. Meadow Mouse and marched him off to old Mother Nature, where they charged him with being a thief.

“Old Mother Nature listened to all they had to say. She saw the bag of acorns and she heard how Mr. Meadow Mouse had said that he had a planting of potatoes. Then

she asked him if he had stolen the acorns. Yes, Sir, she asked him right out if he had stolen the acorns.

“Of course Mr. Meadow Mouse said that he had not stolen the acorns.

“Then where did you get the bag of acorns?’ asked old Mother Nature.

“When she asked this, Mr. Wharf Rat, who was sitting in the crowd of meadow people, got up and softly tiptoed away when he thought no one was looking. But old Mother Nature saw him. You can’t fool old Mother Nature. No, Sir, you can’t fool old Mother Nature, and it’s of no use to try.

“Mr. Meadow Mouse didn’t know what to say. He knew now that Mr. Wharf Rat must be the thief, but Mr. Wharf Rat was his cousin, and he had always looked up to him as a very fine gentleman. He couldn’t tell the world that Mr. Wharf Rat was a thief. So Mr. Meadow Mouse said nothing.

“Three times old Mother Nature asked Mr. Meadow Mouse where he got the bag of acorns, and each time Mr. Meadow Mouse said nothing.

“Mr. Meadow Mouse,’ said old Mother Nature, and her voice was very stern, ‘I know that you did not steal the acorns of Striped Chipmunk. I know that you did not even guess that there were stolen acorns in that bag. Everyone else thinks that you are the thief who caused so much trouble on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest. But I know who the real thief is and he is stealing away as fast as he can go down the Lone Little Path this very minute.’

“All of the little meadow people and forest folks turned to look down the Lone Little Path, but it was so dark none could see, none but Hooty the Owl, whose eyes are made to see in the dark.

“I see him!’ cried Hooty the Owl. ‘It’s Mr. Wharf Rat!’

“Yes,’ said old Mother Nature, ‘it’s Mr. Wharf Rat—he is the thief. And this shall be his punishment: Always hereafter he will be driven out wherever he is found. He shall no longer live in the Green Meadows or the Green Forest. Everyone will turn their backs upon him. He will live on what others throw away. He will live in filth and there will be no one to say a good word for him. He will become an outcast instead of a fine gentleman.’

“And you, Mr. Meadow Mouse, in order that you may remember always to avoid bad company, and that while it is a splendid thing to be loyal to your friends and not to tell tales, it is also a very, very wrong thing to shield those who have done wrong when by so doing you simply help them to keep on doing wrong—you shall no longer have the splendid long tail of which you are so proud, but it shall be short and stubby.’

“Even while old Mother Nature was speaking, Mr. Meadow Mouse felt his tail grow shorter and shorter, and when she had finished he had just a little mean stub of a tail.

“Of course he felt terribly. And while Striped Chipmunk hurried to tell him how sorry he felt, and while all the other little meadow people also hurried to tell him

how sorry they felt, he could not be comforted. So he slipped away as quickly as he could, and because he was so ashamed he crept along underneath the long grass that no one should see his short tail. And ever since that long ago time when the world was young," concluded Grandfather Frog, "the Meadow Mice have had short tails and have always scurried along under cover of the long grass where no one will see them. And the Wharf Rats have never again lived in the Green Meadows or in the Green Forest, but have lived on filth and garbage around the homes of men, with every man's hand against them."

"Thank you, Grandfather Frog," said Danny Meadow Mouse, very soberly. "Now I understand why my tail is short and I shall not forget."

"But it isn't your fault at all, Danny Meadow Mouse," cried the Merry Little Breezes, who had been listening, "and we love you just as much as if your tail was long!"

Then they played tag with him all the way up the Lone Little Path to his house, till Danny Meadow Mouse quite forgot that he had wished that his tail was long.

People's Home Journal. June, 1911, p. 20.

Mother West Wind's Children, Chapter 1.

Striped Chipmunk's Pockets.

Thornton W. Burgess

Striped Chipmunk was very busy; very busy indeed! Old Mother West Wind, coming down from the Purple Hills very early in the morning, had found Striped Chipmunk up before her and hard at work. Later when jolly, round, red Mr. Sun had climbed up into the sky the Merry Little Breezes had spied Striped Chipmunk whisking along the old stone wall, and had raced over to play with him; for the Merry Little Breezes were very fond of Striped Chipmunk. They got there just in time to see him disappear under a great stone in the old wall. In a minute he was out again and off as fast as he could go to the old hickory tree.

"Oh, Striped Chipmunk, come play with us!" shouted the Merry Little Breezes, running after him.

But Striped Chipmunk just flirted his funny little tail, and winked with both his bright eyes at them.

"Busy! busy! busy!" said Striped Chipmunk, hurrying along as fast as his short legs could take him. In a few minutes he was back again, but such a queer-looking fellow as he was! His head was twice as big as it had been before, and you would hardly have known that it was Striped Chipmunk but for the saucy way he twitched his funny little tail, and the spry way he scampered along the old stone wall.

"Oh, Striped Chipmunk's got the mumps," shouted the Merry Little Breezes.

But Striped Chipmunk said never a word. He couldn't. He ran faster than ever until he disappeared under the big stone. When he popped his head out again he was just his usual saucy little self.

"Say, Striped Chipmunk," cried the Merry Little Breezes, rushing over to him, "tell us how you happen to have pockets in your cheeks."

But Striped Chipmunk just snapped his bright eyes at them and said "Busy! busy! busy!" as he scuttled over to the hollow chestnut tree.

The Merry Little Breezes saw that it was no use at all to try to tempt Striped Chipmunk to play with them or to answer questions.

"I tell you what," cried one, "let's go ask Grandfather Frog how Striped Chipmunk happens to have pockets in his cheeks. He'll know."

Old Grandfather Frog sat on his big, green lily pad, blinking in the sun. It was very still; very, very still indeed. Suddenly out of the bulrushes burst the Merry Little Breezes, and surrounded old Grandfather Frog. And every one of them had brought to him a fat, foolish, green fly.

Grandfather's big goggly eyes sparkled, and he gave a funny little hop up into the air as he caught each foolish green fly. When the last one was safely inside his white and yellow waistcoat he settled himself comfortably on the big, green lily pad, and folded his hands over the foolish green flies.

"Chug-a-rum!" said Grandfather Frog. "What is it you want this morning?"

“Oh, Grandfather Frog,” cried the Merry Little Breezes, “tell us how it happens that Striped Chipmunk has pockets in his cheeks. Do tell us, Grandfather Frog. Please do!”

Presently Grandfather Frog began: “Once upon a time, a long, long while ago, when the world was young, before old King Bear stopped being king, Mr. Chipmunk, Striped Chipmunk’s great-great-great-grandfather a thousand times removed, was the smallest of the squirrels, just as Striped Chipmunk is now. But he didn’t mind that, not the least little bit. Mr. Chipmunk went his way happy and contented, and he was such a merry little fellow and so full of fun and cut such funny capers that everybody loved Mr. Chipmunk.

“One day, when the nights were cool and all the trees had put on their brilliant colors, Old Mother Nature sent word down across the Green Meadows that every squirrel should gather and store away for her a thousand nuts.

“Mr. Gray Squirrel grumbled. Mr. Fox Squirrel grumbled. Mr. Red Squirrel grumbled. But they didn’t dare disobey Old Mother Nature, so they all set out, each to gather a thousand nuts. And Mr. Chipmunk alone was pleasant and cheerful.

“When they reached the nut trees, what do you suppose they discovered? Why, that they had been so greedy that they had eaten most of the nuts, and it was going to be hard work to find and store away a thousand nuts for Old Mother Nature. Then they began to hurry. Most of them were great climbers and could get the nuts still left on the trees, but Mr. Chipmunk was a poor climber, so he had to be content with those on the ground.

“Finally Mr. Gray Squirrel announced that he had found his thousand nuts. Then Mr. Fox Squirrel announced that he had found his thousand nuts. The next day Mr. Red Squirrel stopped hunting because he had his thousand nuts.

“But Mr. Chipmunk had hardly more than half that many. And that night he made a dreadful discovery—someone had found his secret storehouse and had stolen some of his precious nuts!

“It’s of no use to cry over what can’t be helped,” said Mr. Chipmunk, and the next morning he bravely started out again. He had worked so hard that he had grown thinner and thinner, until now he was only a shadow of his old self. But he was as cheerful as ever, and kept right on hunting and hunting for stray nuts. Mr. Gray Squirrel and Mr. Fox Squirrel and Mr. Red Squirrel sat around and rested and made fun of him.

“And then Old Mother Nature came down across the Green Meadows. First Mr. Gray Squirrel took her to his storehouse, and she counted his thousand nuts. Then Mr. Fox Squirrel led her to his storehouse, and she counted his thousand nuts, Then Mr. Red Squirrel showed her his store- house, and she counted his thousand nuts.

“Last of all Mr. Chipmunk led her to his secret storehouse and showed her the pile of nuts he had worked so hard to get. Old Mother Nature didn’t need to count them to see that there wasn’t a thousand there.

“I’ve done the best I could,” said Mr. Chipmunk, bravely; and he trembled all over, he was so tired.

“Old Mother Nature said never a word, but went out on the Green Meadows and sent the Merry Little Breezes to call together all the Little Meadow People and all the

Little Forest Folk. When they had gathered before her she suddenly turned to Mr. Gray Squirrel.

“Go bring me a hundred nuts from your storehouse,” said she.

“Then she turned to Mr. Fox Squirrel. ‘Go bring me a hundred nuts from your storehouse,’ said she.

“Last of all, she called Mr. Red Squirrel out where all could see him. Mr. Red Squirrel crept out. His teeth chattered, and his tail, of which he was so proud, dragged on the ground; for you see Mr. Red Squirrel had something on his mind.

“Then Old Mother Nature told how she had ordered each squirrel to get and store for her a thousand nuts. She told just how selfish Mr. Gray Squirrel and Mr. Fox Squirrel had been. She told just how hard Mr. Chipmunk had worked; and then she told how part of his precious store had been stolen.

“And there,” said Old Mother Nature in a loud voice so that everyone should hear, ‘there is the thief!’

“Then she commanded Mr. Red Squirrel to go to his storehouse and bring her half of the biggest and best nuts he had there!

“When all the nuts had been brought to her by Mr. Gray Squirrel and Mr. Fox Squirrel and Mr. Red Squirrel, Old Mother Nature gathered them up and put them in the secret storehouse for Mr. Chipmunk. Then she sat Mr. Chipmunk upon an old stump where all could see him, and she said:

“Mr. Chipmunk, because you have been faithful, because you have been cheerful, because you have done your best, henceforth you shall have two pockets, one in each cheek, so that you can carry two nuts at once. You will not have to work so hard the next time I tell you to store a thousand nuts.’

“And all the little Meadow People and all the little Forest Folk shouted, ‘Hurrah for Mr. Chipmunk!’ All but his cousins, Mr. Gray Squirrel and Mr. Fox Squirrel and Mr. Red Squirrel, who hid themselves for shame.

“And ever since that time, long ago when the world was young, the Chipmunks have had pockets in their cheeks.”

“Thank you, thank you,” cried the Merry Little Breezes to Grandfather Frog. Then they all raced across the Green Meadows to shake down some more nuts for Striped Chipmunk.

Good Housekeeping. July, 1911, pp. 126-128.

Mother West Wind's Children, Chapter 5.

Johnny Chuck's Secret.

Thornton W. Burgess

Johnny Chuck pushed up the last bit of gravel from the hole he had dug between the roots of the old apple tree in a corner of the Green Meadows. He smoothed it down on the big, yellow mound he had made in front of his door. Then he sat up very straight on top of the mound, brushed his coat, shook the sand from his trousers and carefully cleaned his hands.

After he had rested a bit, he turned around and looked at his new home, for that is what it was, although he had not come there to live yet, and no one knew of it, no one but jolly, round, red Mr. Sun, who, peeping between the branches of the old apple tree, had caught Johnny Chuck at work. But he wouldn't tell, not jolly Mr. Sun! Looking down from the blue sky every day he sees all sorts of queer things and he learns all kinds of secrets, does Mr. Sun, but he never, never tells. No, Sir! Mr. Sun never tells one of them, not even to Old Mother West Wind when at night they go down together behind the Purple Hills.

So jolly, round, red Mr. Sun just smiled and smiled when he discovered Johnny Chuck's secret, for that is just what the new home under the apple tree was—a secret. Not even the Merry Little Breezes, who find out almost everything, had discovered it.

Johnny Chuck chuckled to himself as he planned a back door, a beautiful back door, hidden behind a tall clump of meadow grass where no one would think to look for a door. When he had satisfied himself as to just where he would put it, he once more sat up very straight on his nice, new mound and looked this way and looked that way to be sure that no one was near. Then he started for his old home along a secret little path he had made for himself.

Pretty soon he came to the Lone Little Path that went past his own home. He danced and he skipped along the Lone Little Path, and, because he was so happy, he tried to turn a somersault. But Johnny Chuck was so round and fat and roly-poly that he just tumbled over in a heap.

"Well, well, well! What's the matter with you?" said a voice close beside him before he could pick himself up. It was Jimmy Skunk, who was out looking for some beetles for his dinner.

Johnny Chuck scrambled to his feet and looked foolish, very foolish indeed.

"There's nothing the matter with me, Jimmy Skunk," said Johnny. "There's nothing the matter with me. It's just because I've got a secret."

"A secret!" cried Jimmy Skunk. "What is it?"

"Yes, a secret, a really, truly secret," said Johnny Chuck, and looked very important.

"Tell me, Johnny Chuck. Come on, tell just me, and then we'll have the secret together," begged Jimmy Skunk.

Now Johnny Chuck was so tickled with his secret that it seemed as if he must share it with some one. He just couldn't keep it to himself any longer.

“You won’t tell any one?” said Johnny Chuck.

Jimmy Skunk promised that he wouldn’t tell a soul.

“Cross your heart,” commanded Johnny Chuck.

Jimmy Skunk crossed his heart.

Then Johnny Chuck looked this way and looked that way to be sure that no one was listening. Finally he whispered in Jimmy Skunk’s ear:

“I’ve got a new home under the old apple tree in a corner of the Green Meadows,” said Johnny Chuck.

Of course Jimmy Skunk was very much surprised and very much interested, so Johnny Chuck told him all about it.

“Now, remember, it’s a secret,” said Johnny Chuck, as Jimmy Skunk started off down the Lone Little Path across the Green Meadows, to look for some beetles.

“I’ll remember,” said Jimmy Skunk.

“And don’t tell!” called Johnny Chuck.

Jimmy Skunk promised that he wouldn’t tell. Then Johnny Chuck started off up the Lone Little Path, whistling, and Jimmy Skunk trotted down the Lone Little Path onto the Green Meadows.

Jimmy Skunk was thinking so much about Johnny Chuck’s new home that he quite forgot to look for beetles, and he almost ran into Peter Rabbit.

“Hello, Jimmy Skunk,” said Peter Rabbit, “can’t you see where you are going? It must be you have something on your mind; what is it?”

“I was thinking of Johnny Chuck’s new home,” said Jimmy Skunk.

“Johnny Chuck’s new home!” exclaimed Peter Rabbit. “Has Johnny Chuck got a new home? Where is it?”

“Under the roots of the old apple tree in a corner of the Green Meadows,” said Jimmy Skunk, and then he clapped both hands over his mouth. You see he hadn’t really meant to tell. It just slipped out.

“Oh, but it’s a secret!” cried Jimmy Skunk. “It’s a secret, and you mustn’t tell. I guess Johnny Chuck won’t mind if you know, Peter Rabbit, but you mustn’t tell any one else.” Peter Rabbit promised he wouldn’t.

Now Peter Rabbit is very inquisitive, very inquisitive indeed. So as soon as he had parted from Jimmy Skunk he made up his mind that he must see the new home of Johnny Chuck. So off he started as fast as he could go towards the old apple tree in a corner of the Green Meadows. Half way there he met Reddy Fox.

“Hello, Peter Rabbit! Where are you going in such a hurry?” asked Reddy Fox.

“Over to the old apple tree to see Johnny Chuck’s new home,” replied Peter Rabbit as he tried to dodge past Reddy Fox. Then of a sudden he remembered and clapped both hands over his mouth.

“Oh, but it’s a secret, Reddy Fox. It’s a secret, and you mustn’t tell!” cried Peter Rabbit.

But Reddy Fox wouldn’t promise that he wouldn’t tell, for in spite of his handsome coat and fine manners, Reddy Fox is a scamp. And, besides, he has no love for Johnny Chuck, for he has not forgotten how Johnny Chuck once made him run and called him a “fraid cat.”

So when Reddy Fox left Peter Rabbit he grinned a wicked grin and hurried off to find Bobby Coon. He met him on his way to the Laughing Brook. Reddy Fox told Bobby Coon all about Johnny Chuck’s secret and then hurried away after Peter Rabbit, for Reddy Fox also is very inquisitive.

Bobby Coon went on down to the Laughing Brook. There he met Billy Mink and told him about the new home Johnny Chuck had made under the old apple tree in a corner of the Green Meadows.

Pretty soon Billy Mink met Little Joe Otter and told him.

Then Little Joe Otter met Jerry Muskrat and told him.

Jerry Muskrat saw Blacky the Crow and told him, and Great-Grandfather Frog heard him.

Blacky the Crow met his first cousin, Sammy Jay, and told him.

Sammy Jay met Happy Jack Squirrel and told him.

Happy Jack met his cousin, Striped Chipmunk, and told him.

Striped Chipmunk passed the house of old Mr. Toad and told him.

The next morning, very early, before Old Mother West Wind had come down from the Purple Hills, Johnny Chuck stole over to his new home to begin work on his new back door. He had hardly begun to dig when he heard some one cough right behind him. He whirled around and there sat Peter Rabbit looking as innocent and surprised as if he had really just discovered the new home for the first time.

“What a splendid new home you have, Johnny Chuck!” said Peter Rabbit.

“Y—e—s,” said Johnny Chuck, slowly. “It’s a secret,” he added suddenly. “You won’t tell, will you, Peter Rabbit?”

Peter Rabbit promised that he wouldn’t tell. Then Johnny Chuck felt better and went back to work as soon as Peter Rabbit left.

He had hardly begun, however, when some one just above him said: “Good morning, Johnny Chuck.”

Johnny Chuck looked up and there in the old apple tree sat Blacky the Crow and his cousin, Sammy Jay.

Just then there was a rustle in the grass and out popped Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter and Jerry Muskrat and Happy Jack Squirrel and Striped Chipmunk and Bobby Coon. When Johnny Chuck had recovered from his surprise and looked over to the doorway of his new home there sat Reddy Fox on Johnny Chuck’s precious new mound. It seemed as if all the little meadow people were there, all but Jimmy Skunk,

who wisely stayed away.

“We’ve come to see your new home,” said Striped Chipmunk, “and we think it’s the nicest home we’ve seen for a long time.”

“It’s so nicely hidden away, it’s really quite secret,” said Reddy Fox, grinning wickedly.

Just then up raced the Merry Little Breezes and one of them had a message for Johnny Chuck from Great-Grandfather Frog. It was this:

“Whisper a secret to a friend and you shout it in the ear of the whole world.”

After every one had admired the new home, they said good-bye and scattered over the Green Meadows. Then Johnny Chuck began to dig again, but this time he wasn’t making his new back door. No indeed! Johnny Chuck was digging at that new mound of yellow gravel of which he had been so proud. Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun blinked to be sure that he saw aright, for Johnny Chuck was filling up his new home between the roots of the old apple tree. When he got through, there wasn’t any new home.

Then Johnny Chuck brushed his coat carefully, shook the sand out of his trousers, wiped his hands and started off for his old home. And this time he didn’t take his special hidden path, for Johnny Chuck didn’t care who saw him go.

Late that afternoon, Johnny Chuck sat on his old doorstep, with his chin in his hands, watching Old Mother West Wind gathering her Merry Little Breezes into the big bag in which she carries them to their home behind the Purple Hills.

“‘Whisper a secret to a friend and you shout it in the ear of the whole world.’ Now what did Grandfather Frog mean by that?” thought Johnny Chuck. “Now I didn’t tell anybody but Jimmy Skunk and Jimmy Skunk didn’t tell anyone but Peter Rabbit and— and—”

Then Johnny Chuck began to chuckle and finally to laugh. “‘Whisper a secret to a friend and you shout it in the ear of the whole world.’ My gracious, what a loud voice I must have had and didn’t know it!” said Johnny Chuck, wiping the tears of laughter from his eyes.

And the next day Johnny Chuck started to make a new home. Where? Oh, that’s Johnny Chuck’s secret. And no one but jolly, round, red Mr. Sun has found it out yet.

People’s Home Journal. August, 1911, p. 2
Mother West Wind’s Children, Chapter 7.

Why Bobby Coon Always Washes his Food.

Thornton W. Burgess

Happy-Go-Lucky Bobby Coon sat on the edge of the Laughing Brook just as round, red Mr. Sun popped up from behind the Purple Hills and Old Mother West Wind turned all her Merry Little Breezes out to romp on the Green Meadows.

Bobby Coon had been out all night. You see Bobby Coon is very apt to get into mischief, and because usually it is safer to get into mischief under cover of the darkness Bobby Coon prefers the night wherein to go abroad. Not that Bobby Coon is really bad! Oh my, no! Everybody likes Bobby Coon. But he can no more keep out of mischief than a duck can keep out of water.

So Bobby Coon sat on the edge of the Laughing Brook and he was very busy, very busy indeed. He was washing his breakfast. Really, it was his dinner, for turning night into day just turns everything topsy-turvy. So Bobby Coon eats dinner when most of the little meadow people are eating breakfast.

This morning he was very busy washing a luscious ear of sweet corn just in the milk. He dipped it in the water and with one little black paw rubbed it thoroughly. Then he looked it over carefully before, with a sigh of contentment, he sat down to put it in his empty little stomach. When he had finished it to the last sweet, juicy kernel, he ambled sleepily up the Lone Little Path to the big hollow chestnut tree where he lives, and in its great hollow in a soft bed of leaves Bobby Coon curled himself up in a tight little ball to sleep the long, bright day away.

One of the Merry Little Breezes softly followed him. When he had crawled into the hollow chestnut and only his funny, ringed tail hung out, the Merry Little Breezes tweaked it sharply just for fun, and then danced away down the Lone Little Path to join the other Merry Little Breezes around the Smiling Pool.

“Oh! Grandfather Frog,” cried a Merry Little Breeze, “tell us why it is that Bobby Coon always washes his food. He never eats it where he gets it or takes it home to his hollow in the big chestnut, but always comes to the Laughing Brook to wash it. None of the other meadow people do that.”

Now Great-Grandfather Frog is counted very wise. He is very, very old and he knows the history of all the tribes of little meadow people way back to the time when the frogs ruled the world.

When the Merry Little Breeze asked him why Bobby Coon always washes his food, Grandfather Frog stopped to snap up a particularly fat, foolish, green fly that came his way. Then, while all the Merry Little Breezes gathered around him, he settled himself on his big green lily pad and began:

“Once upon a time, when the world was young, old King Bear ruled in the Green Forest. Of course old Mother Nature, who was even more beautiful than she is

now, was the real ruler, but she let old King Bear think he ruled so long as he ruled wisely.

“All the little Green Forest folk and all the little people of the Green Meadows used to take presents of food to old King Bear, so that he never had to hunt for things to eat. He grew fatter and fatter and fatter until it seemed as if his skin must burst. And the fatter he grew the lazier he grew.”

Grandfather Frog paused with an expectant far-away look in his great bulging eyes. Then he leaped into the air so far that when he came down it was with a great splash in the Smiling Pool. But as he swam back to his big lily pad the leg of a foolish green fly could be seen sticking out of one corner of his big mouth, and he settled himself with a sigh of great contentment.

“Old King Bear,” continued Grandfather Frog, just as if there had been no interruption, “grew fatter and lazier every day, and like a great many other fat and lazy people who have nothing to do for themselves but are always waited on by others, he grew shorter and shorter in temper and harder and harder to please.

“Now perhaps you don’t know it, but the Bear family and the Coon family are very closely related. In fact, they are second cousins. Old Mr. Coon, Bobby Coon’s father with a thousand greats tacked on before, was young then, and he was very, very proud of being related to old King Bear. He began to pass some of his old playfellows on the Green Meadows without seeing them. He spent a great deal of time brushing his coat and combing his whiskers and caring for his big ringed tail. He held his head very high and he put on such airs that pretty soon he could see no one at all but members of his own family and of the royal family of Bear.

“Now as old King Bear grew fat and lazy he grew fussy, so that he was no longer content to take everything brought him, but picked out the choicest portions for himself and left the rest. Mr. Coon took charge of all the things brought as tribute to old King Bear and of course where there were so many goodies left he got all he wanted without working.

“So just as old King Bear had grown fat and lazy and selfish, Mr. Coon grew fat and lazy and selfish. Pretty soon he began to pick out the best things for himself and hide them before old King Bear saw them. When old King Bear was asleep he would go get them and stuff himself like a greedy pig. And because he was stealing and wanted no one to see him he always ate his stolen feasts at night.

“Now old Mother Nature is, as you all know, very, very wise, oh very wise indeed. One of the first laws she made when the world was young is that every living thing shall work for what it has, and the harder it works the stronger it shall grow. So when Old Mother Nature saw how fat and lazy and selfish old King Bear was getting and how fat and lazy and dishonest his cousin, Mr. Coon, was becoming, she determined that they should be taught a lesson which they would remember for ever and ever and ever.

“First she proclaimed that old King Bear should be king no longer, and no more need the little folks of the Green Forest and the little people of the Green Meadows

bring him tribute.

“Now when old Mother Nature made this proclamation old King Bear was fast asleep. It was just on the edge of winter and he had picked out a nice warm cave with a great pile of leaves for a bed. Old Mother Nature peeped in at him. He was snoring and probably dreaming of more good things to eat. ‘If he is to be king no longer, there is no use in waking him now,’ said old Mother Nature to herself, ‘he is so fat and so stupid. He shall sleep until gentle Sister South Wind comes in the spring to kiss away the snow and ice. Then he shall waken with a lean stomach and a great appetite and there shall be none to feed him.’

“Now old Mother Nature always has a warm heart and she was very fond of Bobby Coon’s grandfather a thousand times removed. So when she saw what a selfish glutton and thief he had become she decided to put him to sleep just as she had old King Bear. But first she would teach Mr. Coon that stolen food is not the sweetest.

“So old Mother Nature found some tender, juicy corn just in the milk which Mr. Coon had stolen from old King Bear. Then she went down on the Green Meadows where the wild mustard grows and gathering a lot of this she rubbed the juice into the corn and then put it back where Mr. Coon had left it.

“Now I have told you that it was night when Mr. Coon had his stolen feasts, for he wanted no one to see him. So no one was there when he took a great bite of the tender, juicy corn old Mother Nature had put back for him. Being greedy and a glutton, he swallowed the first mouthful before he had fairly tasted it, and took a second, and then such a time as there was on the edge of the Green Forest! Mr. Coon rolled over and over with both of his forepaws clasped over his stomach and groaned and groaned and groaned. He had rubbed his eyes and of course had got mustard into them and could not see. He waked up all the little Green Forest folk who sleep through the night, as good people should, and they all gathered around to see what was the matter with Mr. Coon.

“Finally old Mother Nature came to his relief and brought him some water. Then she led him to his home in the great hollow in the big chestnut tree, and when she had seen him curled up in a tight little ball among the dried leaves she put him into the long sleep as she had old King Bear.

“In the spring, when gentle Sister South Wind kissed away all the snow and ice, old King Bear, who was king no longer, and Mr. Coon awoke and both were very thin, and both were very hungry, oh very, very hungry indeed. Old King Bear, who was king no longer, wasn’t the least mite fussy about what he had to eat, but ate gladly any food he could find.

“But Mr. Coon remembered the burning of his stomach and mouth and could not forget it. So whenever he found anything to eat he first took it to the Laughing Brook or the Smiling Pool and washed it very carefully, lest there be some mustard on it.

“And ever since that long ago time, when the world was young, the Coon family has remembered that experience of Mr. Coon, who was second cousin to old King Bear, and that is why Bobby Coon washes his food, travels about at night, and sleeps all winter,” concluded Grandfather Frog, fixing his great goggle eyes on a foolish green fly

headed his way.

“Oh thank you, thank you, Grandfather Frog,” cried the Merry Little Breezes as they danced away over the Green Meadows. But one of them slipped back long enough to get behind the foolish green fly and blow him right up to Grandfather Frog’s big lily pad.

“Chug-a-rum,” said Grandfather Frog, smacking his lips.

People’s Home Journal. October, 1911, p. 32.

Mother West Wind’s Children, Chapter 12.

Reddy Fox, the Boaster.

Thornton W. Burgess

Johnnie Chuck waddled down the Lone Little Path across the Green Meadows. Johnnie Chuck was very fat and roly-poly. His yellow brown coat fitted him so snugly that it seemed as if it must burst. Johnnie Chuck was feeling very happy—very happy indeed, for you see, Johnnie Chuck long ago found the best thing in the world, which is Contentment.

Round, red Mr. Sun, looking down from the sky, smiled and smiled to see Johnnie Chuck waddling down the Lone Little Path, for he loved the merry-hearted little fellow, as do all the little meadow people—all but Reddy Fox, for Reddy Fox has not forgotten the surprise Johnnie Chuck once gave him and how he called him a “fraid cat.”

Once in a while Johnnie Chuck stopped to brush his coat carefully, for he is very particular about his appearance, is Johnnie Chuck. By and by he came to the old butternut tree down by the Smiling Pool. He could see it a long time before he reached it, and up in the top of it he could see Blacky the Crow flapping his wings and cawing at the top of his voice.

“There must be something going on,” said Johnnie Chuck to himself, and he began to waddle faster. He looked so very queer when he tried to hurry that round red Mr. Sun smiled more than ever.

When he was almost to the old butternut tree, Johnnie Chuck sat up very straight so that his head came just above the tall meadow grasses beside the Lone Little Path. He could see the Merry Little Breezes dancing and racing under the old butternut tree and having such a good time! And he could see the long ears of Peter Rabbit standing up straight above the tall meadow grasses. One of the Merry Little Breezes spied Johnnie Chuck.

“Hurry up, Johnnie Chuck!” he shouted, and Johnnie Chuck hurried.

When he reached the old butternut tree he was all out of breath. He was puffing and blowing and he was so warm that he wished just for a minute, a single little minute, that he could swim like Billy Mink and Jerry Muskrat and Little Joe Otter, so that he could jump into the Smiling Pool and cool off.

“Hello, Johnnie Chuck!” shouted Peter Rabbit.

“Hello, yourself, and see how you like it,” said Johnnie Chuck.

“Hello myself!” replied Peter Rabbit. And then because it was so very foolish everybody laughed. It is a good thing to feel foolishly happy on a beautiful sunshiny day, especially down on the Green Meadows.

Jimmy Skunk was there. He was feeling very, very good indeed, was Jimmy Skunk, for he had found some very fine beetles for his breakfast.

Little Joe Otter was there, and Billy Mink and Jerry Muskrat and Happy Jack

Squirrel, and of course Reddy Fox was there. Oh my, yes, of course Reddy Fox was there! Reddy Fox never missed a chance to show off. He was wearing his very newest red coat and his whitest vest. He had brushed his tail till it looked very handsome and every few minutes he would turn and admire it. Reddy Fox thought himself a very fine gentleman. He admired himself and he wanted everyone else to admire him.

“Let’s do stunts,” said Peter Rabbit. “I can jump farther than anybody here!”

Then Peter Rabbit jumped a tremendously long jump. Then everybody jumped, everybody but Reddy Fox. Even Johnnie Chuck jumped, and because he was so roly-poly he tumbled over and over and everybody laughed, and Johnnie Chuck laughed loudest of all. And because his hind legs are long and meant for jumping, Peter Rabbit had jumped farther than anyone else.

“I can climb to the top of the old butternut tree quicker than anybody else,” cried Happy Jack Squirrel, and away he started with Bobby Coon and Billy Mink after him, for though Billy Mink is a famous swimmer and can run swiftly, he can also climb when he has to. But Happy Jack Squirrel was at the top of the old butternut tree almost before the others had started.

The Merry Little Breezes clapped their hands and everybody shouted for Happy Jack Squirrel, everybody but Reddy Fox.

“I can swim faster than anybody here,” shouted Little Joe Otter.

In a flash three little brown coats splashed into the Smiling Pool so suddenly that they almost upset old Grandfather Frog watching from his big green lily pad. They belonged to Little Joe Otter, Billy Mink and Jerry Muskrat. Across the Smiling Pool and back again they raced and Little Joe Otter was first out on the bank.

“Hurrah for Little Joe Otter!” shouted Blacky the Crow.

And everybody shouted “Hurrah!” everybody but Reddy Fox.

“What can you do, Jimmy Skunk?” asked Peter Rabbit, dancing up and down, he was so excited.

Jimmy Skunk yawned lazily. “I can throw a wonderful perfume farther than anybody here,” said Jimmy Skunk.

“We know it! We know it!” shouted the Merry Little Breezes as everybody tumbled heels over head away from Jimmy Skunk, even Reddy Fox. “But please don’t.”

And Jimmy Skunk didn’t!

Then they all came back, Reddy Fox carefully brushing his handsome red coat which had become sadly mussed, he had fled in such a hurry.

Now for the first time in his life Johnnie Chuck began to feel just a wee, wee bit discontented. What was there he could do better than anyone else? He couldn’t jump and he couldn’t climb and he couldn’t swim. He couldn’t even run fast, because he was so fat and round and roly-poly. He quite forgot that he was so sunny hearted and good

natured that everybody loved him, everybody but Reddy Fox.

Just then Reddy Fox began to boast, for Reddy Fox is a great boaster. "Pooh!" said Reddy Fox. "Pooh! Anybody could jump if their legs were made for jumping. And what's the good of climbing trees anyway? Now I can run faster than anybody here—faster than anybody in the whole world!" said Reddy Fox, puffing himself up.

"Chug-a-rum," said Grandfather Frog. "You can't beat Spotty the Turtle."

Then everyone shouted and rolled over and over in the grass they were so tickled, for everyone remembered how Spotty the Turtle had once won a race from Reddy Fox.

For a minute Reddy Fox looked very foolish. Then he lost his temper, which is a very foolish thing to do, for it is hard to find again. He swelled himself out until every hair stood on end and he looked twice as big as he did before. He strutted up and down and glared at each in turn.

"And I'm not afraid of any living thing in the Green Meadows!" boasted Reddy Fox.

"Chug-a-rum," said Grandfather Frog. "Do I see Bowser the Hound?"

Every hair on Reddy Fox suddenly fell back into place. He whirled about nervously and anxiously looked over the Green Meadows. Then everybody shouted again and rolled over and over in the grass and held on to their sides, for you see Bowser the Hound wasn't there at all.

But everybody took good care to keep away from Reddy Fox, everybody but Johnnie Chuck. He just sat still and chuckled and chuckled till his fat sides shook.

"What are you laughing at?" demanded Reddy Fox.

"I was just thinking," said Johnnie Chuck, "that though you can run so fast, you can't even catch me."

Reddy Fox just glared at him for a minute, he was so mad. Then he sprang straight at Johnnie Chuck.

"I'll show you!" he snarled.

Now Johnnie Chuck had been sitting close beside a hole that Grandfather Chuck had dug a long time before and which was empty. In a flash Johnnie Chuck disappeared head first in the hole. Now the hole was too small for Reddy Fox to enter, but he was so angry that he straightway began to dig it larger. My, how the sand did fly! It poured out behind Reddy Fox in a stream of shining yellow.

Johnnie Chuck ran down the long tunnel underground until he reached the end. Then when he heard Reddy Fox digging and knew that he was really coming, Johnnie Chuck began to dig, too, only instead of digging down he dug up toward the sun-shine and the blue sky.

My, how his short legs did fly and his stout little claws dug into the soft earth! His little forepaws flew so fast that if you had been there you could hardly have seen

them at all. And with his strong hind legs he kicked the sand right back into the face of Reddy Fox.

All the little Meadow People gathered around the hole where Johnnie Chuck and Reddy Fox had disappeared. They were very anxious, very anxious indeed. Would Reddy Fox catch Johnnie Chuck? And what would he do to him? Was all their fun to end in something terrible to sunny-hearted, merry Johnnie Chuck, whom everybody loved?

All of a sudden, pop! right out of the solid earth among the daisies and buttercups, just like a jack-in-the-box, came Johnnie Chuck! He looked very warm and a little tired, but he was still chuckling as he scampered across to another hole of Grandfather Chuck's.

By and by something else crawled out of the hole Johnnie Chuck had made. Could it be Reddy Fox? Where was his white vest and beautiful red coat? And was that thing dragging behind him his splendid tail?

He crept out of the hole and then just lay down and panted for breath. He was almost too tired to move. Then he began to spit sand out of his mouth and blow it out of his nose and try to wipe it out of his eyes. The long hair of his fine coat was filled full of sand and no one would ever have guessed that this was Reddy Fox.

"Haw! haw! haw!" shouted Blacky the Crow.

Then everybody shouted "Haw! haw! haw!" and began to roll in the grass and hold on to their sides once more; everybody but Reddy Fox. When he could get his breath he didn't look this way or that way, but just sneaked off to his home under the big hickory.

And when Old Mother West Wind came with her big bag to take the Merry Little Breezes to their home behind the Purple Hills, Johnnie Chuck waddled back up the Lone Little Path chuckling to himself, for that little feeling of discontent was all gone. He had found that after all he could do something better than anybody else on the Green Meadows, for in his heart he knew that none could dig so fast as he.

Good Housekeeping. October, 1911, pp. 517-519.
Mother West Wind's Children, Chapter 6.

Mr. Toad's Old Suit.

Thornton W. Burgess

Peter Rabbit was tired and very sleepy as he hopped along the crooked little path down the hill. He could see old Mother West Wind just emptying her Merry Little Breezes out of her big bag onto the Green Meadows to play all the bright summer day. Peter Rabbit yawned and yawned again as he watched them dance over to the Smiling Pool. Then he hopped on down the crooked little path toward home.

Sammy Jay, sitting on a fence post, saw him coming.

“Peter Rabbit, out all night!

Oh, my goodness, what a sight!

Peter Rabbit, reprobate,

No good end will be your fate!”

shouted Sammy Jay.

Peter Rabbit ran out his tongue at Sammy Jay.

“Who stole Happy Jack’s nuts? Thief! Thief! Thief!” shouted Peter Rabbit at Sammy Jay, and kept on down the crooked little path.

It was true—Peter Rabbit had been out all night playing in the moonlight, stealing a midnight feast in Farmer Brown’s cabbage patch and getting into mischief with Bobby Coon. Now when most of the little Meadow people were just waking up Peter Rabbit was thinking of bed.

Presently he came to a big piece of bark which is the roof of Mr. Toad’s house. Mr. Toad was sitting in his doorway blinking at jolly, round Mr. Sun, who had just begun to climb up the sky.

“Good morning, Mr. Toad,” said Peter Rabbit.

“Good morning,” said Mr. Toad.

“You’re looking very fine this morning, Mr. Toad,” said Peter Rabbit.

“I’m feeling very fine this morning,” said Mr. Toad.

“Why, my gracious, you have on a new suit, Mr. Toad!” exclaimed Peter Rabbit.

“Well, what if I have, Peter Rabbit?” demanded Mr. Toad.

“Oh, nothing, nothing, nothing at all, Mr. Toad, nothing at all,” said Peter Rabbit hastily, “only I didn’t know you ever had a new suit. What have you done with your old suit, Mr. Toad?”

“Swallowed it,” said Mr. Toad shortly, turning his back on Peter Rabbit.

That was all Peter Rabbit could get out of Mr. Toad, so he started on down the

crooked little path. Now Peter Rabbit has a great deal of curiosity and is forever poking into other people's affairs. The more he thought about it the more he wondered what Mr. Toad could have done with his old suit. Of course he hadn't swallowed it!

"I'll just run over to the Smiling Pool and ask Grandfather Frog. He'll surely know what Mr. Toad does with his old suits," said Peter Rabbit, and began to hop faster.

When he reached the Smiling Pool there sat Great-Grandfather Frog on his big green lily pad as usual. There was a hungry look in his goggly eyes, for it was so early that no foolish green flies had come his way yet, but Peter Rabbit was too full of curiosity in Mr. Toad's affairs to notice this:

"Good morning, Grandfather Frog," said Peter Rabbit.

"Good morning," replied Grandfather Frog, a wee bit gruffly.

"You're looking very fine this morning, Grandfather Frog," said Peter Rabbit.

"Not so fine as I'd feel if I had a few fat, foolish green flies," said Grandfather Frog.

"I've just met your cousin, Mr. Toad, and he has on a new suit," said Peter Rabbit.

"Indeed!" replied Grandfather Frog. "Well, I think it's high time."

"What does Mr. Toad do with his old suit, Grandfather Frog?" asked Peter Rabbit.

"Chug-a-rum! It's none of my business. Maybe he swallows it," replied Grandfather Frog crossly, and turned his back on Peter Rabbit.

Peter Rabbit saw that his curiosity must remain unsatisfied. He suddenly remembered that he had been out all night and was very, very sleepy, so he started off home across the Green Meadows.

Now the Merry Little Breezes had heard all that Peter Rabbit and Grandfather Frog had said and they made up their minds that they would find out from Grandfather Frog what Mr. Toad really did with his old suit. First of all they scattered over the Green Meadows. Presently back they all came, each blowing ahead of him a fat, foolish green fly. Right over to the big green lily pad they blew the green flies.

"Chug-a-rum! Chug-a-rum! Chug-a-rum!" said Grandfather Frog, as each fat, foolish green fly disappeared inside his white and yellow waistcoat. When the last one was out of sight, all but a leg which was left sticking out of a corner of Grandfather Frog's big mouth, one of the Merry Little Breezes ventured to ask him what became of Mr. Toad's old suit.

Grandfather Frog settled himself comfortably on the big green lily pad and folded his hands across his white and yellow waistcoat.

"Chug-a-rum," began Grandfather Frog. "Once upon a time—"

The Merry Little Breezes clapped their hands and settled themselves among the buttercups and daisies, for they knew that soon they would know what Mr. Toad did

with his old suit.

“Once upon a time,” began Grandfather Frog again, “when the world was young, old King Bear received word that Old Mother Nature would visit the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. Of course old King Bear wanted his kingdom and his subjects to look their very best, so he issued a royal order that every one of the little Meadow people and every one of the little Forest folk should wear a new suit on the day that Old Mother Nature was to pay her visit.

“Now, like old King Bear, every one wanted to appear his very best before Old Mother Nature, but as no one knew the exact day she was to come, every one began at once to wear his best suit, and to take the greatest care of it. Old King Bear appeared every day in a suit of glossy black. Light-foot, the Deer, threw away his dingy gray suit, and put on a coat of beautiful red and fawn. Mr. Mink, Mr. Otter, Mr. Muskrat, Mr. Rabbit, Mr. Woodchuck, Mr. Coon, who you know was first cousin to Old King Bear, Mr. Gray Squirrel, Mr. Fox Squirrel, Mr. Red Squirrel, all put on brand new suits. Mr. Skunk changed his black and white stripes for a suit of all black, very handsome, very handsome indeed. Mr. Chipmunk took care to see that his new suit had all the most beautiful stripes to be obtained.

“Mr. Jay, who was something of a dandy, had a wonderful new coat that looked for all the world as if it had been cut from the bluest patch of sky and trimmed with edging taken from the whitest clouds. Even Mr. Crow and Mr. Owl took pains to look their very best.

“But Mr. Toad couldn’t see the need of such a fuss. He thought his neighbors spent altogether too much time and thought on dress. To be sure he was anxious to look his best when Old Mother Nature came, so he got a new suit all ready. But Mr. Toad couldn’t afford to sit around in idleness admiring his new clothes. No indeed! Mr. Toad had too much to do. He was altogether too busy. He had a large garden to take care of, had Mr. Toad, and work in a garden is very hard on clothes. So Mr. Toad just wore his old suit over his new one and went about his business.

“By and by the great day came when Old Mother Nature arrived to inspect the kingdom of Old King Bear. All the little Meadow people and all the little Forest folk hastened to pay their respect to Old Mother Nature and to strut about in their fine clothes—all but Mr. Toad. He was so busy that he didn’t even know that Old Mother Nature had arrived.

“Late in the afternoon, Mr. Toad stopped to rest. He had just cleared his cabbage patch of the slugs which threatened to eat up his crop and he was very tired. Presently he happened to look up the road, and who should he see but Old Mother Nature herself coming to visit his garden and to find out why Mr. Toad had not been to pay her his respects.

“Suddenly Mr. Toad remembered that he had on his working clothes, which were very old, very dirty and very ragged. For just a minute he didn’t know what to do. Then he dove under a cabbage leaf and began to pull off his old suit. But the old suit stuck! He was in such a hurry and so excited that he couldn’t find the buttons. Finally he got

his trousers off. Then he reached over and got hold of the back of his coat and tugged and hauled until finally he pulled his old coat off right over his head just as if it were a shirt.

“Mr. Toad gave a great sigh of relief as he stepped out in his new suit, for you remember that he had been wearing that new suit underneath the old one all the time.

“Mr. Toad was very well pleased with himself until he thought how terribly untidy that ragged old suit looked lying on the ground. What should he do with it? He couldn’t hide it in the garden, for Old Mother Nature’s eyes are so sharp that she would be sure to see it. What should he do?

“Then Mr. Toad had a happy thought. Every one made fun of his big mouth. But what was a big mouth for if not to use? He would swallow his old suit! In a flash Mr. Toad dove under a cabbage leaf and crammed his old suit into his mouth.

“When Old Mother Nature came into the garden, Mr. Toad was waiting in the path to receive her. Very fine he looked in his new suit and you would have thought he had been waiting all day to receive Old Mother Nature; but for one thing—swallow as much and as hard as he would, he couldn’t get down quite all of his old suit, and a leg of his trousers hung out of a corner of his big mouth.

“Of course Old Mother Nature saw it right away. And how she did laugh! And of course Mr. Toad felt very much mortified. But Mother Nature was so pleased with Mr. Toad’s garden and Mr. Toad’s industry that she quite overlooked the ragged trouser’s leg hanging from the corner of Mr. Toad’s mouth.

“‘Fine clothes are not to be compared with fine work,’ said Old Mother Nature. ‘I herewith appoint you my chief gardener, Mr. Toad. And as a sign that all may know that this is so, hereafter you shall always swallow your old suit whenever you change your clothes!’

“And from that day to this the toads have been the very best gardeners, and in memory of their great, great, great grandfather a thousand times removed they have always swallowed their old suits.

“Now you know what my cousin, Old Mr. Toad, did with his old suit just before Peter Rabbit passed his house this morning,” concluded Great Grandfather Frog.

“Oh,” cried the Merry Little Breezes. “Thank you, thank you, Grandfather Frog!”

Then they raced away across the Green Meadows and up the Crooked Little Path to see if old Mr. Toad was gardening. And Peter Rabbit still wondered what old Mr. Toad did with his old suit.

Good Housekeeping. November, 1911, 667-669.
Mother West Wind’s Children, Chapter 9.

PAULINE STORIES 1906-1909

Beginning in March 1906, Thornton Burgess wrote uncredited stories centered around “Pauline” and her husband “Jimmy” intended to induce readers to read the advertising section in that month’s issue of *Good Housekeeping*. Each story included a “clue” and readers were asked to mail in their solutions for prize money. These stories were positioned at the beginning of the advertising section at the end of the magazine.

Regrettably, only a few of these stories can be easily found. When bound into volumes, the advertising sections in *Good Housekeeping* were generally removed. Because those volumes were the ones kept in libraries, those were the copies that were scanned and archived in digital collections. Nevertheless, there are three stories that have been preserved in the HathiTrust collection which are presented in this section. Unfortunately, we are lacking the advertising sections associated with “The Riddle of the Ages.”

A Hot Discussion

No By-Line

This little story has for its foundation a certain advertiser in this issue of Good Housekeeping. Read it through and then tell us to whom it refers. For your skill in solving this story, as well as for neatness and general care shown in your answer, we will give as first prize \$5.00 in cash for a correct solution. For the second and third correct or nearest correct solutions, we will give \$3.00 and \$2.00 worth of merchandise respectively, to be selected from some one advertiser in this issue. The privilege of competing for prizes in this story is open to all. While it is in no way a part of the condition of this puzzle, yet if you have had any experience with the article mentioned, we would be pleased to have you state it. The prizes are, however, not contingent upon such information. Mail your letter so that it will reach Springfield not earlier than June 6, and not later than June 20. The correct solution of this month's story will be published in the August issue. Address all answers to Story Editor Good Housekeeping, Springfield, Mass.)

Sounds like trouble, the real genuine, four ply kind, doesn't it? Well, you are wrong. Pauline and I never have trouble—not real trouble—the squabbly kind you know. Don't believe in it. The meanest sight on the face of the earth is a squabbly couple. That is one thing that Pauline and I agree on.

However, this really has nothing to do with the hot discussion. That was a matter of our first summer and it was not half so serious as it sounds. Pauline, you know is brimming over with nonsense, but it is sensible nonsense. Yes, sir, sensible is just the word—sensible nonsense. Most nonsense is inanity, but sensible nonsense is why it is simply funny foolishness; no sense in it, you know, and yet there is a kind of sense too. That is just Pauline's kind of nonsense.

I had come home one sweltering hot evening clean tuckered out. Pauline met me at the door, as fresh and cool and good to look upon as a June rose at the flush of dawn.

"Isn't it lovely weather?" she said, and she said it as if she meant it.

"Undoubtedly, at the north pole," said I.

"Now, Jimmy, you know you are getting sarcastic," said she.

"Perhaps," said I, "but it seems required."

"Now, Jimmy," Pauline pouted.

"Now, Jimmy," continued Pauline, "you know you are a horrid old bear, and just as cross as you can be. On your bed is a clean shirt, on your chiffonier is a clean collar, and a fresh tie and clean cuffs. When you come down I've got a surprise for you."

Now I am free to confess that when I had had a bath and had gotten into those clean clothes, it really was not as hot as I thought it was. I am also free to confess that though I am a man I still do possess a certain amount of curiosity, and Pauline knows it. Nevertheless, for her own good I could not let Pauline have the last word. Pauline had insisted that it was not hot. Now, I knew that it was hot. Our house has a little porch. Some people would call it a very little porch. Being our own by right of rent paid, it mayhaps assumes undue proportions to us. We had gloried in the possibilities of that porch when we took that rent. We had forgotten that it faced the southeast.

So when I came down really feeling in a better frame of mind and primed to convince Pauline that it was really the hottest day of the year, I confess that I was somewhat taken aback when in the most matter of fact tone in the world she said: "Jimmy, I thought you would like the dinner served on the porch tonight."

"Great Scott!" I didn't say that, but it meant the same thing. "Why, that porch is a red-hot furnace, just cooling off!"

"Do you think so, Jimmy?" said she sweetly.

"Do I think so? I don't think anything about it; I know so!"

"That is too bad," said Pauline, "because, Jimmy, I really cannot change my plans, now."

Now, I had gotten fully cooled off by this time, but I began to get hot again at the very thought of that sizzling porch. I sputtered. How could I help it? But Pauline never ruffled a hair.

"Jimmy it is only hot because you think it is hot," said she, "you know thought governs all matter. It is what you think that makes a thing what you think it is. It isn't so, but you think it is so, so, of course, it is so." Now, you think that porch is hot, and of course it is hot to you, because you think it is hot. But I think it isn't hot, and it isn't hot, even if you think it is hot."

All this time, she was showing me out onto the porch. I am compelled to confess that Pauline's new thought logic was fully justified by the result. That porch was not hot; it hasn't been hot since. I don't even think of its being hot any more, therefore it isn't hot. To be sure Pauline has adapted means to that end. She has simply learned how to make the porch the most inviting spot about the house. I had to admit it. I am proud to admit it now, and as I sit there enjoying every passing breeze that blows, I am almost ready to grant Pauline the last word.

Good Housekeeping, June 1907 [advertising section]

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING—THE HOUSEKEEPERS' DIRECTORY



"She can see him, but he can't see her."

"How to Cool a Hot Porch"

is the title of our free booklet, which we know will interest you if you have a veranda. It tells how to make your porch the most inviting spot about the house this summer by the use of

TRADE *Vudor* MARK

Porch Shades

These shades shut out the hot sun, but are constructed to admit every passing breeze that blows. Made of Linden Wood Fibre and Seine Twine, durable and weatherproof,

stained in soft, harmonious colors. Easily adjusted to any porch in a few minutes, and may be used season after season. You can equip your porch at the moderate cost of from \$2 to \$10.

Vudor Hammocks are built on the "made-to-wear" principle. The supporting cords are fastened direct to a Rock Elm spreader, as is also the body. This gives *double the life* to the Vudor Hammock, as it is especially strong where other hammocks are especially weak. Vudor Hammocks sell at \$3.00 and \$4.00 and are *guaranteed* to wear twice as long as any other hammock on the market.

Vudor Chair Hammocks give the luxurious ease of a Morris chair, with the gentle, swaying motion of a hammock. They conform to every movement of the body, and can be adjusted to any angle. Simple in construction and may be instantly hung up on the wall when not in use. For complete relaxation and restfulness, the Vudor Chair Hammock cannot be excelled in any piece of porch furniture. If your dealer can't supply you, we'll send you one, express prepaid, for \$3.50.

CAUTION—Inferior products—bamboo shades which let in the sun and do not retain their shape or color and cheaply constructed hammocks are sometimes sold by unscrupulous dealers as *Vudor* goods. Look for the *Vudor* trademark on an aluminum plate on every genuine Vudor Shade or Chair Hammock and on the printed label sewed to every Vudor Hammock. It means quality in porch equipment, and it's there for your protection.

Prepare now for the hot summer—write for our free booklet, "How to Cool a Hot Porch," and the name of nearest Vudor dealer.

HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION,

22 McKey Boulevard,

Janesville, Wisconsin

The Riddle of the Ages.

No byline

I've discovered one more thing regarding woman. New? Oh, I don't know that it's really new—there's nothing new under the sun, you know. But so far as I'm concerned it's a discovery. Funny how man continues to find woman out—been doing it ever since Adam discovered that for real nerve and courage in taking the initiative to get what she wants she has him beaten to a frazzle—and still she's the greatest puzzle of the ages.

“You don't think “—say, you're not a married man. You simply don't know anything about woman. When you marry you'll learn something and know less. Fact! No married man pretends to follow or try to understand the convolutions of a woman's brain. He knows it can't be done, and is content not to try.

The human mind is ever seeking the unknown. As soon as we master an intricate problem its fascination is gone. In woman man has the unknown ever with him. He doesn't know it until after he is married. God bless you, no! Previous to the little episode in which the parson figures the man would be affronted—unpardonably insulted—if you gently insinuated that he didn't know the bride-to-be even as he knew his own soul. After—say, it's funny how you wake up! Takes some men less than twenty-four hours to find out what self-hypnotized asses they were, while others are half a lifetime in assimilating the truth. Don't know which I pity most.

Now, there's my own case; if ever a man thought he knew a woman I thought I knew Pauline. Couldn't tell me any-thing those days. Not know the little woman—say, if anyone had handed me that in those days there'd have been something coming his way from me. Sure thing! But now—why, I just say, “Right you are, old man—put it there! And I'm glad of it. Don't want to know her any better than I do. Keeps me guessing, and she's the best guess ever!”

Happened to come home a trifle early the other evening and discovered that Pauline was entertaining a caller, Mrs Hotchkiss Appleworth. Never did take to her much, anyhow. She gossips too much and—hang it all, she seems to think life is a sort of continuous-performance vaudeville show; and the thicker you lay on the make-up the more real color you give the show.

Just as I entered the dining room I heard Pauline say, “I would not go back to the old-fashioned kind I used to use.”

“No,” said Mrs Appleworth, “It rubs off too easily, nor is it as easily applied. This brand is so easy to put on and lasts so long!”

“Yes,” said Pauline,” and if one is proud of one's skin there is a lot of satisfaction in feeling that one is not injuring it by using this. Jimmie objects to my using anything of the kind anyway, but—” and just there I lost the thread of conversation.

Now, what do you think of that? Wasn't that enough to set any man's think battery running full power? I'm free to confess that my curiosity was sizzling hot. How could

it be otherwise? The more I puzzled over this mysterious concoction the more certain I became that it was some sort of complexion cream or cosmetic. That was the result of association of ideas—Mrs Appleworth—cosmetics. I never thought of one without the other.

Now, Pauline and I have been married three years, and you'd think that by this time I would know her well enough to be certain whether or not she trotted in the "make-up" class. Well, I was certain—until then. And this goes to show the general asininity inherent in every man. I forthwith began to suspect that she'd been fooling me all this time. I began to peek and pry and covertly spy.

Did she tumble? My son, you're an innocent and ought to run home to mamma. Don't ever try anything foolish like that with any woman. Tumble! Say, it cost me a theater party and no end of candy to get out from under.

What? Sure not! Nothing to do with cosmetics. They'd simply been comparing notes on kitchen affairs and I'd been fool enough to leap to conclusions on a fragment of conversation relative to something they use in that part of the home.

Truly, woman is a riddle and man is a fool—when he tries to solve it.

Good Housekeeping. December, 1908. [advertising section]

The “Good Old Times.”

No byline

The man who undertakes to argue with a woman is—well, to let him down easy, we’ll say he is foolish. No matter what the weight of evidence he may possess, he ought to know before he begins that he never can convince her. He is attempting the impossible. She isn’t open to reason, persuasion or conviction, in any form whatsoever.

Not long since, I inadvertently referred to the “good old times.” Say, I might just as well have waved a red rag in front of a bull.

“‘Good old times,’ indeed!” snapped Pauline. “Jimmy Allison, the older you grow the more foolish you grow! The good old times are well enough to read about in story books, but I know, and you know, that there can be no comparison between the days of our grandparents and our own days.”

Now, you’ll admit that that was a little sudden. The remark had been dropped without any particular thought, and I confess it nettled me a little to be jumped on like that. Of course, I promptly picked the gantlet up, and undertook to prove to my own satisfaction, if not Pauline’s, that the old times really were “good,” and the present times sadly out of joint.

It was no use. Pauline had me hip and thigh. She marched me from one modern invention to another, right in our own kitchen. I was forced to admit that we had a greater variety of food, that we had it better cooked, that the telephone was indispensable, and so on. I tried to stem the tide, but it was no use. “You’re wrong, Jimmy; you know you’re wrong,” sputtered Pauline. “Why, Jimmy Allison, you would no more stand for the good old times,’ as you call them, than nothing at all! There isn’t a single thing today, from a common pin to a kitchen range, that isn’t an improvement over your ‘good old times!’” it.

There was an opening, and I grabbed it. Metaphorically speaking, I climbed on a high pedestal; I knew I’d get pushed off, but there was some satisfaction in getting there, anyway.

“Pauline.” said I gently, “if my memory serves me aright, I heard you tell the furniture man the other day that there hasn’t been any decent furniture made since the days of our grandfathers.” (Pauline is a bit of a crank on antiques.) “Now you say that from a pin to a range we’ve got the old-time duffers beaten to a standstill. Consistency, Consistency, thou art a jewel of great price!”

Pauline was very busy. I hadn’t noticed what she was doing until just that moment. I hadn’t any time to sit on pedestals then. She was wiping my silk hat with a black rag, and I was willing to take oath that I had seen her dusting a chair with that same rag not five minutes before. I didn’t stop to argue then. Silk hats are subjects for tender solicitude. I guess Pauline thought I was a little short on temper when I snatched that hat, and if the truth be known, she wasn’t far wrong.

“Why, Jimmy!” said she, in the softest kind of a voice, “Don’t you want your hat dusted? It looked to me as if it needed wiping off.”

“Look here, Pauline,” said I. “you ought to know by this time that silk hats cost money, and anyone with an ounce of gumption would know enough not to use an old dusty rag to wipe off a silk hat with!”


“Jimmy, you’re mistaken.” said she, “this isn’t dusty—why, it’s just as clean and nice!”

“I know better!” I snapped. “Didn’t you just dust off that miserable old Windsor chair of yours with it, and wasn’t that so covered with dust that you could write your name on it—and then, without even shaking it, you wipe off my hat!”

There was a superior sort of smile turning up the corners of Pauline’s mouth. “Do you see any dust on your hat, Jimmy?” she said softly. I had to confess that I didn’t. Pauline is saucy, some- times. She deliberately flirted that dust rag in my face. I ducked, but I needn’t have. There was simply nothing doing.

“Jimmy,” said Pauline, slyly, “they couldn’t have done that in the ‘good old times’!”

Good Housekeeping. June. 1909. [advertising section]



REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL BY HENRIETTA S. BARNETT

Baby is first—of course!
But next to him—or her—the Pride of the Home is the Furniture. It is like the baby in one respect: it is at its best when it is clean.

Every housekeeper knows how difficult it is to keep furniture in that condition. Feather dusters are of little value. They simply move the dust from one place to another. A damp cloth smears and streaks the surface. Most polishing preparations gloss over the dirt, but do not remove it, and set it, forever and a day.

Ivory Soap removes the dirt, bringing out all the beauty of the wood; and it does not injure the grain.

All you need is a cake of Ivory Soap, two pails of tepid water (one for washing and one for rinsing), a soft sponge, a chamois and a few pieces of cheesecloth.

DIRECTIONS: First, with a dry cloth, wipe off all dust. Then with warm Ivory Soap suds and a sponge, wash whatever furniture needs to be cleaned. Rinse with clean water. Wipe lightly with a piece of cheesecloth. Polish with a chamois.

Ivory Soap . . . 99⁴/₁₀₀ Per Cent. Pure.

UNDATED MATERIAL FROM SCRAPBOOK

This section comprises a mass of material included in the scrapbook in the Thornton W. Burgess collection in the Massachusetts Historical Society archives. It is assumed that these pieces, some credited, but mostly uncredited, and all undated, appeared in the *Springfield Homestead* between 1899 and 1900. “Grinds and Nonsense” is the header used in the scrapbook to collect the majority of these pieces, mostly comic verse, many of which are topical and refer to local issues and politicians. Note that two pieces, an untitled poem that begins “There’s nothing now in Dago town,” and “Dame Springfield’s Boys and their Christmas Toys,” contain ethnic slurs.

From the Curbstone.

Waldo

There was a beautiful scrap down on Court street near Dwight Wednesday afternoon – at least, everybody who saw it said that it was beautiful. Three young toughs insulted a girl and an old man promptly sallied forth to inflict suitable chastisement, but three to one were too great odds and the old man speedily got the worst end of the argument. Then a heroic onlooker rushed in to separate the combatants and not being on hand at the start and therefore not realizing that the old man was fighting against odds, grabbed the victim by the arms and backed him up against a building. The three assailants disappeared and the old man freeing himself put a straight left to the nasal organ of the would-be peacemaker and then, freeing himself hurried and knocked down one of the toughs as he entered a barber shop and the fight was resumed, the old man's women folk getting mixed up in it in an effort to get him away. Finally he allowed himself to be led away and peace reigned and the cops came. And the spectators, nearly 200, stood around in little groups and bemoaned the end and said it was a beautiful fight. And this is 19th century civilization as viewed from the curbstone.

“Hot, ain't it?” Three short, insignificant words by themselves, but oh how vibrant with discomfort, when taken in conjunction these days! And what nerve-racking words they are when you hear them three score or more times in the course of a day! You are almost tempted to avoid meeting an acquaintance for the sweet pleasure of missing that temper irritating phrase.

The marketman, the grocerman, the man who peddles milk,
The strawberry man, the yeast man and others of their ilk;
The clerk who smooths his scented hair,
The bank clerks sleek and debonair,
Your neighbors and your neighbor's wife,
His boy, the torment of your life,
Have just one thought and thus they paint it,
In bass, soprano, cracked falsetto, “Hot, ain't it?”

Hot, ain't it? The beads drip from the newsboy's nose;
Hot, ain't it? The gamin rubs his brick- burned toes;
Hot, ain't it? The postman peels off all he dares;
Hot, ain't it? The conductor calls instead of “fares;”
Hot, ain't it? De barkeep makes it up with ice;
Hot, ain't it? Charming Juliet was nice.
But though in glowing terms the papers paint it.
I'll wager that the crowd just thought, Hot, ain't it?

And speaking of the weather and watching the thunder heads go by without so much as a sprinkle, conversation was turned to lightning and the queer freaks the surplus fluid that escapes from nature's big storage batteries sometimes cuts up. A

Cape Codder told of a farm house he once saw twisted at an angle of 45 degrees on its underpinning. The bolt had passed in through the front room across the mantel piece, whipping the lambrequin out from under the ornaments so deftly that none of them were upset, passed through the wall, leaving the lambrequin in the hole, across the bed where the farmer and his wife were sleeping, stunning them slightly, into the boy's bedroom, giving him a severe shock, [...] into the yard, throwing about [...] picket fence up into a cherry [...]ing up finally in the barn, [...] led a horse.

The silence became oppressive until a little western woman spoke. "Lightning certainly is queer," said she. "Out near my home is a very large tree, one that was somewhat noted in that locality for its great size and remarkable symmetry. During a severe tempest the tree was struck by a bolt of lightning, the leaves and every vestige of bark from the roots to the tips of the smallest twigs being stripped off, and not a twig or a limb broken. There the tree stood as if carved in ivory, perfect, save for its bark and leaves."

"I knew of another bolt that cut up a funny antic," she continued. "It happened in my aunt's house. Probably all of you have seen those bolts in the form of balls of fire that appear to move in a leisurely manner. Well, it was one of those and it came in at an open window, rolled across the floor, jumped up in my aunt's lap in a familiar sort of way, landing between her and the baby on her knees and then rolled out of another window and disappeared across the yard with a little fox terrier in full pursuit, barking wildly. My aunt and the baby were badly affected, but the wonder is they were not killed."

I have a high degree of admiration for a certain wheelman of this city. It happened one day this week on Main street that a baby dropped its nursing bottle from the carriage and the glass lay in a dozen pieces on the sidewalk. The mother picked them up and threw them into the street, where they landed just in front of the wheelman. Turning in toward the sidewalk, he was off his wheel in a flash. "I beg your pardon, madam," said he politely, cap in hand, to the astonished woman, "but I presume you are not aware that by this action you lay yourself liable to a fine. I trust you will pardon me, but I wished to save you some little difficulty." Thereupon he picked up the glass and returned it to the woman who found a corner in the carriage for it. Doubtless his prompt, diplomatic action saved many a good tire.

"I wish there was a place here where a woman could go in bathing," said a pretty girl as the mercury crawled up toward three figures one day this week. Her wish has been echoed by hundreds. Worcester has a bathhouse for women in her beautiful lake. At the Holyoke canoe club bathing and swimming has become one of the most popular of summer sports. A big bathing float has been put in and dressing rooms for the ladies provided. As a result many of Holyoke's fair daughters are mastering the pleasant art of caring for themselves when in the water. To be sure Holyoke has cleaner water, but still the water on the West Springfield shore opposite this city is fairly clear and a bath house over there would make it all that could be desired.

Springfield Homestead. c. 1900 [scrapbook]

From the Curbstone.

Waldo

These are rare days for the edge-of-the-sidewalk contingent. Usually at this season of the year politics alone monopolize the conversational powers of the elect, but this year come Dewey, politics and the race between the Columbia and Shamrock in a bunch and it is a toss-up which is the most exciting.

Those who think Springfield too much of an inland city to be interested in the yacht races should wander through a few hotel corridors and listen to the talk along the streets. As a matter of fact a number will go from this city to see the races.

Will the eagle scream or the lion roar?
I've a dollar or two to place,
But ye Gods forefend that I lay my all
On the boat to lose the race.

A rather good story came my way the other day. The teller and the victim were one and the same, a local dentist and apparently he enjoyed the joke as hugely as if it had been on some other fellow. "It was when I first opened an office," said he, "and I was then in Holyoke. One day a big, grimy coal heaver, a brawny Irishman, came in to have a tooth out and took gas. As he began to go under its influence I noticed his fists working in a decidedly scrappy fashion and being a small man myself I got behind the chair. As I pulled his head back to get at the tooth, his eyes rolled up and saw me. Like a flash his huge, hands shot up and catching me by the collar he lifted me over the back of the chair and flung me like a sack of meal down between the chair and wall. The wonder was that he didn't throw me through the window."

And while we are pulling teeth here is another story from the same author. Understand, I'm not responsible. According to the doctor this happened of recent date. "I had an appointment to pull six teeth for a man recently and it turned out the funniest experience I ever had," says he. "The man came and took gas. When the first tooth came the man braced head and heels and arched the middle of his body. Of course I couldn't work that way, so I lifted his feet, pushed him down into position and got the second tooth. The same thing happened again and finding that I couldn't stop straighten him out every time, I pulled him out over the back of the chair and laid him on the floor where I could hold him down. When the third tooth came his feet drew up and then straightening suddenly forced us along the floor a length. The same thing happened with the fourth, and by the time the fifth was out we had traveled half way to the reception room. I have a big hound who was sleeping there. The noise attracted his attention and he came to investigate. Seeing us both on the floor, he evidently concluded a scrap was on and made a jump for my patient. Of course I had to drop my forceps, choke off the dog, send him back and then get the last tooth. When the man came out from under the influence of the gas he said that all the time he had thought he was in a regular bruising mill and was getting the best of it. It struck me like something of a scrap myself."

Springfield Homestead. c. 1900 [scrapbook]

“Grinds and Nonsense” from *Springfield Homestead*.

In the Republican City Committee.

Somebody says that black is white,
I wonder who!
Somebody says that wrong is right,
And that is true!
Somebody's told an awful lie,
I wonder who, I wonder why!

Untitled poem

A rub-a-dub-dub!
Hardtack and beer!
Camp has been struck,
The boys are all here.
Faces all subburned,
Rifles all bright,
And smiles reminiscent
Of guns not in sight.

Untitled poem

Have you seen Inspectors Boyle and Quilty
On the street?
It is said that on the quiet
They will treat.
They each wear a smile expansive
And their pockets bulge substantive.
Give the happy hand to Boyle and Quilty
When you meet.

Easter

The little chickens peep and peck their pretty shells;
The little birdies sing in answer to the bells;
The pretty maidens smile and show their tucks and frills,
And pa forgets the sermon and figures on the bills.

A Question of Dam

Learned, profound and grave of mien,
As doth law makers most become,
With all the knowledge of the ways
That pass some bills and sidetrack some,
In solemn state (expenses paid),
The learned committee plied its trade.

Which is, if rumor hath the truth,

To listen to the pleas of men
Who want or don't want this or that,
And when all's said, why then,
Be entertained and most imprest
With him that entertaineth best.

Be that the truth or be it not,
'Twas shown the learned committee why
The city for a cause most potent
Of water needs a new supply,
And how that best may be obtained
From hills by Westfield river drained.

'Twas shown how that the river dammed
Would furnish Springfield pure drink
For generations yet unborn,
And still the river would not shrink
To hurt the power that it is giving
To turn the wheels of Westfield's living.

But certain small men over there
Most ludicrously fell a-fussing,
And when they heard a dam proposed
Straightway fell the scheme a-cussing.
As if they suffered bile in liver
They damned the scheme to dam the river.

They said a dam to hold the water
Would be most damning to the town
Dependent upon whips and snappers
For claim it hath upon renown.
And damned industry's wheels would be
By those who dammed what should be free.

And so in parliamentary form
They damned the dam to dam the stream,
The damming which they said would damn
Some sordid whippersnapper's dream
Of damning wealth, which he would grip,
Though we be damned to Ludlow sip.

The Boy Guessed Right

There once was a boy who went to sea,
And he was an unassuming lad!
He learned every wrinkle and how to be
The proper kind of sailor to be had!
The naval board invited him to come one day
For a private little interview;

And they welcomed Master Jack with a slap upon the back,
Saying, "Guess what we've got for you?"

Chorus:

And the boy guess'd right the very first time, very first time, very first time!
He guess'd right away 'twas a new Manila hat!
I wonder how he came to think of that.
That boy took Manila and then he came home
And found he was a hero, don't you know!
So he then decided never more to roam,
Though life mayhap would seem little slow!
And he took himself a wife, was married right away,
And vowed that he would be true!
Then his wife growing bolder laid her head upon his shoulder,
Saying, "Guess how I dream of you?"

Chorus:

And the boy guess'd right the very first time, very first time, very first time!
He guessed right away that he'd be a candidate,
No matter if he was a little late!

Some Days

First there comes the strawberry days,
Days of fetes upon the lawn;
Then there come the days of roses
All abloom in early morn;
But alas! those days are numbered!
Muggy days will follow fast,
With unto their misery added
Buggy days ere they are past.

Untitled poem

Were you down at the policemen's ball,
Pinned up against the wall,
Or one of the hoppers
Who danced with the coppers
Last night on the floor of the hall?

A Resolution. Written on the fly-leaf of the New Year by the Connecticut River navigation association.

Resolved: That ere the curtain shall be rung
Upon the year that's just begun
This much we'll do:
We'll have a meeting that at least
Shall end in harmony and peace,
With naught to rue.

We'll leave a trailing cloud of smoke
From fiery tongues that other folk
May know that we
Propose to show it is no dream
That boats shall navigate this stream,
Though it may be
We have to eat two lunches on
The Mascot as she floats upon
The waters clear.
Though we must take a junket twice
We'll show the world at any price
That navigation's here.

Untitled poem

The same old hounds (?) with pointed ears;
Same little Eva, same old tears;
Same old Tom with padded clo'es;
Same old ice that never froze;
Same old crafty lawyer Marks;
Dogs with just the same old barks;
Topsy grow'd the same old way,
But, "Lord ob lub!" she's twice they say.

A Study in Colors. Which May Throw Some Side Lights on Various Perplexities

To those who are not color blind
And still can't keep the shades in mind;
Who are most often sorely vexed
Because, forsooth, they are perplexed
To bear in mind the colors all,
Know which to pass and which to call,
These simple jingles I indite
To help them find the wanted light.
For Forest park or Worthington
Two reds and white will be the one,
While red and orange always do
Carew and Belmont avenue,
If red have white above, you know,
To Agawam bridge mayhap you'll go,
Though Mittineague also makes claim
And Merrick takes the very same.
Or, if the light be wholly red,
'Tis Maple or Brightwood instead.
Take orange placed above the blue
For hospital and Benton, too.
Plainfield and Catharine at night

Mix blue and red by way of light.
If it may chance your duty calls
To Chicopee or to the Falls,
Through Brightwood you will go, I wean,
So take a light that's wholly green.
And thence returning from a lark
'Twill drop you at Winchester park,
Or, if you care to keep on riding,
In Ludlow you will find a siding.
For Chicopee by Glenwood's route,
Green over red must always flout,
And coming back you stay inside
And to Longmeadow get a ride.
To reach the Falls by Liberty,
Green, white and green will always be
The combination, and you'll find
That Walnut also takes this kind.
An all blue light will always do
To ride on St James avenue,
And when it goes the other way
Up Chestnut and Carew will stray.
For depot via State and Dwight
Blue over green's the only light.
If run reversed to learning lends
For by a college entrance ends.
King street takes a pure white,
While Holyoke wants an orange light.
For Hancock or for Tatham hill
Find green below the orange still.

After the Fourth

The firecracker's cracked its last;
The last torpedo burst its skin;
The rocket's shot its fiery course,
The pistol ceased its horrid din.

And Willie counts his fingers up,
And adds to them his toes;
At least his mother does, and thanks
The Lord if each still grows.

The Man with the Hoe

He toils in his back yard, ten by ten,
The sweat of toil on his brow
And he swears by the vows of ancient men
That he never knew till now,

Of what each son of the soil must know,
The joy of the man with the hoe.

He hoes with a vim, he hoes with a will,
He smooths and rakes the soil,
The spell of the catalog pictures still
Setting his brain in a roil
With visions of garden stuff to grow
Where he sweats and toils, the man with the hoe.

And his wife in the doorway looks and smiles
As she sees him wipe his face,
And mentally figures out, the whiles,
The cost of that little space
For seeds and dressing and the things that grow
In the garden plot of another man with the hoe.

The Automobile Face

Have you seen the apparition,
The automobile face?
The physiog of him who tries
To take McDuffie's pace?
The countenance of him who calls
The horse a bygone race?

It is a weird and wondrous thing,
This automobile face!
And all because its owner will
Cut out such awful pace,
His whiskers find it difficult

To keep up in the race.

The eyes that glare from out of this,
The automobile face,
Are never shut; they cannot be,
Because you see the pace
Will not admit of e'en a wink,
When automobiles race.

The hat is anchored on above
The automobile face,
And let me whisper ere again
He quickens up his pace,
This wonderful thing still claims to be
Part of the human race.

Untitled poem

Alas! 'Tis true, that old, old saw
About the cup and lip!
My plans were laid to catch a trout.
Instead I caught the grip.

The Nuisance Trust

Holly Steam and Sooty Smoke
Went on a jamboree.
The one was white, the other black
As any you should see.

Said Sooty Smoke, "Now let's fly high;
In truth, let's be discreet."
Quoth Holly Steam, "They'll stand for much,
So let's rip up the street."

So Holly Steam went up in air,
And Sooty Smoke came down,
And taking Ludlow as a pard
They've nearly done the town.

Untitled poem

Mother, mother may I go to swim?
Yes, my hopeful son;
Hang your clothes on a willow limb
And watch the sewer run.

This is an ancient saw made new,
And the kids, do they obey?
The bath house locked, in the city's filth,
They dive the live-long day.

'Tis Passing Strange

The poets have sung of April showers,
Of April skies and April flowers;
But all forget the April gust
That does the whirl with April dust.

Untitled poem

Will someone please explain to me,
And thus unto the town,
Just how it is when I slip up
I'm always falling down.

Untitled poem

She'd done the theater all the week;
She'd been to every show,
She said she's glad that Jeffries won
Because She Loved Him So.

Ask the Republican Committee

Can men be out and still be in?
Can men who lose be said to win?
Can right be wrong? And please explain
How men thrown down bob up again.

Untitled poem

When the north wind whoops and howls down the street
And tangles the skirts around feminine feet,
And whips off the hats and dances in glee
Where the watering cart has forgotten to be,
And picks up the dirt and blows it in clouds,
Till the people you meet appear walking in shrouds;
When you wash out your eyes in order to see,

And find the dirt with you wherever you flee;
When you cough and you strangle, you choke and you gag,
As if you'd been off on a terrible jag;
When your stomach is dry and your throat is so dusty,
Sure, who can say aught if you wash it with "musty?"

Untitled poem

There's nothing now in Dago town
That Lige can't call his own,
From the flea-beridden monkey
To the belle of highest tone.
He can have his macaroni
Served in Italy's best style,
He can watch them baka da peanut
And fill his hands the while;
He can hava da red-hot chestnut
And never mind the cash,
And taka the ripe banan
Without the turning of a lash,
For Lige now tastes of royalty,
He's the liege of Dago town,
For he's the hurdy gurdy critic,
With power to turn 'em down.

Untitled poem

He was awkward, which was sad,
Her train was long, which was bad,
And if a bit of slang is fair,
They surely had been on a tear.

The Punster's Philosophy

If 'tis not meet that I should meet with
meat enough to-day,
I'll be well-bred, give thanks for bread,
and thus my hunger stay.

Untitled poem

It always seems to me most queer
How fishermen who fail
To land a single spotted trout
Still always have a tale.

Untitled poem

The naughty boy! the naughty boy!
Won't somebody make him good?
He thumbs his nose at the police and court,
Laughs at the threats that come to naught,
Says they're a lot of easy marks,
And fooling them is one of his larks.
It's up to the cops and up to the judge,
Their power is nill and their laws are fudge.
The naughty boy! The naughty boy!
Won't somebody make him good?

Untitled poem

The little sparrows twitter and fuss among the trees;
The dusty dirt clouds flutter with every sportive breeze;
The housewife turns the household inside out and back;
The wheelman leaves a-scorching and comes home with a tack;
Elm beetles kick their legs out for things now come their way,
And everything rejoices, or thinks it [d...] in May.

The Rescue.

He sat upon the fallen bridge,
Whence e'en the rats had fled,—
A roaring flood beneath his feet,
A slip noose overhead.

His eye was keen, his nerve was good,
He saw his only hope,
And as it swayed this way and that
He wildly grasped the rope.

I've heard, quoth he, of many men.
Who hung till they were dead,
But now it seems that I must hang
That I may live instead.

Untitled poem

Alas! Alas! Woe, woe is me!
The trusts indeed hold sway,
For now I read the "copper" trust
Possess YMCA.

To the Ludlow Bog

Here's to thine end, thou bed of ooze!
Methinks that preferable were booze
To thy rich sediment.
For he who holds the ruby glass
Knows that but visions all that pass,
No real impediment.

But he who drinks thy mud-stained cup
Will pause ere he may lift it up
And shudder in his dread,
No visions there he knows full well;
He knows his drinking is the knell,
Of things alive and dead.

Real are thy snakes; thy lizards crawl;
A trail of slime is over all;
Alive thy wriggling eels;
He shuts his eyes for stomach's sake
And drinks with hope it will not make
Him sicker than he feels.

Here's to thine end, thou bed of ooze,
Of old tin cans and wornout shoes,
Synura, toads and frogs.
Here's to thine end! We pray the boon
May be vouchsafed us mighty soon.
A curse upon thy bogs!

Untitled poem

If I were a clam—
Ah me! Ah me!
How little I'd want
A clam to be.

Dame Springfield's Boys and Their Christmas Toys

'Twas Christmas morn, and Dame Springfield was wakened by the noise
Of shouts of joy and glee among her family of boys,
For each and all with one accord had hung his stocking where
Old Santa Claus would surely find and put a present there,
And scattered 'round in merry groups upon the kitchen floor
In stockings long and stockings short they merrily explore.

First happy, laughing Billy Hayes draws from a stocking blue
Two omens of success and luck, a crib and horse's shoe.
"Hurrah!" cried Charlie Parsons, then "Hurrah! See what I've got!
A new refrigerator on a handy open lot."
Then Tommy Burns pulled out a club, a baseball club, you know,
And swore he felt a pennant, too, away down in the toe.

A picture of the capitol was drawn by Henry Dick,
And knee-high Charlie Hoag drew a monkey on a stick,
But when Lige Newell took his sock and pulled his present out,
And held it up for all to see, 'twas greeted with a shout,
For Santa Claus had not forgot the music-loving ear,
And Lige had got an organ that was somewhat out of gear.

Then over in a corner rose a most prodigious din.
To come on Christmas morning so, it surely was a sin.
It seems that Frankie Goodspeed and that little Sammy Bowles
Had got into a quarrel over saving heathen souls.
For Frankie had a cannon and poor Sammy had a doll,
A little Filipino with a very kinky poll.

And Frankie had insisted on a shooting at the nig,
And set poor Sam in terror till he fairly danced a jig.
Then Harry Anderson in glee pulled forth a pretty toy,
An automobile run by juice that filled his heart with joy.
Barney got a boulevard and Allis said he'd lend
His brand-new bridge, a pretty thing, to join it at the end.

Charlie Goodhue got a swamp he called a reservoir;
Fred Wright a pair of corsets, that he "trust"-ed would be more.
Dave Newcomb got a chromo of St Patrick on the force,
And Langtry, Albert P., why, he found a doll of course,
A pretty little Otis with a general's sword and hat,

A puppet Al could move about and know where he was at.

Little Howard Regal, who has donned the critic's kilts,
And takes dramatic tumbles from too big a pair of stilts,
A southern negro cabin found he could appreciate,
With Topsy's twain, a funny pair, brought strictly up to date.
Paul Hawkins, known as Dusty Roads, with joy upon his face,
Drew forth a fore-and-after hat, all fine with gold and lace.

Mose Holcomb let his stocking fall with a metallic thump
And from its depths drew slowly forth a really truly pump;
And Bellamy, the dreamer, he who lives up in the skies,
A gauzy paper fairy saw hung up before his eyes,
While Upton, little Georgie, scarce could pull his present out,
A bandstand put on rollers and designed to push about.

Elisha Morgan played that he was captain of a boat
And dragged a steamer round on wheels because it wouldn't float.
A kit for making quick repairs was what Sam Fowler found
To patch his rusty Holly pipes when bursting under ground.
And Olmsted, sober, steady John, found 'way down in the toe
A pair of mittens nice and warm to use when digging snow.

And Rice, poor Johnnie, found that time had surely taken toll,
For feeling in his striped sock, found nothing but a hole.
But Willmore Stone with happy smile, a pair of undressed kids
Drew forth, and looked with scorn on those who dared to offer bids.
Then Davie Power sat him down, a bottle in his hand,
And soothing syrup soon restored his usual self command.

A ballet girl, with scanty skirts and charms that can't be sung,
Was peeping from the woolen sock that Dutchy Conrad hung.
A phonograph to talk for him was Charlie Kirkham's prize,
You'd surely think 'twas Charlie's voice you did but shut your eyes.
Then Charlie Young held up a drum and vowed he stood to treat,
He knew that he had found at last a thing that he could beat.

A most peculiar stocking hung a way down in the row,
A scarlet stocking slim and long, quite feminine you know,
And from its depths the only girl who dared to take the floor,
Miss Laura Mattoon, drew forth in glee a brand-new "pinafore."
McDonald, he of martial mien, familiarly called Hen,
Found cattails with advice to use on boys not over ten.

A most tremendous racket that was more of noise than harm
Showed Sleepy Agent Kimball had a clock with an alarm.
An envelope held up to view where everyone could see
Was waved about in frantic joy by Horney, Odus C.
Within he found a pretty note, a captaincy for one,

And swore his regulars would make Jenk's state militia run.

And Freddie Gillett, who has sworn to be a single man,
A "housewife" found wherewith to mend his trousers if he can.
Land lubber Tommy Balliet, who hankers for the sea,
A lemon found on which to suck when sheltered in the lea.
And Lovely of the Monitor, why, what should Georgie find
But just a primer wherewith he could much enrich his mind.

A doll of course for Louis Hyde, a Sousa if you please,
While little Billy Warriner was down upon his knees
A-studying with might and main a primer of the law,
And how and when and where to speak and when to take the floor.
The Adams boy found had come true his very wildest dream,
And Santa left a roller there that ran by truly steam.

Jim Lewis, who has vowed to be an undertaker man,
A dear dead tabby cat received to practice all he can.
And Freddie Jenks, with martial air, strode up and down the floor,
A captain's sword and straps he had and dreamed of deeds of war.
But none among those merry boys was happier, I think,
Than little Louis Newman with his little toys of zinc.

A Blue Tale

On Tuesday 'twas the sky most blue;
This tale is strange, yet it is true;
When Wednesday came 'twas wind that blew,
And all day long the apples flew,
Till Thursday dawning, all folk knew
The farmers all were turning blue.

Untitled poem

'Tis passing strange how people rush
That they be coaled this fall,
In order that some three months hence
They be not cold at all.

The West Springfield Spook

This spook, it ain't so much!
Not the kind that 'seems ter clutch
Yer breath, an' freeze it in a chill,
So yer dasnt run, yet can't stand still,
An' feel a ragtime up and down yer me up and spine.
An' think of home, yet do opine
Yer feet are heavy as a clod,
In fact, are rooted in the sod.
The kind that moves in pale blue light

An' flashes brimstone on the sight,
An' starts a cold an' clammy sweat
That's anything but nice, yer bet.
This spook is nothing but a voice,
At that, I'm told, not over choice.
In fact, this spook will never make
A higher class than pure fake.

THE HOMESTEAD'S VALENTINES

To My Lady's Ball Gown.
Thou flimsy bit of silk and lace,
Thou product of the loom,
Creature of labor underpaid,
And of the factory's gloom.

Evolved from brain and hand of man,
Stol'n from the worm and slave,
The basest born of all that's base,
Of all that toil ere gave.

And yet, methinks, I envy thee,
Aye, jealousy hath hold
Upon my heart because of thee,
For thou art overbold.

And thou hast dared to win what all
The world would fain possess,—
Her smile, the love light in her eye,
Her lingering caress.

Thou flimsy bit of silk and lace,
Thou product of the loom,
Happy thou to be so loved,
Whate'er may be thy doom.

To Alderman Blodgett

I, too, deplore progressive spirit
And shake with fear when I am near it.
Come to my heart, say you'll be mine,
And let me be your valentine.

To the Drummer Boy

A-rat-a-tat-tat-a-tat-tat-a-tat-tat
The Drummer Boy has come.
A-rat-a-tat-tat-a-tat-tat-a-tat-tat
He beats the same old drum.
He tells a worn old story, a drama of sixty-four,

But it thrills through us who listen as it never thrilled before.
It was but a tale of long ago, but now it touches the heart;
We've sent our drummers to battle; with the loved we've had to part.
We've watched our boys go marching, as they harked to duty's call.
We've cheered with voices husky, knowing that some must fall;
We've waited in vain for letters, yet dreaded lest they should come,
We've heard "Lights out" from the bugle, the roll of the muffled drum,
And so as we sit and listen to a tale which some call old,
We see in another setting a drama of life unfold.

To the King of Sharps

What Sousa knows of horns and harps
We often read in flats and sharps;
But though we thought him once a harper,
It now turns out he is a sharper.

Kiss and Make Up

Ho-ag and Morgan! Cupid pierce
These hearts that long have beaten fierce
And give the waiting world a sign
That Hoag now is Morgan's love,
That Morgan's Hoag's ducky dove,
And each the other's valentine.

To Jim Lewis

True love may never be divorced,
No matter what the issue forced.
Thus must the old man of the sea,
Jim Lewis, on our shoulders be,
For love of salary hath him bound
So fast relief may not be found.

The Belle of the Ball

Her skirt is long,
her corsage low;
Her neck as white
as driven snow,
And in her cheeks
the sunset's glow,
A lily tall.
The silks and laces
old and rare,
The jewels in her
golden hair
But lend their aid

to make her fair,
The queen of all.
Not less a queen
one summer day
I met her by the
foam-flecked bay,
Daring the ripples
in their play
To kiss her feet.
Her skirt was scant, her arms were bare;
The sunbeam's glint was in her hair,
And wandering breezes lingered there,
As it were meet.

Do You Know Him?

This is the ass who goes down the street
And leers at the girls he chances to meet.
A four-legged ass always needs a good licking,
And this two-legged ass stands in need of a kicking.

Captain Smith, Ahoy!

HOY there, Captain Smith! Ahoy,
You who without chart or buoy,
Dast to sail
The mighty river stretching forth
Nine miles south and nine miles north
Ere it fail
In navigation's cause to flow,
Because, alas, so dammed, you know,
That the shad
Have flopped their tails in sheer despair
And left for other waters where
Chance is had.
Aye, aye, sir! You and your new boat
So soon, we hope, to be afloat
And to ride
And bear with pride the charming name
Bestowed by some most worthy dame,
O'er the tide;
Aye, aye, sir! You and she, the ship
(Forgive us if we made a slip)
Do possess
And hold the wishes of us all,
That you'll have met ere comes the fall,
Grand success.

To Art

Thy lovely form we bow before,
And do but worship thee the more;
Though in a cow disguised thou be,
So Gill announce that it is thee.

Alas! Alas!

Two little angels, innocent things,
Flew in the flame and lost their wings,
Brief was their dash.
Wilder and Goss, they flashed to view.
At the end of a week they'd gotten through
With all their cash.

To the Golf Girl

Ma lassie, hae ye noticed hoo,
When wi' yir clubs a- swingin',
Ye seek the green, yir winsome face
Sets a' the birds a- singin'?
The sun through a' the clouds 'ill break,
The verra winds grow softer,
Sae lightsome iss the bonnie sicht
When ye 'ill swing yir lofter.
But, lassie, hae ye never kent
The hazard A'll be fearin';
The love A fain would make ma ain,
Yet dinna dare be speirin'?
An' if yir heart 'ill no allow
That A may be yir laddie,
A 'ill no greet if yir 'ill say
That A may be yir caddie.

The Bad Boy

That bad, bad, bad, bad, bad, bad boy!
He raises the devil and thumbs his nose
And ought to be walloped from head to toes,
But the deuce of it is he is somebody's joy.

Hello--Goodby

Hello, central! Hello, hello!
Central, aren't you rather slow?
Wires crossed? Well, what the deuce!
You don't care? It ain't no use?

Say, central, hello! Central, say,
Just be a little choicer, pray.
Ain't isn't just the sort of word
That ladies use. What? I'm a bird?
No jolly, central; don't you know
The automatic don't do so?
What! You don't give a – well,
It sounded mighty – what? – don't tell?
Central, say – Hello, hello!
Don't get mad, for, don't you know,
That auto – what? – You've got my line?
Don't want it now, for I opine
I'd rather talk to you a while.
What! cut me off? Don't like my style?
The automatic won't get fly,
So here's to you. Hello – Good-by!

A Lost 'Eart

I've lost a heart. Pray have you found
A stray heart anywhere around?
If such you find, you'll know 'tis mine,
So keep it as your valentine.

Untitled poem

As Mickey Saw It.
Hey, Billy! Did ye git a peep
Jes' a look Inside the door?
Hey, Billy Did ye git a peep?
Aint ever seed its like before!
Swells? Say, Billy, don't yer know
Dis ting's fer charity, an' when
A ting's fer charity, de show
Is run by just de swellest men.

Gee, but it was mighty grand!
Lights an' colors all about,
Jes' like 'twuz in fairyland
Wid jes' de cops to keep us out.
Dress? Say, Billy. I aint seen
Tings like dose folks had fer cloes.
De loidy folks, yer know, I mean.
But, say, some looked like dey wuz froze.

Didn't have a ting, yer know

On dere necks, an' didn't blush;
But dey looks great when dey's so,
Slicker den a royal flush.
Billy, give dem loidies wings
Dey'd been fairies sure enough
Beautif'ler dan dose what sings
On de stage; dere jes' a bluff.

Dimuns, Billy, jes' ter burn!
Flowers stuck all in dere hair!
Didn't matter how yer'd turn
Dey trun 'em at yer everywhere.
Say, de way dose goils could smile
Like dey loved yer troo an' troo!
But yer knowd dat all de while
P'raps dey had de laugh on you.

Say, dat blowout took de stuff,
But 'twuz all fer you an' me!
Wat? Yer tink its kind uv rough
Not ter let us in ter see?
Dat's de way wid folks uv tone;
Dat's de way dey does good deeds;
Has a good time uv dere own,
An' gives de change ter dose wat needs.

But say, Billy, next year yer go
Git de right side uv a cop;
Say I'll tink yer mighty slow
If yer don't take in de hop.
Lookin' in yer almost seem
Like yer wuz at heaven's door,
An' yer tink yer in a dream,
An' yer clean fergit ye're poor.

Untitled poem

Sweet Charity, our thanks we tend,
That thou such charming guise doth lend
To aid the poor.
We thank thee that so large a price
Is given in a way so nice,
And furthermore,
That we may truly virtuous feel,
Though swift the wee sma' hours steal,
'Tis for the poor.

Untitled poem

This furor and almighty fuss
Because some poor heated, sweltering cuss
Takes off his coat and shows his taste
In color schemes for a shirt waist
Just makes me tired, through and through,
And you bet I'm hoping it is true
Corse Payton wears 'em, 'cause know
Most anything he does will go.

Untitled poem

Hark! hark! The dogs do bark
Until their bark is hoarse
Why is it thus? Why is it so?
They hear a step of "Corse."

A Mystery

I understand the meter that governs common verse
And such like gaseous matter, be it bad or be it worse,
But I can't get through my noddle how the deuce a meter will,
When I shut down on my lighting, double up my quarter's bill.

THORNTON W. BURGESS AS “YOUNG FOLKS’ EDITOR” 1902 TO 1909

Beginning on September 20, 1902, with a call for young readers of the *American Agriculturist* (and associated editions) to send in letters about owls, a figure recognizable as Thornton Burgess appears to have served in the role of “Young Folks’ Editor.” This is a position that existed before and after Burgess’s time at the publication, and it is not clear when his time in this role began and ended. Definite proof that Burgess served in this role can be found on July 16, 1904, in which he talks about his photograph of a bull moose, and on February 25, 1905, which features a photograph of Burgess feeding a squirrel, identified as “Young Folks’ Editor.” This section, thus, collects writing by the Young Folks’ Editor that may reasonably be said to have been written by Burgess, either because of its style, nature theme, and/or biographical details. In 1908, children were asked to contribute stories to a new figure, “Young Folks’ Nature Editor.” It is presumed that this was Burgess but not known for certain—other people wrote nature-oriented stories for the *American Agriculturist* during this period.

Of particular interest are stories that provide new details about Burgess’s life, articles that promote conservation and nature study, and contributions that promote hunting and, especially, trapping.

“More About To-Whit-to-Who,” published on October 25, 1902, provides possible insight into Burgess’s own nature-study evolution, recounting how he shot a short-eared owl and was taught about the bird’s “usefulness” by the farmer on whose property he was hunting. “A Society for the Young Folks” (December 3, 1904) and “A Plea for Our Feathered Friends” (December 24, 1904) provide previews of techniques Burgess would use to engage readers in his future nature-oriented organizations in the *People’s Home Journal* and Radio Nature League.

In January 1907, Burgess encouraged correspondence from boys about their trapping experiences. Burgess himself wrote about skunks and muskrats as trapping targets. (That this was Burgess is supported by his reference to an enduring theme of companionship between “real boys and grown-up boys” in the former article, and reference to his boyhood experiences trapping muskrats in Cape Cod (also discussed in *Now I Remember*) in the latter article.) In March of that year, Burgess, “swamped with letters,” asked that boys treat their victims humanely, and would end up asking boys to write about other things, especially outside of trapping season. Nevertheless, correspondence from boys about trapping continued over the next two years.

Untitled.

No Byline

Who? That is just what the Young Folks' Editor wants to know. Who of the American Agriculturist boys know anything about about owls? What do you know from your own experience? Have you ever had any for pets? Are they as wise as they look, or as stupid as they seem? The Young Folks' Editor has never been able to quite determine for himself. They have long been acquaintances of his—the little screech owl who will answer to your call so readily, the short-eared owl, who skims the meadows on swift, but silent wings in quest of mice, and the long-eared owl, who, usurping a last year's crow's nest, will still stick to it in seeming stupidity, while all the crows in the neighborhood have fun at his expense.

But some of American Agriculturist boys must have had a closer acquaintance with these so-called birds of wisdom. Do they make good pets? Can they be tamed? Have you ever seen the diminutive Arcadian owl? Did you ever find out for yourself that the great horned owl can see farther in daylight with those big yellow eyes of his, than you can, although it is popularly supposed that sunlight blinds him? Has the snowy owl ever come down from the far north in your district?

Some of you boys must have a whole lot of delightful stories about owls, and the other young folks want to hear them. Let us see who knows the most, and can put his knowledge in the most interesting way for the benefit of those who have never had the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with these feathered hunters of the night. Be sure you tell what variety of owl you are acquainted with, how you come to make his acquaintance, and what that acquaintance-ship has taught you. Here is a subject for the Young Folks' Table which should arouse no end of interest.

American Agriculturist. September 20, 1902, p. 23

More About To-Whit-to-Who.

Young Folks' Editor

Harold Elworth is right about the ability of the Virginia horned owl to see in daylight. I wonder if Harold looked at Mr Owl's eyes that time, and noticed how in the bright sun the pupils had contracted, whereas at night they would have expanded and expanded until they took in every ray of light.

The Young Folks' Editor was taught his first lesson about owls in a way which he never forgot. He was a boy then, with his first gun. I am afraid he was a little bit inclined to take life uselessly. But he learned better, and this was the way of it. He was out hunting snipe on a low, boggy meadow owned by a gruff old farmer. Suddenly a short-eared owl rose from a bunch of tall grass. The youthful sportsman fired and killed it.

Just then a gruff voice commanded, "Bring that bird here." There stood the owner

of the meadow. "What did you kill that bird for?" he questioned. The Young Folks' Editor started to say lamely, "Just for fun," but suddenly remembered that owls are birds of prey and sometimes steal chickens. He made this his excuse. What do you think the farmer did? He made the crestfallen boy take out his knife and open the owl. Then he was made to examine the contents of the crop. What he found was. the remains of mice and moles chiefly.

"Young man," said the farmer, "you will please pay me 25 cents for that bird. I reckon he has done many times that amount of good in ridding my meadow of these pests, but I'll let you off at this. Perhaps he did pick up an occasional insectivorous bird, but the harm done in this was many times offset by the good done in devouring pests."

A very thoughtful boy went home that night and right then and there he became a friend of the owls, and learned never to take life uselessly, The Young Folks' Editor and the farmer afterward became warm friends, and many a bit of natural history did the old man impart to the younger.

Now who has got another owl story? A lot of you young folks, must know about these birds with the big eyes and the silent wings. Let's have some more letters.

American Agriculturist. October 25, 1902. p. 27

An Outdoor Club.

Young Folks' Editor

Do you young folks want one? The suggestion has been made to the Young Folks' Editor, but it is not for him to decide. It is for you. If you boys and girls who are interested in the birds and the animals, the bugs and the fishes, the trees and the flowers and stories about them, really want a corner of the Young Folks' page in which once a month to tell what you know, what you have seen and heard and found out for yourselves, about the great big outdoor world, write the Young Folks' Editor so.

If there are enough who want such a department we will start it. We will call it the Outdoor club. Every boy and girl reader of this paper can become a member by sending a letter telling what feature of outdoor study he or she is especially interested in. A topic will be given out for each month and a report will be expected from each member, telling what has been observed and learned on the subject. The best of these reports will be printed. Do you want such a club? If you do, write the Young Folks' Editor at once. Send him a postal card without delay. If he receives enough cards he will start the club at once. Now then, how many want an outdoor club?

American Agriculturist. November 15, 1902, p. 28

An Outdoor Club.

Young Folks' Editor

The proposal to establish for our boys and girls interested in outdoor life and all the wonderful secrets of Mother Nature, which yet are not secret if one really seek the truth, has brought many favorable replies. It has therefore been decided to devote a corner of the Young Folks' department to be known as "The Outdoor Club." The frequency with which this department appears will depend entirely upon the interest shown.

Each boy and girl who has asked for this "club" is expected to lend his or her earnest support in making it a grand success. This can best be done by contributing frequent letters telling about what you are interested in most in the great big outdoor world, what you have learned for yourselves, your methods of studying birds and animals, and flowers and insects, what perplexes you most and what special subjects you would like taken up in the department. Ask questions. If you are puzzled by anything, say so. It is more than likely that some other member of the club can help you out. Bird, insect, animal and plant life will each in turn find a corner here. We want the scope of the "club" so broad that it will include the special interests of each and all. The Young Folks' Editor will conduct the department personally and he expects your hearty co-operation. Now then for the letters! Address all letters to the Young Folks' Editor.

American Agriculturist. January 10, 1903, p. 25

The Winter World.

Young Folks' Editor

Did I hear a small boy say "There ain't nothin' ter see in winter?" Forgiving him his bad grammar we cannot forgive his lack of observation. Nothing to see in winter! Why, this is just the time to see. No leaves now hide the nests of birds and make secure retreats for little furred people! No protecting cover now in the thickets! No chance now for feathered folk to disappear in a tree-top when you are trying to identify them! If you have eyes to see, now of all seasons are things most open to your vision.

I sometimes wonder if you boys and girls realize how many birds and animals spend the winter with you, even when your home is in the snowy belt. In the fall we talk of the going of the songsters as if that were the end of bird life until the joyous advent of spring. True the songs are at an end, but if you will listen there are cheerful little twitterings and happy greetings for you all the winter long. It is not at all unusual to count 20 or more varieties of birds in the course of a morning's walk-through snow crusted New England fields. And this is true of every other locality.

Birds are less shy in winter than in summer, thus being easier of approach and identification. So now is the time to begin the year's study and start the ornithological notebook. Remember that these little feathered folk find a change of clothing as

necessary as you do and their cold weather garments are often so different from their gay summer dress that you may be misled in your identification unless you are very careful. Never walk directly toward a bird, but approach indirectly, as if you would pass without appearing to notice. Birds at once become suspicious of direct close observation. You will find many visitors from northern climes now whom you will search for in vain a few months later. This is one strong reason why you should be afield, using your eyes in the winter.

Now let every boy and girl who is interested in the birds and who is willing to contribute to the success of this club keep a careful list of birds he or she positively identifies between now and Feb 15. On that date send your list to the Young Folks Editor to be added to the club's record of varieties. Let us see how long a list we can publish in the issue of Feb 28. This will show how many bright eyes the club has.

For you who are interested in collecting moths and butterflies and insects, this is the time to be abroad searching for cocoons. The Young Folks Editor found two recently which are unfamiliar to him and he is anticipating much pleasure in identifying them when they open in the spring. Look sharp as you go to school for these silken cradles of moths and bright-winged butterflies. You will find them swinging like dried leaves from the tips of tree twigs, securely lashed to the stems of stout weeds or saplings, tucked under the loose bark of trees and bound to the underside of fence rails. Look for them and report to the club.

American Agriculturist. January 24, 1903, p. 24

What the Littlest Girl Saw.

No Byline

"Those are my prize packages," said the Littlest Girl, as we displayed the spoil of a winter tramp through New England fields. They were some 50 little silken bundles of assorted shapes and sizes, some of them with additional coverings of dead brown leaves wrapped around snugly like blankets. Almost every one was lashed firmly to a twig or a stout weed stalk.

The Littlest Girl had named them well, for prize packages they are indeed. What do they contain? We know not save in the case of half a dozen plucked from a cherry tree. In these sleep the handsome promethea moth. For the others, we can only guess as to the sleeping beauties. But the warm days of spring and early summer will tell us the secrets and the Littlest Girl is impatiently awaiting the opening of her little locked caskets. All these were gathered on the roadside, where hundreds of people have passed all winter long, yet have seen not. The Littlest Girl has but just begun to acquire the art of seeing and her delight increases with every trip afield. Where once, not knowing how to look, she saw only snowy fields, gray fences, bare cheerless trees and dead brown weeds, now she discovers all sorts of queer interesting things, silken cocoons where she once saw only dead leaves, little white woolly looking cocoons hidden in the midst of little bunches of leaves or under rough pieces of bark or on old fence rails,

queer deserted little insect houses built in the stem of the golden-rod and called by men of learning a gall. All these things and many more she sees, where once she saw nothing. "Life is ever so much more beautiful than I used to think it was," says the Littlest Girl.

On our walk the other day we saw and were scolded by a whole flock of crows. Blue jays rang their sweetest notes for us, for the jay has a very beautiful call of his own. Three cheerful little chickadees answered our call of "Phoebe" and talked to us for half an hour. Two nuthatches out hunting a good meal ignored us entirely. A tree sparrow from the far north showed us the solitary inkspot on his shirt front. Out in the cold waters of the river ducks, the American golden-eyes or whistlers, were diving for dinner.

I cannot begin to tell you half of what we saw on that one walk, and yet people say that there is nothing to see in winter. The Littlest Girl says it is because they are blind. She means that they have not yet learned to see. That is why the Outdoor club has been formed—that its members may learn to see.

American Agriculturist. February 28, 1903, p. 24

The List of Birds.

No Byline

The List of Birds so far reported is not very long, but it is interesting. Note how many of those seen in Nebraska are also reported by Rae Taylor of Massachusetts. This shows how very widely these varieties are distributed over this big country of ours. Those scientific names are discouraging, they are so long. Never mind; just keep spelling them over to yourself until you learn them, for it is much better to know our friends by their real names than by nicknames. Now let us make the list for March a long one. Never mind if you don't see but two or three varieties, write the Young Folks' Editor about them. The club wants your list. Send your letters by March 15.

American Agriculturist. February 28, 1903, p. 24

The Power of Observation.

No Byline

Many of the lists of birds sent in to the Outdoor club are sadly incomplete. They denote lack of close observation. One list includes a "brown hawk." There are many varieties of hawks and most of them at a distance appear brown. Another list includes "woodpecker." There are several varieties of Woodpeckers and there is nothing to denote which one this one was.

Learn to observe details. Note the most conspicuous markings of the bird and where they are, on the back, breast, sides, wings or tail. Note peculiarities of flight, or of methods of feeding or of song. Don't be content to call a hawk a hawk, or a

woodpecker a woodpecker, but determine to identify positively the variety.

The birds are coming up from the south now in a great wave. Every boy and girl should use his or her eyes and see how many little strangers can be recognized and welcomed. Already the nesting season has begun, for the owls are housekeeping. This leads me to say a word to the boys. Don't take birds' eggs. Hunt nests and watch the development of the young, but leave the eggs undisturbed. No lover of the birds will rob them of their eggs.

In all the little ponds the hylas are peeping, which means spring has arrived. How many know what hylas are, or have ever seen them? Already the first spring flowers are in bloom. The trees are hanging out tassels of bloom or catkins or larger blooms. Keep a careful record of all the varieties of wild flowers you find and report to the club. This should include flowering trees. The time has come for active work. Let us hear from all our boy and girl readers. By the way, in the letters published this week, how many birds are familiar friends all over this great country from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast!

American Agriculturist. April 4, 1903, p. 27

The Littlest Girl's Walk.

No Byline

The Littlest Girl has been out walking again. Also she has been seeing things that she never saw before and she wonders why? She thinks her eyes better than they used to be. But they are not—she has learned better how to use them.

The Littlest Girl lives in the old Bay state. This year the spring opened unusually early and many of the feathered folk and the flower people and the insect host came weeks before they were expected, and the Littlest Girl has been bubbling over with excitement over the return of old friends and the making of new. But I started to tell you of the Littlest Girl's walk.

It was on a sunny day in mid-April and it was a genuine cross country tramp, with rail and barbed-wire fences, brooks, swamps, meadows and pastures. The Littlest Girl's eyes were keen. In a meadow they discovered the first dandelion, a golden coin fresh from nature's mint. Like patches of snow the bluets or houstonias lay drifted along the hillsides in cheerful crowds. In an old apple orchard a pair of bluebirds showed their chosen home, A meadow lark sang in the meadow and his happiness was taken up by song and vesper sparrows and found quick response in the heart of the Littlest Girl.

A gloomy bit of swamp was suddenly glorified by the sunshine held imprisoned by a host of cowslips. The blue of the sky was there too, held fast in two varieties of violets, while the starry faces of the rue anemone and the nodding heads of the wood anemone or windflower made fairly rings around the foot of a gnarled old chestnut. The first of the lilies, the trout lily, or adder's tongue, caused steps to linger along a side hill above a chattering brook.

In the depths of the swamp the Littlest Girl found her first hawk's nest, the

home of a red-shouldered hawk. And in a hazel thicket she saw her first wild rabbit. Butterflies and bees she saw with a new appreciation of their beauty. Other flowers she found and new bird voices greeted her eager ears. And when she reached home it was to find that a little white silken cocoon she had found in midwinter had brought forth a multitude of tiny yellow spiders. "Aren't they beautiful!" she cried.

Truly is the Littlest Girl entering into the inheritance which is the birthright of all. She used to hate spiders.

American Agriculturist. April 25, 1903, p 17.

Observations and Remarks.

No Byline

Last February you were told of the "prize packages" found by the Littlest Girl during a winter walk. She has kept these carefully all these months and for the past few weeks she has been finding out what they contained. She has had a houseful of great handsome moths, one of them, *Promethea*, being shown on this page, clinging to its silken cradle.

Missisquoi has not yet told us if Pluto reappeared this year. Let us hope that he did and that we shall learn a great deal more of Mr Woodchuck this summer. Judging by letters received he has a great many interested friends among club members.

What a pity it is we have not more members like Jason R. Arter of Nebraska. He must watch the birds closely and must have studied them thoroughly, for he never fails to send in the Latin name with the English. That is the way to do, for common names are too local. For instance, the golden winged flicker (*Colaptes auratus*) has no less than 72 common names, according to an ornithologist who has made a study of this bird. Very likely he has more of which this student has never heard. In some places he is called "high-hole." Elsewhere he is "yellow hammer." Down on Cape Cod everyone calls him "pe-ok." And so it goes. The people who know him by one name often don't know him by the others, and haven't the slightest idea that you are speaking of a familiar friend. So you see the need of the Latin names, and why it is best to learn them, even if they are hard to pronounce and remember.

Who has found nests this year, and what kind of birds built them? The Littlest Girl has found three nests of the red-shouldered hawk, one of the phoebe, one of the bluebird, one of the robin, one of the crow and one of the song sparrow. But she hasn't been out much.

American Agriculturist. June 6, 1903, p. 16.

A Useful Little Gymnast.

No Byline

How many of you boys and girls can, without looking up in books, name the only one of our common birds who can go down the trunk of a tree, head down, and think nothing of it? Have you never marveled at the performance? I dare say you have not, but have taken it as a matter of course. Yet here is an unobtrusive little fellow right under your eyes doing something that none of his feathered friends can do—running down a tree, head downward.

If you do not see him at first, he will call to you, “Yank, yank.” It is far from musical, yet it is decidedly cheery, especially on a cold winter day. A rush of blood to the head, did you say? Not at all. Note how he holds his head back and out, save when with a quick movement he extracts the eggs or larva of some insect carefully hidden in the irregularities of the bark.

Of course you have recognized him by this time, the white bellied nuthatch. Not so common, but with the same general characteristics, is the red bellied nuthatch. These birds do an inestimable amount of good in orchards, patrolling with the woodpeckers and chickadees the orchards and, shade trees all winter long and abruptly ending the life circle of countless thousands of injurious insects. So when you see this modest little gymnast, greet him as a friend, and watch out that no harm comes to him.

American Agriculturist. April 16, 1904, p. 24.

Stories of Dogs Wanted.

No Byline

Almost unbelievable stories of the intelligence of the canine race are all the time cropping out. Many of them are unquestionably true and doubtless a few of them are somewhat exaggerated. Always they are interesting. Now, we want some true dog stories, stories that you know about as positive facts. Mr Burroughs tells us that animals in are their actions governed by instinct. Other writers unquestionably grant too much intelligence to animals. Mr Burroughs may be right in regard to wild animals, although even by his hypothesis it is difficult to explain many things that a keen observer will see, but with animals long associated with man, we must grant a higher basis for action than mere instinct.

Dogs especially show a degree of intelligence which it is impossible to account for, unless we grant them a high order of reasoning power. Every one of our readers must know of some dog who does or has done remarkable things. Write us about it. Tell us what kind of a dog it is, what its training has been, what smart things it does. Write us in your own words and make your story as long as you please. If you have photographs, send them, and they will be returned to you in due time. Let us make this dog column one of live interest, and one which will bring out some delightful stories of man’s best friend among the animals. Send them in at once. The best of these will be paid for.

American Agriculturist. May 21, 1904, p. 20

A Camera a Constant Delight.

No Byline

Two years ago while spending a vacation in the deep woods, I was suddenly confronted by a bull moose. He was close to me, the sun fell full upon him and every condition was perfect for a photograph. Fortunately I had with me a folding pocket Kodak, making a picture 32x32. In an instant I had Mr Moose in the finder, there was a click and I knew I had him in the camera. Before he got away I had made several exposures, all of which turned out perfect.

Then and there I resolved never to go anywhere without my little inexpensive camera, for no souvenirs equal good photographs. Good cameras are now sold at so low a price that there are few who cannot afford one of the smaller ones. I would no more think of taking an outing without one than of going without my coat. Indeed, I think that if it came to a choice between the two, the coat would be left. The American Camera Co, 926 St Paul St, Rochester, N Y, offers everything in the way of cameras, including some within the reach of everyone. You should have one of their catalogs if for no other reason than to read the interesting matter contained. Send them a card asking for a catalog and mentioning this paper. Nothing will give greater pleasure in a home than a camera, be it ever so small.

American Agriculturist. July 16, 1904, p. 15

A Society for the Young Folks.

No Byline

Here are two articles [“Winter Berries” by Alberta Field; “Preparing for Winter Guests” by H.M.R.] which we want our boys and girls and all others who love the little feathered folk, to read carefully. They were written by close students of bird life. Read them and see if you do not find in them a powerful appeal.

Last winter the Young Folks’ Editor found a field of goldenrod stalks, many of which were swollen out into the familiar galls of which Alberta Field has told you in these columns. These galls were hard and pithy. In each was a hole drilled by a downy woodpecker, to secure the grub inside. Ordinarily these galls are seldom opened for the small morsel of food hardly pays for the labor required. But last winter, the severity of the weather, the trees being ice covered much of the time, drove the birds to the galls.

LET US ORGANIZE.

Now that we are at the beginning of winter again, have you not a thought for the birds? What do you say to a sort of charitable society for the benefit of the birds? A society composed of our young folks pledged to feed the birds during the long, cold months? It will not be all giving on your part; you will derive no end of pleasure from the feathered friends you will make. The birds will become very tame. What do you say?

Reports of the work being done can be made regularly through these columns. Observations will furnish delightful stories. Just think what a splendid society we could have if all our boys and girls would join in this work of mercy. Would you like such a society? If so, drop a postal card to the Young Folks' Editor, this office, saying that you want to join such a society and suggesting a name for it. Do it now. Cold weather is here and we ought to get to work

American Agriculturist. December 3, 1904, p. 15.

A Plea for Our Feathered Friends.

No Byline

In an apple tree on the edge of an old orchard which the Young Folks' Editor visits frequently, is fastened by means of wire a suet bone with plenty of suet clinging to it. In another tree in the same orchard hangs a big lump of suet wound around with string to prevent some greedy fellow from taking more than his just share at a time. Thither every day come a host of grateful little bird folk and after thoroughly searching the trees for insect eggs and hidden larvae, they complete their meal on the suet. And the Young Folks' Editor knows that, no matter how severe the winter, his little guests will weather it safely, for with full stomachs to keep up the life heat they can withstand almost any weather.

On the outskirts of the city squirrels and birds visit daily a good Samaritan, who spreads nuts and suet for them. Indeed, one bold little nuthatch taps on the window when the spread has been forgotten. Lee A. Safford, naturalist and bird lover, whose article on bird study on this page, you will all want to read, is watching over the birds about his home in Vermont, placing food for them in his tramps abroad. A splendid work is being done in Massachusetts by Ernest Harold Baynes, naturalist and close student of wild life, who organizes the school children about his home and sends them abroad to feed the birds.

"We think a society for befriending the birds would be a good thing and would like to join one. We think a good name for such would be 'Bird Friends,'" writes Don L. Day, Fanny E. Kendrick and Gladys R. Day of Massachusetts. Gertrude Brown of New Jersey writes that she would like to join a society to feed the birds. Still another who urges such a society is Lucina H. Lombard, also of Massachusetts. These are but a few of the voices raised in behalf of the birds.

NOW FOR WORK

Now let us get down to work. Let us band ourselves together informally as "Friends of our Native Birds," until a better name suggests itself. All you have to do is to put out food for the birds and then drop a card to the Young Folks' Editor, this office, telling what you have done. Your name will then be added to the roll and published. This is for older folks as well as boys and girls. The one bird to be discouraged is the English sparrow. He drives off other birds.

WHO WILL BE FIRST

from his or her county to be enrolled? Think of the suffering you can relieve at no trouble to yourself. In a sheltered place in a tree, out of reach of cats, fasten a beef bone or a lump of suet, the latter in a net bag or wrapped around loosely with string, so that the birds can pick it out from between the strands. As the snows get deep, clear little places in the fields near home and scatter there chaff, sweepings from around the grain bins, crumbs and a little grain for those birds which feed largely on vegetable matter, seeds, etc.

DON'T DELAY.

Think of the vivacious beauty of the plainest of our songsters and then picture to yourself that happy little sprite perishing miserably of starvation and exposure. Don't delay, girls and boys! Did you ever have the cold nip your fingers and toes until you cried? Then think of the little birds who cannot help themselves. If they have enough to eat they will keep warm. Won't you help in this great work?

GET OTHERS TO HELP.

Don't stop with your own efforts. Get all your friends to do likewise. When they are also feeding the birds, send in their names to be added to the roll. Let us see what town will lead in this good work. Begin now. Don't postpone.

American Agriculturist. December 24, 1904, p. 21.

Some Guests at Our New Year's Feast.

No Byline

The food spread for the birds by the Young Folks' Editor has already won him a host of friends. On New Year's day as he sat at dinner, he could see just without the window the birds eating their New Year's dinner. First came three downy woodpeckers, handsome little chaps in black and white, one of them with a band of red across his crown and the other two without—a male and two females. These managed to eat from the same piece of suet without any serious quarrel, although as a rule, but one bird will eat at a time.

Impatiently waiting just above them were two nuthatches. They would not come down to feed with the woodpeckers, knowing that they would be promptly driven away. As soon as the woodpeckers were gone each, in turn, came down to eat his fill and to take away some stray bits to hide under loose bark for future meals.

No sooner had the nuthatches disappeared, than a sociable little chickadee dropped down. Of all our birds perhaps the chickadee is the most sociably inclined, and it is not a difficult matter to obtain his confidence to such an extent that he will feed from the hand. Ernest Harold Baynes, the naturalist, has made wonderful photographs of this little fellow, showing how supreme his confidence in man can become.

Still another visitor before the meal ended was a blue jay. This gentleman in coat of blue is inclined to be rather suspicious, and though at times he is bold, especially

where his arrogance will enable him to bully smaller and weaker birds, he is a bit shy in approaching man. Imagine, therefore, our surprise when he dropped down on the window sill, where a piece of suet lay, thus coming actually nearer to our own New Year's party than had any of the other more trustful birds.

Later the Young Folks' Editor hopes to have some interesting photographs, showing his feathered friends and how readily and easily they can be tamed. Names are coming in by every mail for enrollment in the society for feeding and making friends with the birds. Is your name among them? This is a splendid, noble work, and every boy and girl should see to it that the little feathered friends in his or her vicinity do not want for food this winter. Put out some food and send in your name to the Young Folks' Editor.

American Agriculturist. January 14, 1905, p. 22.

“The Young Folks' Editor Feeding a Wild Squirrel” Photograph.

No Byline

Caption: “This wild gray squirrel is a bit bashful and insistent upon turning his back to the camera. His head is in the hand of the Young Folks' Editor, who has a nut there. It required a lot of time and patience to win Master Squirrel's confidence, but having once ventured to take a nut from the hand he cast his fears aside and would come for nuts as fast as offered him. These he would hide for future use, promptly returning for more.”

American Agriculturist. February 25, 1905, p. 30.

Preparing for the Home-Comers.

No Byline

It is now but a matter of a few weeks to the time when the great hosts of feathered friends start northward. All of our young folks, who have been feeding the winter birds will be interested in the new-comers and in entertaining them so far as possible. The little friends who have been eating of nuts and suet put out for them will before long either go north, or seek more retired places for their homes. However, it is quite possible to induce some of these to remain. The chickadee, if he finds a home to his liking, will nest in the orchard and sometimes very close to the house. Why not plan to put up some boxes for these beautiful little fellows, and also for the bluebirds, the wrens and the swallows? All of these birds like houses, providing they are made correctly and to their tastes. The bluebird, the wren, the chickadee, and the white-bellied swallow nest low down and are quick to discover any favorable location of this sort. Last spring in these columns directions were given for making practical bird houses. The one thing to remember is that the English sparrow will take possession

at once unless he is driven away or unless the hole is made too small for him to pass through. An inch and a half hole will admit a wren or a chickadee.

At the beginning of this article is shown a cut of box made from old weather-beaten shingles. This is of an exceedingly practical nature and will please the fancy of the little feathered friends. They are inclined to be a little shy of new boards, but an old weather-beaten board is peculiarly attractive to them. Remember that the top must be waterproof and it is a good plan to put a little pent roof over the top to shed the water.

A number of bird houses put up in trees in the orchard and around the home will, in time, attract many birds who are of great value as destroyers of noxious seeds and insects. Their assistance to the farmer and fruit grower is not to be overestimated. When the houses are near the dwelling house, so that the birds see human beings at close range frequently, they will become so tame that the children can get no end of pleasure in watching the little folks build and rear their families. Be sure to put the box so that the cats cannot get at them readily.

Now boys, the Young Folks' Editor is going to put up a number of these boxes and he would like to have you do the same. What better employment can you find for the remaining evenings of the winter than in building a few of these little houses? When you are out for a ramble bring home some old birch stubs or any other hollow logs to which you can fit a roof and in which you can bore a hole. These make excellent houses. Let us show the birds that we want them around us this summer. This will be a splendid work for our bird society.

American Agriculturist. March 11, 1905, p. 28.

Playing Fair.

Young Folks' Editor

When I was a boy we used to play certain games in which we had goals and whoever was tagged away from one of these goals became in his turn "it." So long as he touched one of the goals he was safe. And it was contrary to all rules of fair play for a big boy to pull a little boy away from goal and then tag him.

Elsewhere on this page you will find a letter headed Does James Hunt Fair? What do you think about it, boys and girls? Think it over and write me your opinions, Mr Bunny goes out walking, a big dog takes up his trail, and run, jump, circle as he will, he cannot rid himself of that dog. For a while he rather enjoys the exercise, but later he becomes really frightened. Perhaps a hunter shoots at him and misses him, but frightens him still more. Then he thinks of his burrow and with palpitating heart is soon safe at its farthest end.

The dog follows the trail until he reaches the hole. His bark changes and his master knows that Mr Bunny has reached his hole. If he be a fair-minded hunter he will come up, pat his dog for the good run he has made and then away they will go in quest of some other rabbit not so smart.

But supposing James comes up. Does he leave Mr Bunny alone? Not he. He hunts until he finds a second entrance to the burrow, if there be one. Over this he places a bag. Into the other hole he slips a ferret. Bunny, crouching down there in the dark suddenly is aware of a sinister approach. Too well he knows the meaning of that weasel form, those fierce, cruel, bloodthirsty eyes. It is certain death. With a leap he flees for the other exit and there—James has him in the waiting bag.

I don't believe James means to be unsportsmanlike. I don't believe he means to be unfair. In fact, I don't believe he ever thought of it in this way at all. But the fact is that from the moment the hound hit Mr Bunny's trail he had no chance. Death, sure and certain, awaited him. No matter where he sought refuge death stalked him.

If rabbits are so numerous as to be a nuisance where James lives, as they are in some places, or if James actually needed one to eat, I would not say one word against the use of ferrets. But for sport—it is not sport. When Bunny reaches goal he should be safe. Write me just what you think, boys and girls, and this includes you also, James.

Does James Hunt Fair? by James Reddy, Wis.

I am 13 years old and live on a farm of 160 acres in the famous Kickapoo valley. I have for pets a pair of English ferrets, a pair of fan tail pigeons, a pair of tumbler pigeons, a good coon hound, a cow, a heifer, a calf and one lamb. I like to hunt rabbits with a ferret. You can have twice as much fun as with a gun and there is no danger. When you are not hunting you can turn your ferret loose and it will drive all the rats away from the place.

American Agriculturist. April 22, 1905, p. 25.

Greetings to Our Young Folks.

Young Folks' Editor

Merry Christmas! That is the wish of the Young Folks' Editor for each of you boys and girls. May it be so very merry that some of the merriment will spill over into the new year and way through the new year to another Christmas. How much better we feel when we are merry. And how much better we make everybody else feel.

It is a long time since the Young Folks' Editor hung up his stocking, but sometimes he wishes, that he could be a little boy again and steal out in the the cold, gray morning as soon as it is light enough to see the queer bulging stocking hanging from the mantel as he used to do. How the cold nipped his toes! But how little he minded that, once he had clutched the precious stocking. Then it was back to bed and the joy of emptying that wonderful stocking. (It was really his mother's because his own was too small to put things in.) There was always a little gauze bag through which he could see gay colored candies. Then there were nuts, some simple little gifts, all carefully wrapped in brown paper, that he might handle over and over again and guess what might be inside ere he cut the string and found out, and always, way down at the toe, was a big orange.

And so the Young Folks' Editor wishes that he could peep into the house of each

of you Christmas morning and shout “Merry Christmas” to you and be merry with you. His thoughts will be with you, even if he cannot be there in person.

And while we are talking of Christmas wishes, what do you think of the pleasant greeting at the head of this page. It is a greeting to you all from one of your own number, Miss Nancy M. E. Steadman, a 15-years-old daughter of Rhode Island. It is original with Miss Nancy and the Young Folks’ Editor thinks she is to be congratulated on her skill with pen and ink. What say you? Miss Nancy’s clever drawings have appeared in these columns before and we all hope to see more of them.

Now, boys and girls, the Young Folks’ Editor wants to become personally acquainted with you. He is never too busy or too tired to read your letters. And when he cannot print them because other things crowd them out, he feels as sorry as you do. He is planning some good things for you during the coming year. But he needs your help to make this page one of the best in the whole paper. Will you help him? Just write him good chatty letters. Tell him what you are doing, what interests you, what you want to do when you grow up, what good times you have, about your pets, about your gardens and everything else that interests you. Let’s get better acquainted. Now once more—Merry Christmas!

American Agriculturist. December 23, 1905, p. 26.

Are You?

Young Folks’ Editor

How many of our boys and girls are feeding the birds this winter? The Young Folks’ Editor has established in his back yard a nice little bird restaurant. He has tied on the south side of trees, well out of reach of cats, big pieces of beef suet, each piece well wrapped with string that no greedy jay may carry off too much at once. On a window sill he has put suet and cracked nuts.

So far the winter has been so mild that his little feathered friends being beautifully independent, have for the most part preferred to get their living of eggs and larvae on the trees, but later, when food becomes scarce, they will become social pensioners, most delightful to have.

Are you feeding the birds? The Young Folks’ Editor would like to know that you are. He loves the birds and every letter that tells him that his boy and girl readers love them too adds to his happiness. Feed the birds and write him that you are doing it.

American Agriculturist. January 20, 1906, p. 30.

Traps and Trapping.

Young Folks’ Editor

Jack Abbey has succeeded in rousing a few of our boys to an interest in the

pursuits with which they amuse themselves, in different parts of this big land of ours. From replies to Jack's letter, already printed, it appears that we have a number of trappers among us. Now, the Young Folks' Editor has always taken a keen interest in traps and trapping. When a boy, he used to trap muskrats. He recalls rather distinctly one or two occasions when his approach to his trap was not as careful as it ought to be, and the little black and white animal of the scent bag, abruptly announced his presence in the trap where the muskrat had been looked for.

Now, boys, what do you say, if we swap some trapping yarns? Who has trapped anything larger than muskrat or skunk? What method have you found most successful in setting traps for mink? Have you ever tried trapping fox? What is your method of setting traps for them? What bait has been most successful with you in trapping muskrat? Have any of you ever caught an otter?

Good trappers, successful trappers, are successful solely because they have learned the ways of the animals which they seek. They have been observing of the daily life of their prey. In a way, they have become naturalists. Now, boys, what have you learned of these little fur bearing animals, who are so often smarter than you are? If you say so, we will have a little fur club corner where we can informally discuss traps and trapping lore. However, you will all have to do your share. What do you say? Address your letters to the Young Folks' Editor, this office.

American Agriculturist. January 19, 1907, p. 26.

Our Young Trappers.

Young Folks' Editor

Well boys, how are the traps and what do they produce in these days? Every one of you will be interested in Mr Sheldon's trapping article on this page. Just think of 60 years' experience in trapping! And Mr Sheldon has not allowed himself to grow old, for he is interested in boys and what boys are doing. Just note how he begins his letter:

"I am a boy 71 years old." We want more of such boys among our members, and we hope that more of them will feel that this department is theirs, as well as the boys of fewer years. The Young Folks' Editor has always felt that the majority of men grow away from boyhood too soon; that there should be a closer companionship and better understanding between real boys and grown up boys.

THE SKUNK

This week we will take up the history of the black and white gentleman of the scent bag, with which every farm boy is, or ought to be acquainted. Some of you boys ought to have some good Skunk stories to tell. I remember that once when I was a youngster in knickerbockers hunting with a bow and arrow, I climbed over a high board fence, and discovered a skunk running along just beneath it into the other side. Even as I watched, he ran into a little arbor of evergreen within which my aunt and her small son of three years had sought shade. Teddy promptly spied the little animal,

and running up to it, cried, "Kitty, Kitty." Fortunately kitty was good natured, and his horrified mother rescued master Teddy just before he attempted to pick "kitty" up.

Science has dubbed this black and white gentleman *Mephitis putida*, and science has certainly clung to facts, for in the last half of the name is implied the terrible odor which makes the skunk familiar to everyone. The skunk or polecat has an average length of two feet. The body is covered with long hair, the tail is very large and bushy, and usually the color is black with a white patch on the back of the neck from which two stripes extend down the back and along the sides, and a white stripe on the forehead. Occasionally a specimen will be wholly black, and these are worth much more than the other specimens. The long hair makes the skunk much larger appearing than he really is.

He does not look it, but the skunk is own cousin to the weasel and the mink. No member of the wildwood is quite so independent as this little black and white chap, unless it is the porcupine. The skunk well understands the value of his armament, which consists in a fluid with a suffocating odor; this he is capable of throwing some feet. It is thrown over the head, so that safety is always to be found in the rear of a pole-cat, rather than in front. So confident has he become in the power of his means of defense that he rarely avoids any other larger animals, or man himself. Fear is not one of his attributes.

Skunks live on grasshoppers, crickets, snakes, birds' eggs and young, young mice, etc, during the summer and fall. When winter comes food is not so easily obtained. Then it is that Mr Skunk is found prowling around the hen coops. Instead of the lazy, sluggish animal of the summer, he becomes active, and the amount of territory he travels over in a night is sometimes astonishing. Occasionally he kills a rabbit; sometimes he digs out grubs from old stumps; meadow mice are caught, and so in one way or another living is eked out through the winter.

When you come to know him, the skunk is really a very likeable little animal. He is absolutely free from odor himself and he very seldom calls into use his effective ammunition unless provoked or suddenly startled. He will live and raise a family very close to man's abode, and never make himself the least bit of a nuisance provided he is left alone.

Skunk fur has obtained considerable value in the last few years. Skunk oil has for years been held as possessing considerable medicinal value. The trapping of skunks is therefore a profitable business, when the oil is tried out, and the fur also properly cared for. Being so self-confident Mr Skunk is not so wary as the other fur animals we have discussed, and having a decided inclination to poke his nose into other people's business, he is readily made a victim.

Box traps are best around the home, for the reason that they take the animal alive and uninjured. Then he will rarely make use of his disagreeable odor. The pain of the steel trap angers him, and that neighborhood where he is caught is likely to be a most unpleasant district for some time to come.

Next week we will take up the most common, and yet one of the most interesting

of all our fur bearing animals, the muskrat. In last week's issue was a very good article on this little water lover. Now, boys, write in and tell us of your trapping and your experiences. We all want to know about them.

American Agriculturist. February 16, 1907, p. 22.

Trapping Chat.

Young Folks' Editor

Well, boys, there seems to be a whole lot of interest among you in this trapping chat! Some of you are catching on to the idea of just what is wanted, namely, practical accounts of your methods. If you are more successful than other boys in the catching of any one particular animal, it must be because you have methods peculiarly your own. Let us have those methods.

MUSKRATS

The first fur animal I ever caught was, not unnaturally, a muskrat. This little animal, in some sections called "musksquash," and scientifically known as *Fiber zibethicus*, is so widely distributed that throughout much of North America he is a familiar denizen of ponds, rivers and swampy places. In appearance and methods of life he is almost like a small edition of the beaver, with this exception: the beaver hates the presence of man, while the muskrat, though hunted and trapped persistently, has held his own within the bounds of civilization.

In many places the muskrat becomes a pest, particularly where dikes are needed to hold water in check for any purpose. In the cranberry region of Cape Cod, where the Young Folks Editor spent his boyhood, muskrats wrought so much damage to the cranberry meadow dikes that the town offered a bounty. This in addition to the price of the fur made the little animal well worth pursuing.

The habits of the muskrat are so well known to all our boys that it hardly seems necessary to describe them. He is not a difficult animal to trap. I note that some of our boy readers complain that they have lost many of these little animals through having them gnaw off their legs after being caught. I had this same experience when I first began trapping. Then I learned to set my trap in such a way and in such a place that the animal, after springing the trap, would plunge into the water. This always resulted in a drowned muskrat. It was more merciful to the animal, and it saved the fur for me always. Many of the boys write that they bait with apples. Did you ever try carrot?

American Agriculturist. February 23, 1907, p. 39.

Something for Our Little Maids.

Young Folks' Editor

I think I hear some of our little girl readers saying that we do not play fair; that the

boys are having altogether too much attention. Now the Young Folks Editor is inclined to agree with you, but whose fault is it? If you don't write you cannot expect to receive much recognition. The boys have got a subject in which they are interested.

It is coming spring now, and I know certain little girls who are going to start in the poultry business. How many of you have ever taken care of all, or part of the hens and ducks, turkeys and geese? Why cannot we have a little poultry club, in which both boys and girls can be interested, and to which they can contribute their experiences? Also I know of several little girls who are going to have flower gardens this year, and who are quite sure that they are going to take the very best of care of their posies, so that their gardens will not have a single weed in them. Are you one of them? Let us have some garden chat, as well as poultry chat.

Did you ever realize what a wonderful lot of interesting things there are in connection with the flower garden? What do you know about the birds that come there? What do you know about the insects, about the butterflies, about the worms, about the toads, about all the wonderful forms of life which frequent the flower garden? Next week the Young Folks Editor will tell you a funny little story about a funny little toad who established himself in his flower bed once upon a time. Then I want all you little girls and all you little boys to tell me all the funny and interesting things which you have noted for yourselves in your flower gardens. Is it a bargain?

American Agriculturist. March 9, 1907. p. 28.

The Toad that Squealed.

Young Folks' Editor

Did you ever hear a toad squeal? Did you ever know a toad could squeal? Last week I said that I would tell you of a funny little toad that lived in my garden. Just where he made his dwelling place, I do not know, but he had discovered a thriving community of ants in my nasturtium bed. There he came, and planting himself close by the hill, snapped up the busy little workers as they traveled to and fro. What a great ogre he must have appeared like to those little ants!

One day my mother discovered him there, shooting out his long red tongue when ever an ant came within range. Did you ever see a toad's tongue? It is very long and very sticky. He has but to touch a fly or an ant or some other luscious insect which he desires for his dinner. The tongue comes out like a flash and Mr Bug sticks to the end of it.

With a stick mother began to tease him, tickling his warty back. Now, Mr Toad was hungry and Mr Toad resented being disturbed. Suddenly in his anger he squealed. It took mother so by surprise that she almost tumbled over backward. She could not believe her ears for she had never heard a toad make any noise. She teased him again with the same result. He just did not like being interfered with when he was eating. I do not blame him, do you?

By the way, did you ever think toads are among our most useful little friends of the garden? Encourage all the toads you can to make your little flower garden their dwelling place. Then you will not have to spend so much time fighting the worms or the bugs, for the toad will do it for you.

Now who else has got any little stories about toads or insects of any kind of things which you have learned for yourself? Write the Young Folks' Editor all about them.

American Agriculturist. March 16, 1907, p. 31.

Our Young Trappers.

Young Folks' Editor

Since this trapping talk started the Young Folks' Editor has been fairly swamped with letters from this boy friends who are trapping furs. He knows how enthusiastic every one of you becomes with the opening of the trapping season, because he was a boy himself once and a trapper.

Now boys just a one, wee, little word in the name of humanity. Trapping is cruel work at best. I do not want to feel that a single one of my boy friends rejoices in the killing and suffering of animals. Most of these fur bearing animals are predatory, and even were they not trapped for their pelts, it would be necessary to trap them in order to maintain the balance in nature. But be humane in your trapping. Kill your victims by the quickest and easiest methods that you can.

American Agriculturist. March 23, 1907, p. 30.

Talking it Over.

Young Folks' Editor

The trapping season is rapidly nearing its close. Furs will soon be of such inferior grade that they will not be worth the trapping. When the season is over what are you boys going to do? Let us not disband just because we have got to take a vacation from the traps. G. C. H. of Massachusetts promises to write of his experience with a hotbed. I hope he will, and I hope that other boys will follow his example. Now that we have gotten together, let us keep together.

Some of you boys know how to use tools, and some of you boys are going to learn how to use tools. For both of you the Young Folks' Editor has got something good in store. I want to see some of this trapping enthusiasm worked out along other lines. Talk it over. Write to the Young Folks' Editor just as you would to a personal friend. Sometime you boys are going to be men. Just think what a splendid great body of men with powerful influence you can become if you boys of the farm all band together!

We are going to have one more good article on trapping, this time by Mr Safford, who has had long experience, and who is more than a trapper a lover of wildwood and

wildwood folk. You will find his article on muskrats on this page. This will close the trapping chat because the season is over. The little wild folks are mating now, or soon will mate, and the trapper should have too much chivalry in his nature to molest them now. Next fall Mr Safford I will have some more good pointers for the boy trappers, and this will be printed in season for you boys to get right down to business when the cold weather comes. In the meantime perhaps he will be able to tell you some interesting things which you can see for yourselves during the summer.

American Agriculturist. March 23, 1907, p. 30.

Talking it Over.

Young Folks' Editor

Well, boys, how many of you are going to join in these carpentry lessons? Here is a secret which the Young Folks' Editor only whispers: he isn't much of a carpenter himself, and he is going to follow these lessons with you. He doesn't want to be lonesome. He would like to know that he has a whole lot of company. Just drop him a card and let him know that you are following these lessons.

Next fall you shall have more trapping chat, and you shall have the very best information on trapping matters which the Young Folks' Editor is able to procure for you. But next fall is a long way off, and now let us turn our attention to practical matters. I hope some of you are interested enough in your own farms to plunge into farming work with vim. Such a splendid chance as you boys have to combine practical work with original investigations! I wish each one of you would keep an accurate record of the number of varieties of birds which you see on your own home farm, and at the same time a record of what they are feeding on.

The Young Folks' Editor likes boys who know how to use their eyes, boys who see all that is going on about them. When you have begun to watch all nature about you, you will be astonished to know how little you have seen in the past years. When you look abroad over the meadows, or into the neighboring thicket, you see the green things growing, and perhaps a bird or two flitting about, and how much more? Do you know that on almost every square foot of ground about you wonderful little life histories are being written, tragedies are being enacted, miniature warfares are going on? And yet you see them not. The Young Folks' Editor would like to hear from boys, who have learned to use their eyes.

American Agriculturist. April 20, 190, p. 30.

With the Boys.

Young Folks' Editor

Our boy carpenters have occupied so much space of late that there has been no room for the trapping letters of which a great number have reached the Young Folks'

Editor. While the trapping season is over save for woodchucks, badgers and gophers, the Young Folks' Editor is venturing to publish some of these trapping letters which came to him during the tail end of the season. He does this feeling sure that the boys will be glad to read what has been going on even though the season is over. No more trapping letters will be in order until the opening of the season next fall. In the meantime other things are in store for our boys.

American Agriculturist. June 8, 1907, p. 17.

How to Find Yourself in the Woods.

Young Folks' Editor

How many of you boys have ever been lost in the woods? Most of you, I will warrant, have at one time or another, been completely turned about as to your sense of direction. This is something that happens even to the best woodsman. A little knowledge of nature and nature's ways will often prove a sufficient guide to the experienced woodsman to enable him to at least hold a straight line, and often to locate the points of the compass.

A really good woodsman never gives way to panic. There is something startling in the sudden realization that you have entirely lost your sense of direction. The desire to plunge anywhere is often irresistible, but the good woodsman, the one who really knows woodcraft, never does such a foolish thing as this. He sits down immediately to think it over, and map out a rational course of procedure.

In broken country, where there are water courses, the safest thing to do is to follow one of these streams. This will at least prevent traveling in a circle, you are bound to get somewhere sometime. In flat country climb a tall tree and locate another tree of sufficient individuality to be recognized when you reach it; progress in this way, from one landmark to another in a straight line. It is a good plan to blaze a tree on four sides at the spot where you first discovered that you were lost. Make the blazes big, so that they can be seen at a distance. Then as you progress from it, blaze your trail, so that, if need be, you can return to your starting point.

You often hear much said of a sense of direction. It is spoken of as the sixth sense, possessed by some and denied others. As a matter of fact there is no such thing. The people who have the sense of direction are the people who note little things and little signs. They are the ones who possess, to a marked degree, that form of knowledge known as wood-craft.

There are signs which nature has placed that those who run may read. At night, if it be clear, the north star will always give you your direction. A test by the New York state forest commission showed that nearly 94% of 700 trees examined showed a thicker growth on the north side of each yearly ring, then on the south; in other words, the ring of new growth is narrower on the south than on the north side. Old woodsman have noted that the feathery top, the topmost little branch of a towering pine or hemlock, will incline toward the rising sun, that is, a little south of east. Allowances must be

made, of course, for the effect of the wind, or the location in deep narrow valleys. Moss favors that part of tree that holds the most moisture, naturally on the north side. Your observations, however, should be on trees straight shafted, with rather a smooth bark, and so located that enough direct sunlight reaches them through the greater part of the day to make a difference in the amount of moisture retained in the bark. Best of all—don't get lost.

American Agriculturist. June 22, 1907, p. 19.

With the Young Folks' Editor.

No Byline

Well, boys, how is the trapping? The Young Folks' Editor is looking for letters from his boy trappers telling what their plans are, what the outlook is, what they have learned the past summer about animals and birds, in fact, good newsy letters which all of the boys want to read as well as The Young Folks' Editor. Address all your letters to The Young Folks' Editor, this office.

How many of you are planning to feed the birds this winter? This is something that girls can do as well as boys. I wonder if you realize how much real pleasure you can have by the exercise of a little thoughtful care for the comfort and welfare of the feathered friends who spend the winter with you.

One year a little friend of The Young Folks' Editor had the chickadees so tame that they would take nuts from her fingers and would alight all over her. The Young Folks' Editor himself tried the experiment of putting a nut in the bowl of a pipe, holding the pipe in his mouth. The bright eyes of the chickadees detected the bit of nut at once, and there was no hesitancy in coming to the pipe and confidently sitting on the bowl while they picked out the nut. Nuthatches and woodpeckers tapped at the window and ate their suet and bits of nuts from the window sill. I hope a lot of you will try this experiment this year.

Now is the time to begin. Although food is plentiful now, the little foragers will locate your food supplies for future use when their natural supplies run short. Whether you put your food in a nearby tree or on a broad window sill, or in some other convenient spot, see to it that the supply is replenished whenever it runs low.

American Agriculturist. November 16, 1907, p. 21.

A Word with Our Young Bird Lovers.

No Byline

Is anybody feeding the birds this winter? The Young Folks' Editor would like to know. He would like to print a long, long, long list of his young friends who are enough interested in their little bird neighbors to try and make life easier for them through the

severe weather. Here is something that the little girls can do just as well as the little boys.

In other issues I have told you just how to feed the birds. It is a very simple manner. Just keep a piece of suet tied to the branch of a tree, or even on the window sill, so placed that a cat cannot readily get to it; also keep cracked nuts where the birds can get them without danger of being pounced upon by pussy. If you are real still and careful the birds will become very, very tame.

The Young Folks' Editor has even had them so tame that when he put a nut in the bowl of his pipe and walked under the trees, the birds would drop down onto his pipe and take the nut out. Wasn't that a funny kind of smoke? But it was very delightful and interesting. All you little folks who have Christmas trees, set them outdoors near the window where you can watch them and tie in them some suet. It is a good plan to wrap a lot of string around the suet so that the greedy jays and other large birds cannot carry it away too fast.

Who will be the first to have his or her name published as feeding the birds?

American Agriculturist. December 21, 1907, p. 20.

A Chance for Bright Eyes.

Young Folks' Editor

Walking with good old Mother Nature is the best fun in the world when you have learned how to see. Most of you boys and girls would be mad, real hopping mad, if I that you said didn't half see. Now, wouldn't you? Well, I'm not going to run the risk. What I am going to do is to give you a chance to prove how bright your eyes really are, or rather, how well you can use them. Some folks delight to watch insects and they have learned wonderful things about them—things that read like fairy tales. (You shall have some of them this winter.) Some people have eyes for only the birds. Others have found out and are continually finding out new things about the animals. Just as strange things are to be learned regarding the flowers.

Join the Bright Eyes

Just look, look, look, every time you go out of doors and see if you cannot discover something interesting in the life around you to write us all about. Each month beginning with November we will give to the boy or girl 15 years of age or under who sends us the best 300-word nature story, something actually seen, a nature book. A list of books to select from will be printed in an early issue.

Now who is going to get the first book? Sign your name and address and give your age. You have the whole great big outdoor world to find your subject in. Send your stories to the Young Folks' Nature Editor, this office. Have your story in before November 15.

American Agriculturist. October 17, 1908, p. 21.

Something for the Bright Eyes: What the Editor Found.

No Byline

What have the Bright Eyes seen out of doors since the Nature Editor asked you to keep your eyes open to the wonderful things in outdoor world around you? I've seen some funny things, myself. One of them was a joke—a living joke.

I was out chestnutting and just as I stopped to pick up a big, fat chestnut there, projecting from under a dead leaf, was a snake's head. Gracious, how I jumped! Then I saw that it was only a little, harmless green snake, so I reached forward and took off his leafy blanket and—it wasn't a snake at all!

It was just a worm, but such a funny worm! One end was shaped exactly like a snake's head. There were two tiny dots for the nostrils, other markings for the eyes and the whole end of the body was raised a little, just as a snake's head is. Projecting from beneath the leaves as I first saw him the resemblance to a snake was remarkable.

Now why do you suppose old Mother Nature ever made a worm on such a pattern as that? There is a reason, because Nature never does things without a reason. Now why was do you think that this worm made to look like a snake? Write the Young Folks' Nature Editor what you think is Nature's reason. The best answer will be printed in this column.

CUT THIS OUT

Don't forget those 300-word Nature articles about things you have seen. Send them in sometime during next month and try for one of those Nature books which we will give to the boy or girl 15 years old or younger, who sends the best article. It must be written without help from anyone, must be about something you have seen yourself and must not exceed three hundred words. Write on one side of the paper only, and be sure to sign your name and full address. Send it to Young Folks' Nature Editor, this office.

American Agriculturist. October 31, 1908, p. 22.

Here You Are, Bright Eyes.

The Young Folks' Editor

A few weeks ago I told you that you should have a prize for the best nature article of 250 words, a book on some topic of nature. There once lived a man whose eyes were so bright that he saw things which no one else saw, and seeing these things, beautiful and interesting, he was so unselfish that he must needs share his joys with everyone with whom he came in contact. This man not only saw things, but the skill of the artist guiding his hands enabled him to faithfully reproduce on paper the things which he saw in the world about him. And furthermore, he was a most charming teller of stories.

Therefore, he wrote and painted and he drew, and the result was some of the most charming, wholly delightful books of nature which have ever been printed. This man was William Hamilton Gibson.

As a prize for the best nature article from our Bright Eyes, sent to us during November, we are going to send one of Mr Gibson's books entitled "Sharp Eyes." It is a delightful book; a book that reads just like fairy tale, And yet the fairies are real, for they are the minute and insignificant little insects about us every day, many of whom have life histories more wonderful than the most wonderful fairy tale that was ever written.

ANOTHER PRIZE

Next month we will give you another chance. Another of Mr Gibson's books will be offered as a prize, this time, "Eye Spy." This is just as delightful as his other book. Now, Bright Eyes, get busy. This book will be given to the boy or girl fifteen years of age or under who sends to us before January 1 the best 250-word story of something they have seen in nature. It must not be something that has been told you, or something that you have read. It must be something which you have seen yourself. It may be about flowers, or birds, or trees, or animals, or wonderful crystal formations in the rock and earth, or fishes—in fact, anything which has interested you In nature. Send your story to the Young Folks' Nature Editor, this office, before January 1.

American Agriculturist. December 5, 1908, p. 20.

The Nature Editor Walks.

No byline

I've been out for a walk—a walk in the real country, the country you boys and girls live in all the time and—But never mind, some folks must live in the city, must walk day after day in brick and stone, have their ears perpetually filled with dirt and jangle and breathe smoke and dust, for cities are necessary.

But I've been away from it for ten good solid miles of honest road, through brown fields and social wood-lands! And all the time I wondered if I was seeing as much as some of you Bright Eyes would see if you were with me.

WHAT HE SAW AND HEARD

First of my friends to hail me was *Corvus Americanus*, that wise fellow in black whom we know as Mr Crow. Then a cherry tree by the wayside thrust out some brown little bundles—prize packages, if you please. I have put them away, and next spring some fine day I shall find beautiful *Promethia* moths stretching their glorious new-found wings.

Three separate bands of merry little gypsies, *Parus articapillus*, or chickadee, paused to carry on such a lively banter with me that I could hardly whistle fast enough to keep up with them. With one hand were several red-breasted nuthatches, *Sitta*

canadensis, to me rare acquaintances. Then I heard and finally marked the undulating flight of the American goldfinch (*Spinus tristis*) known as wild canary, his gay black and yellow coat exchanged for a sober olive lined garment.

A red squirrel scolded me, a trout flashed in a brook, tree sparrows twittered happily, a downy Woodpecker called to me and in the dust of the road was written the passage of a deer, a fox and a skunk. And now I am back at my desk rich in the spoils gathered by eyes and ears from that ten-mile walk and wondering—just wondering a little—how much more you boys and girls would have seen.

American Agriculturist. December 12, 1908, p. 22.

The November Prize Winner.

Young Folks' Nature Editor

Well, Bright Eyes, each one of you is on the anxious seat to know who won Mr Gibson's splendid book, "Eye Spy," for the best nature story of things seen personally. Is it not so? Elizabeth Williams, a bright-eyed, eleven-year-old maid of the Emprise state, winds, and she wins for two reasons: First, she uses her eyes out of doors—sees things for herself; second, she uses her eyes indoors and remembers what she reads.

WHY SOME FAILED

Some of you will think that your stories were better than this little maid's. Some were, but—the writers did not comply with the conditions of the contest. A lot, oh, such a lot! sent essays about birds and animals and insects—not stories of what they had seen and found out for themselves, but what they had read and been taught at school. And so they failed, because they didn't read carefully the conditions and comply with them.

Others seemed to think that the Young Folks editor, did not mean what he said that the stories must not exceed 300 words in length. And so many were thrown out for this cause. One of these, by a Massachusetts boy, a boy who evidently goes abroad with his eyes wide open, would have won the prize had it been a trifle shorter. We hope he will try again.

NEXT TIME

Comply exactly with these simple conditions. Do not exceed 300 words; write only of something you have seen or found out for yourself in nature; write on one side of a sheet only; state your age, which must not be over fifteen; address all nature stories to the Young Folks Nature editor, this office; mail them in time to reach him on or before the 15th of the month. A nature book is offered as a prize each month.

American Agriculturist. January 16, 1909, p. 27.

The November Prize Winner.

Young Folks' Nature Editor

Spring has arrived and in all parts of our big country new life is springing into being every day. Now is the time for you boys and girls to keep your eyes wide open. Watch the birds as they come and learn all you can about their nesting and their home ways. Remember that the monthly prizes are worth trying for.

On this page [is this ever realized?] will be found several of the nature stories which have been sent in. Some of these have won prizes and others which have not are well worth reading. The Editor wishes he could give a prize to every boy and girl who sends in such a story, but he cannot.

I wish that everyone of you would keep this spring a careful record of the different varieties of birds which you see and can positively identify; also of the different varieties of nests which you find. Be sure that you know what you see. Do not be content that you have seen a sparrow or found a sparrow's nest. Remember that there are many kinds of sparrows, the song sparrow, the chipping sparrow, the grasshopper sparrow, the fox sparrow, the vesper sparrow, the white throated sparrow, and others. They all look more or less alike, some of them very much alike, so that you will have to use your eyes quickly and accurately to be sure just what sparrow it is which you see. That is what constitutes observation.

Millions of little plants are springing up all over the country and they include thousands of varieties. Keep a list of the wild flowers you find this year. Let us see who will find the most.

American Agriculturist. May 1, 1909, p. 27.

Hello Trappers!

Young Folks' Editor

What is the outlook for furs this year? How many of you have your traps set, and what success are you meeting with? Let us have a lot of good red-blooded letters telling just what success you are meeting with, what you are learning relative to the animals you are trapping, how much money you are making with furs, and what you get from pursuit of the wild animals aside from the monetary returns for their skins.

Do you know that experts in the fur business say that there are more fur-bearing animals today than there were a hundred years ago? It's a fact. Instead of decreasing with the advance of civilization, there are certain animals whose skins figure heavily in the fur business that actually increase with the advance of man up to a certain point. Do you know why? One reason is that there is an increased food supply. They are predatory, living off the farmer, and their natural cunning has been so developed and stimulated by persistent pursuit that, in spite of all the arts of the trapper, they continue to increase.

Trapping has been decried by some of our good, tender-hearted mothers as tending to make boys hard hearted and cruel. Facts hardly bear this out. While in a way there is a certain amount of cruelty in trapping, the boy or man who understands business, reduces this to a minimum. The very fact that the majority of fur-bearing animals are predatory and come under the head of pests makes it absolutely necessary that their numbers should be restricted so far as possible. The only means of doing this is with the gun and trap, chiefly the trap.

When a boy I had my own line of traps along the creeks and ponds of my boyhood home. I am not aware that the taking of these fur animals in any way made me harder hearted than is the average boy. I think most men who have trapped animals will say the same thing. It was always my one desire that the animal should be put out of its misery as quickly as possible. For this purpose, when trapping muskrats, the traps are always set so that the animal would drown itself at once. Under no circumstances would I allow my traps to remain over 24 hours untended. No honorable boy will.

Since the stone age man has turned to the animals about him for necessary covering to maintain warmth in cold climates, and today furs are being worn more than ever before. The skins of raccoon, mink, skunk, opossum, beaver, otter, muskrat, fox, wolf, lynx and martin are in greater demand and at better prices than ever known before. Even the pelt of the domestic house cat has a market value, particularly if it is black.

I want every one of our boys to be humane. I want every one of them to feel that so far as any animal comes under his power he is morally responsible that it be allowed to suffer as little as possible. I believe that everyone of our young trappers following his line of traps this fall and winter will feel this responsibility and that no animal will be allowed to suffer a moment longer than is necessary. I also believe that in following these lines of traps, in studying their habits and the wonderful instinct of the animals they pursue, these same boys will come nearer to nature, nearer to an understanding of the great mystery of life, than the boys who never have felt the thrill which the successful matching of his wits against an inherited cunning developed through ages of warfare with countless enemies is bound to give.

Now let us have some good letters. Address them to the Young Folks Editor. Who is going to have the biggest catch this season? We want to hear from you, north, east, south and west.

American Agriculturist. November 27, 1909, p. 29

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